

PHOTOPLAY

August

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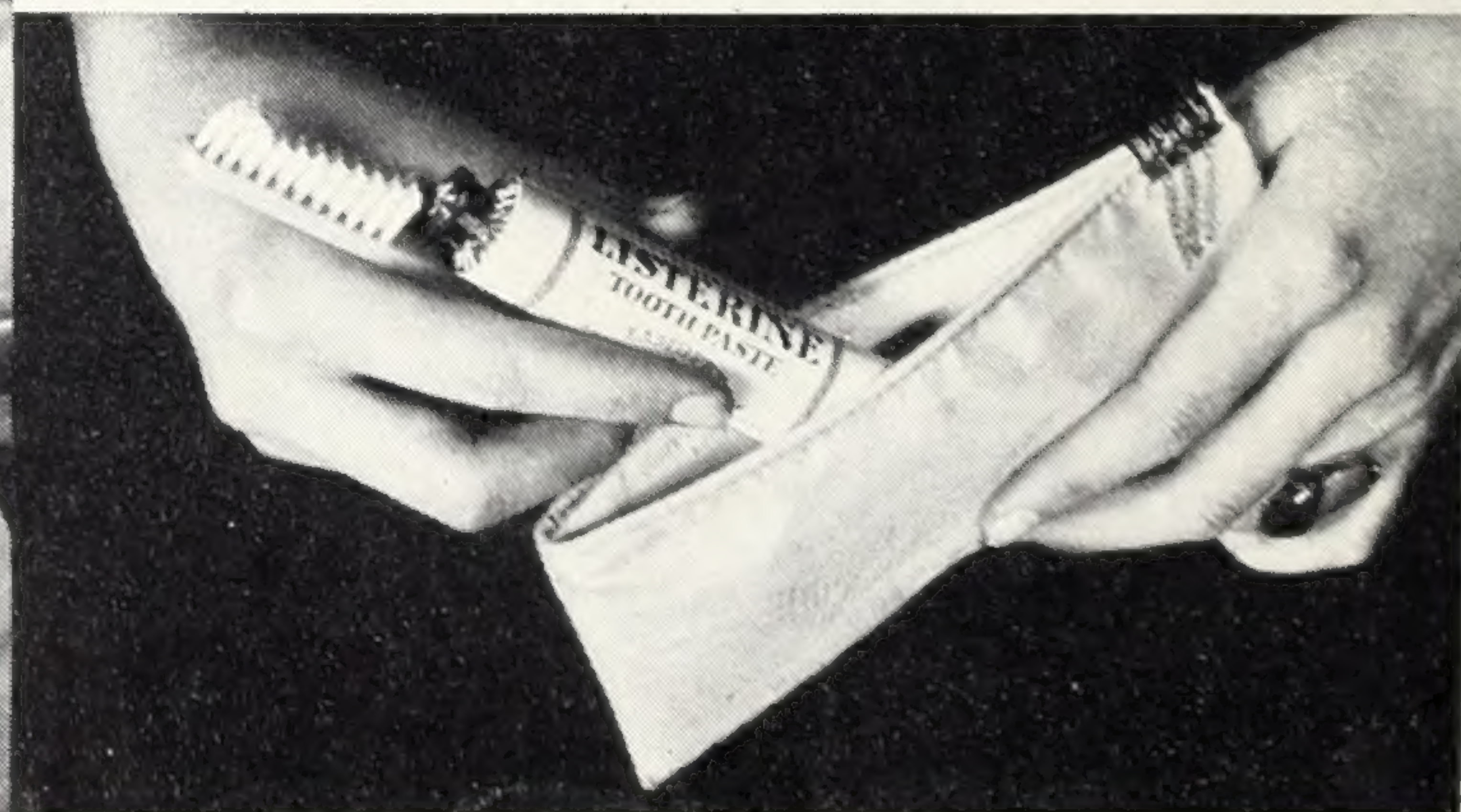
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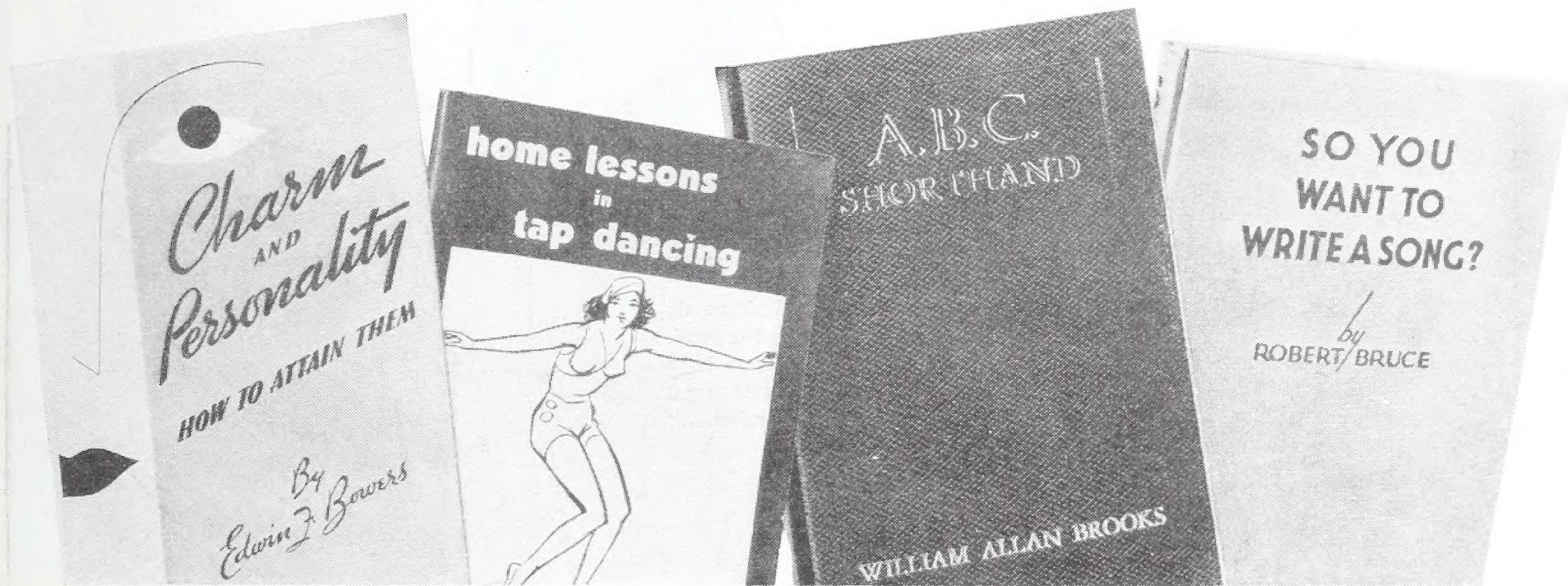
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THEY PLAY THRILLING ROLES IN M-G-M'S DRAMATIC ROMANCE "Suzy"



JEAN HARLOW

"I'm Suzy. I loved that guy and when they shot him I fled to France. Sure, I gave my lips to Andre—but I never knew...."

BENITA HUME

"I'm Madame de Chabris. I get around. The spy racket is a cinch when you've got a figure like mine...."



CARY GRANT

"I'm Andre. Yes, I was weak. I loved that girl but somehow the night life of Paris got me—and those secret plans! That's how it happened!"



FRANCHOT TONE

"I'm Terry. I should have known that slinky dame spelled DANGER. And then Suzy walked out on me, too.."



JEAN HARLOW
IN
Suzy
FRANCHOT TONE • **CARY GRANT**
LEWIS STONE • **BENITA HUME**

Directed by George Fitzmaurice

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



"Did I Remember?"

Here Jean is singing the tune that's sweeping the country. Incidentally, watch for the Parisian cabaret scenes where Suzy struggles to earn a living.





PHOTOPLAY

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

RUTH WATERBURY, EDITOR

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

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The apple of Bill Powell's eye and Joan Crawford's husband play the lovers in "Suzy." All in a day's work but aren't Franchot and Jean a handsome pair?

BRIEF REVIEWS

OF CURRENT PICTURES
CONSULT THIS PICTURE
SHOPPING GUIDE AND SAVE
YOUR TIME, MONEY AND DISPOSITION

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

ABSOLUTE QUIET—M-G-M.—A batty comedy melodrama in which Lionel Atwill takes a sinister rôle of fate-maker for a number of people dumped on his ranch from a plane crash. Fun if not taken seriously. (June)

AMATEUR GENTLEMAN, THE — Criterion-United Artists.—The movie version of Jeffery Farnol's novel of a ne'er-do-well crashing the social gates of 18th century London to save his father from hanging is recommended for the ingratiating performance of Doug Fairbanks, Jr., the loveliness of Elissa Landi and the fine acting of Basil Sydney and Gordon Harker. (May)

AND SO THEY WERE MARRIED—Columbia.—Laughter and lots of fun when the children of man-hating Mary Astor and woman-hater Melvyn Douglas involve them in everything from jail to matrimony. Edith Fellows and George McKay are refreshing and the settings are lovely. (June)

★ **ANTHONY ADVERSE**—Warners.—Powerful, compact and magnificent in its simplicity is this picturization of Hervey Allen's monumental novel of a man's adventures and struggles for spiritual happiness. Fredric March is *Anthony*; Olivia de Havilland is *Angela*, the love of his life. The whole cast is flawless. On your "must see" list. (July)

★ **BIG BROWN EYES**—Wanger-Paramount.—Grand comedy, witty dialogue, and slick melodrama with Joan Bennett as the manicurist turned sob-sister, and Cary Grant as a detective unearthing the machinations of Walter Pidgeon, Alan Baxter and Lloyd Nolan and solving a baby killing and robbery. Don't miss this. (June)

BIG NOISE, THE—Warners.—Pleasant lightweight fun, with Guy Kibbee getting more thrills out of life than he bargained for—from racketeers. Dumb-bunny Marie Wilson adds to his woes. (July)

BORDER FLIGHT—Paramount.—Full of fast and furious action but poorly directed. An account of men in an air patrol base. John Howard and Grant Withers fight for Frances Farmer. Average yet you'll enjoy the stunt flying. (July)

BORN FOR GLORY—GB.—The adventures and sacrifices of a patriotic young British able seaman, beautifully photographed against the background of England's famous fleet. (June)

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BORN TO FIGHT—Conn Pictures.—A fast paced yarn with Frankie Darro in the rôle of a young pugilist whom Kane Richmond brings to championship calibre. (July)

BOULDER DAM—Warners.—Depicting the metamorphosis of a smart aleck (Ross Alexander) through his pride as a workman in building the celebrated dam for future generations. Fascinating shots of the project. Good cast. (May)

BROADWAY PLAYBOY—Warners.—Refreshing version of George M. Cohan's play, "Home Towners." Gene Lockhart splendid as Warren William's pal who twists things up for a bridal party. June Travis justifies her co-stardom. (May)

★ **CAPTAIN JANUARY**—20th Century-Fox.—Shirley Temple at her best in a delightful story of a lighthouse keeper's granddaughter. She is ably assisted by Guy Kibbee, Slim Summerville, and Buddy Ebsen. The music and dancing are excellent, too. Take the family. (May)

CASE AGAINST MRS. AMES, THE—Wagner.—Excellent courtroom mystery drama with mother and son theme. Madeleine Carroll is splendid as the suspected Mrs. Ames; George Brent, prosecuting attorney, is good, as are Alan Mowbray and Beulah Bondi. You'll like it. (July)

CASE OF THE VELVET CLAWS, THE—Warners.—Warren William, as Perry Mason, lawyer-sleuth, and a capable cast including Claire Dodd and Winifred Shaw, romp through a comedy murder mystery which takes place on a honeymoon. Fair fare for mystery fans. (July)

CHARLIE CHAN AT THE CIRCUS—20th Century-Fox.—Murder under the big top in the midst of clowns, freaks and animals. Warner Oland gives his usual smooth interpretation, solving the mystery with the help of his son, Key Luke. The midgets, George and Olive Crasno, are outstanding. (May)

★ **DANCING PIRATE**—Pioneer.—The most magnificent color film yet. Charles Collins' dancing is sensational; Frank Morgan, as the befuddled mayor of a village besieged by pirates, takes honors; Steffi Duna is appealing. A visual delight. See it. (July)

DESERT GOLD—Paramount.—A bang-up Zane Grey Western, with Tom Keene and Monte Blue fighting hard and riding fast for Marsha Hunt and a fabulous gold mine. Buster Crabbe is an Indian chief. Western addicts will love it. (May)

DEVIL'S SQUADRON, THE — Columbia.—Gripping but somewhat morbid drama of pilots who court death testing planes. Richard Dix sacrifices his reputation for the family honor of Karen Morley. Plenty of suspense and thrills. (July)

DON'T GAMBLE WITH LOVE—Columbia.—Familiar domestic strife enlivened by an exciting climax when wife Ann Sothorn exposes the tricks of her gambling husband (Bruce Cabot) to save their wedded bliss. Nice acting by Elizabeth Risdon, Clifford Jones and Irving Pichel. (June)

DON'T GET PERSONAL—Universal.—A nicely produced, pleasant bit of sky-larking. Jimmy Dunn and Pinky Tomlin stranded in New York offer to taxi Sally Eilers to Ohio and it's fun and fighting all the way. Good for a few laughs. (June)

DRACULA'S DAUGHTER—Universal.—Horror destined to end all horror pictures. Dracula dies; his daughter, Gloria Holden, inherits his ghoulish proclivities; Otto Kruger tracks her down, rescues Marguerite Churchill. Not for children. (July)

EVERYBODY'S OLD MAN—20th Century-Fox.—Bulky Irvin S. Cobb as a big-hearted food tycoon teaches nephew Norman Foster a few business tricks while saving the financial day for Rochelle Hudson and Johnny Downs. Lively, wholesome fun. (May)

EX-MRS. BRADFORD, THE—RKO-Radio.—William Powell as a doctor-detective and Jean Arthur as his thrill-writer ex-wife in a saucy, sophisticated comedy melodrama about murder on the race track. Simply swell. (July)

FARMER IN THE DELL—RKO-Radio.—Highly diverting film of an Iowa bucolic, Fred Stone, perplexed by the twist of fate which makes him a movie star. Esther Dale marvelous as his wife; Jean Parker and Frank Albertson nice as sweethearts. Moroni Olsen steals scenes. (May)

F-MAN—Paramount.—A weak story but mildly amusing, about a soda jerker, Jack Haley, with aspirations to be a G-Man. Practical jokers make him an F-Man, but he turns the tables neatly with the help of Adrienne Marden. (May)

FORGOTTEN FACES—Paramount.—Powerful, but dismally realistic. Herbert Marshall is superb as the cultured murderer trying to keep his daughter clear of his wife's clutches. Gertrude Michael overdoes. Hardy entertainment. (July)

GENTLE JULIA — 20th Century-Fox. — Booth Tarkington's charming small town tale with Jane Withers playing cupid for Tom Brown in his courtship of *Aunt Julia* (Marsha Hunt), who falls for city slicker George Meeker. Tom Brown rivals the best Withers' performance to date. (May)

GIVE US THIS NIGHT — Paramount. — The glorious voices of Gladys Swarthout and Jan Kiepura lift a somewhat mediocre story. Jan plays a singing fisherman in love with a diva. Alan Mowbray is grand as a comic tenor (May)

HALF ANGEL—20th Century-Fox.—Plenty of action and amusing surprises in this daffy murder romance. Frances Dee becomes involved in crime, is extricated by Brian Donlevy. Good cast. (July)

HOUSE OF A THOUSAND CANDLES, THE—Republic.—Phillips Holmes, Mae Clarke, Irving Pichel and Rosita Moreno do well enough in a mildly interesting film based on Meredith Nicholson's story of the international spy system. (May)

HUMAN CARGO—20th Century-Fox.—Brian Donlevy and Claire Trevor give robust performances in an exciting exposé of the alien-smuggling racket. He is a reporter; she an heiress turned sob-sister. Good. (July)

★ **I MARRIED A DOCTOR**—Warners.—A powerful and poignant new version of Sinclair Lewis' "Main Street." Josephine Hutchinson admirable as the city girl who marries a small town doctor (Pat O'Brien) and is rebuffed by her neighbors. Ray Mayer almost steals the show. (June)

★ **IT'S LOVE AGAIN**—GB.—Britain's dancing star, Jessie Mathews, in a charming, breezy, tuneful and witty musicomedy involving an ambitious chorus girl and two gossip columnists who hoax the public and help her to stardom. Robert Young, Sonnie Hale, all the cast is excellent. Don't miss this. (July)

JAILBREAK—Warners.—Exciting melodrama of escape and murder within the walls of a famous "big house." Craig Reynolds is the reporter who solves everything and Dick Purcell and June Travis supply interest too. (June)

KING OF THE PECOS—Republic.—A stereotyped Western with the usual honest cattlemen gypped out of their water rights. Law and order triumph with John Wayne's help. Cy Kendall splendid as the head thief. (June)

LAUGHING IRISH EYES—Republic.—Plenty of shamrocks and brogues in this tale of a fight promoter who backs a blacksmith, who prefers to sing. Evalyn Knapp and Ray Walker persuade him to fight and, of course, win. Phil Regan's singing is nice, and Walter C. Kelly is excellent. (May)

LAW IN HER HANDS—First National.—Concerning two ex-waitresses, Margaret Lindsay and Glenda Farrell who turn lawyers and get themselves tangled up with racketeers. Fairly amusing. (June)

★ **LET'S SING AGAIN**—Sol Lesser-Principal Prod.—George Houston's glorious baritone and the delightful singing of a new child star, Bobby Breen, make this sentimental tale of a father's search for his lost son excellent entertainment. The cast is good and the musical production outstanding. You'll like it. (June)

★ **LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY**—Selznick-International. — A superb production of Frances Hodgson Burnett's story of a New York boy in line for an earldom. Freddie Bartholomew wins new distinction as the little lord, and C. Aubrey Smith top acclaim as the crochety earl. Dolores Costello is lovely as Dearest; Guy Kibbee and Henry Stephenson are excellent, too. Don't miss it. (May)

★ **LITTLE MISS NOBODY**—20th Century-Fox.—Talented Jane Withers at her best sacrificing love and home for her friend, Betty Jane Hainey, and getting in and out of exciting scrapes doing it. (June)

★ **MESSAGE TO GARCIA, A**—20th Century-Fox.—A spectacular, somewhat overdrawn story of President McKinley's secret message to Cuban insurgents during the Spanish-American War, with John Boles as the hero, Barbara Stanwyck and Wallace Beery. Superior photography. (May)

★ **MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN**—Columbia.—An interesting and powerful picture combining satire with hilarity. Gary Cooper superb as the small town boy who inherits millions and is tried for insanity when he attempts to give it away. Jean Arthur swell as the smarty reporter, and Douglas Dumbrille and Lionel Stander must not be overlooked. Be sure and see it. (June)

MOONLIGHT MURDER — M-G-M. — A too complicated plot combining opera, murder, and mercy killings. In the cast are Leo Carrillo, Chester Morris, Madge Evans, and J. C. Naish who takes honors as a madman. (May)

MURDER BY AN ARISTOCRAT—Warners.—A confused and heavy story made worse by phony thrills about three murders in a family ruled by Virginia Brissac. Marguerite Churchill real as the sleuthing nurse. Lyle Talbot is around. (June)

★ **ONE RAINY AFTERNOON**—Pickford-Lasky.—Romantic, frivolous, Continental little farce with Francis Lederer kissing the wrong girl and finding out later she is the right girl. Hugh Herbert, Roland Young, Donald Meek add to the sparkle. You'll like it. (July)

★ **PETTICOAT FEVER** — M-G-M. — You'll have tons of laughs at this gay, twinkling, nonsensical tale of an exiled Englishman in Labrador and his reactions to a beautiful woman. Robert Montgomery is deft; Myrna Loy has her customary charm; Reginald Owen is funny, and even the Eskimos are a riot. (May)

★ **POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL**—20th Century-Fox.—Shirley Temple singing and dancing delightfully as a motherless runaway adopted by a dance team. The entire cast, which includes Gloria Stuart, Michael Whalen, Alice Faye, Jack Haley, is swell. Not a dull moment. (July)

PRINCESS COMES ACROSS, THE—Paramount.—Carole Lombard as a Swedish Princess, and Fred MacMurray, a band leader with a past, get involved in love, murder and detectives in a sprightly and hilarious mystery on an ocean liner. Carole's imitation of Garbo is immense. You'll like it. (July)

RED WAGON—Alliance-British International.—Charles Bickford is a bareback rider who marries the wrong girl. A nice family picture, suitable for children. (July)

★ **RHODES**—GB.—A sincere picture of the life of the famed British diamond merchant, patriot and scholar. Walter Huston able as Rhodes. Basil Sydney fine as Dr. Jameson, but highest honors go to Oscar Homolka as Paul Kruger. (May)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 115]



Lionel Barrymore becomes a woman! For the first time in this great character actor's long career, he goes over to the distaff side in "Devil Doll," M-G-M's forthcoming production. As Madame Mandilip, the diabolical proprietress of a Parisian dress shop, he changes his enemies into dolls. Through a photographic trick—the secret of director Tod Browning—real people become tiny dolls before your eyes. (Barrymore is holding Grace Ford here.) In spite of the elaborate making-up process, three stages in which are shown above, note how strongly the well-known family resemblance persists—especially around the eyes

Boos & Bouquets



Lew Ayres, now separated from Ginger Rogers, cheers up at the Brown Derby with Ethalind Terry of New York

PHOTOPLAY Magazine awards the following prizes for the best eight letters received each month. \$15 first prize, \$10 second prize, \$5 third prize and five \$1 prizes. We suggest that your letters be brief, but there are no specific rules—any and all opinions on pictures and players. PHOTOPLAY Magazine reserves the right to use the letters in whole or in part.

1ST PRIZE—\$15

THE WINNER!

AFTER twenty-five years in motion pictures, may I speak up? Few of your readers will remember me, but some may recall when John Bunny and I cavorted on the screen. But listen to my squawk. Why not, every now and then, just for relief, an "untyped" picture? Scientific investigations show that one's character is not positively depicted by the face, so what I mean is—let's have the villainous appearing chap turn out to be the heart-of-gold hero, and Handsome Harry the brute. It happens—beautiful women are said to be happiest with the homeliest men. Let the sweet-and-kind-to-animals girl prove to be the venomous vixen. It seems to me pictures are made too obviously by their characters; we know instantly who is the hero, the heroine and the villain. So I say, mix 'em up; let's have things occur as they do in real life. Here's a bit of a secret—John Bunny used to think he was a dramatic actor. He was the most surprised person in the world when tabbed a comedian.

FLORA FINCH, Hollywood, Calif.



Great pals and fellow radio artists are Leslie Howard and his talented child, Leslie Ruth

Hollywood listens to critics and champions. Send in your opinions. You may win a prize!

2ND PRIZE—\$10

YOU MAY

May I be very bold and rebuke—I shiver to say it—Leslie Howard? I've always adored his sensitive acting, and always will. But I (and many others) am a little weary and hurt by his "I don't give a D—for the movies" attitude.

After all—even though the audience is invisible, it is farflung, receptive, and great of heart. It is not inferior to the stage audience—only poorer financially. Certainly it is not chary of its applause!

Don't scorn the movies, Mr. Howard—you don't know what they mean to us—the lost generation, the vast multitude of unemployed young people rooted in small bleak towns with sparse libraries and nothing but one deadly street to tramp. The movies are our ships and airplanes—our fortunes that we can neither seek nor find—our life, our fun, even our small romance.

MARY BARGER, Brockton, Mass.

\$5.00 PRIZE

NO MORE KIMONOS

Hawaii owes Shirley Temple a debt which will reach its fullest flower when the Territory becomes the forty-ninth State in the Union. Not because she visited our shores; not because of her highly entertaining pictures packed with laughter and tears, but because of her influence in Americanizing the young generation of Hawaii, most of whom are Oriental.

I recently attended a children's party in one of our large stores in honor of Shirley's birthday. Mothers with the stamp of Polynesia on their hybrid features watched almond-eyed versions of Shirley in smart sailor bonnets and frocks patterned after hers, sporting permanent waves, a la Shirley. A yellow-skinned woman in a figured kimono and scarlet obi, beautiful and strange, said to me,

"Everything is Shirley Temple; they all want to act like her; they won't wear kimonos any more."

One of the arguments advanced against statehood for Hawaii is the impossibility of assimilating them into the American pattern. When we receive the coveted statehood, it will be because Shirley Temple has helped to teach the young generation Caucasian self-reliance and infused it with practical American ideals.

MRS. D. CARLSON, Honolulu, I. H.

\$1.00 PRIZE

MARLENE GETS PERMISSION

In "Desire," Marlene Dietrich is permitted to employ her exceptional talents to greater advantage than when she is merely reclining on a divan with a "come hither" expression . . . she is permitted to act. Not only is "Desire" a sophisticated comedy of the first order, but it has considerable plot, diverting action, and humorous situations. Bouquets to Paramount for successfully producing a "different" Marlene Dietrich picture.

FLORENCE M. KINNISON, Providence, R. I.

\$1.00 PRIZE

BRUNETTES THE BEST BET

Brunette actresses have a better chance for variety in rôles than have blondes. This prevents them from becoming "typed" and the fans do not tire of them so easily. For instance, Dolores Del Rio, because of her dark beauty, has played as a Mexican, a half-breed Indian, a Spaniard, and a South Sea Island girl. Sylvia Sidney was a Japanese, an Indian, and also a typical American girl. Merle Oberon can play both Oriental and English parts. As for Olivia de Havilland, had she not possessed lovely dark eyes and hair, she might not have been cast as *Angela* in "Anthony Adverse." Yes, brunettes have the best of the bargain.

MRS. ROSE MUTULO, Pittsburg, Calif.

\$1.00 PRIZE

IN MEMORIAM

It takes a great picture to do justice to as great a man as Flo Ziegfeld, but Hollywood has done full justice to him in "The Great Ziegfeld." It can well be proud of what it accomplished in this film. It is beautifully acted and cleverly filmed. Behind the story there is a sensitive atmosphere, not of a hard boiled showman, but of a man who was intensely human, intensely emotional and who understood people. Here's to a great man, and a great picture that should always stand as a memorial to him. LENNOX ALLEN, Winter Park, Fla.

\$1.00 PRIZE

EQUAL RIGHTS FOR MEN

Too long has Hollywood been a "woman's town." Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., once said that men stars in Hollywood were used merely as a background—as props—for the lovely ladies, and that the woman star's prestige was established at the sacrifice of the man's. It is, therefore, most gratifying to see the splendid crop of young men who are being starred and groomed for stardom. Among them, Robert Taylor, Randolph Scott and Brian Donlevy—all handsome, virile, and showing definite promise—should soon be enjoying their places in the sun. Let's have equal rights for men in Hollywood!

MRS. LOUISE A. BALDWIN, Mount Vernon, Ind.

\$1.00 PRIZE

A WHAM FOR WHIMSEY

Is there anything we can do to be delivered from the threatening curse of whimsy? There's a deluge of it approaching, and somehow cloying cuteness on hot summer evenings. . . .

I refer specifically to two strong doses I've had of late—"The Moon's Our Home," and "Mr. Deeds Goes To Town." Margaret Sullavan everlastingly buried head first in snow; splendid young Henry Fonda, worthy of better things, wrestling with her on the floor . . . and Gary Cooper, an excellent actor if ever there was one, going cute and Gaynorish and weepy (shades of Peter Ibbetson) writing Mother's Day verses, blushing at a kiss, dashing into ash cans, and shyly playing the tuba (shades of The Bengal Lancers)!

SELMA KATZ, Brockton, Mass.

HOW ABOUT IT?

How about a New Deal for some of our old favorites?

If you could hear the comments the fans make when they view such former stars as Rod LaRoque, Lloyd Hughes, Charles Ray, Jack Mulhall, Bebe Daniels, Evelyn Brent and others in minor rôles you would forbid any of your writers to refer to us as "fickle fans."

E. A. JOHNSON, Altoona, Pa.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]



On a summer day Merle Oberon decided to read her PHOTOPLAY on the sand. And look what it did to her. She's sound asleep!



Drawing by TOM HOLLOWAY

"That's final! I won't act with old Murphree—he steals every scene he's in!"



close ups and long shots

BY RUTH WATERBURY

IN Hollywood it's called "The Metro Stance."

I always assumed a girl acquired the posture with her first contract at the big Culver City plant, acquired it from those talent emphasizees as she got from them good manners and better hats.

Hollywood men, outside of the movie business, the husband types that is, are always loud in their patronage of such a pose. "Don't try to stand like Crawford," they cry when the little woman makes an attempt at relaxing on her feet. "Stop imitating Harlow" (or Loy or Shearer or any other Metro contractee you want to name).

So fancy my pleasure when prowling around the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York on my recent visit there upon discovering that the Greeks had a word for it, even a taste for it.

This stance isn't Hollywood at all. Not only did the Greeks stand their Goddess of Love, Aphrodite (see above) with a wicked bend just south of her tibia, but they did even regular girls in that manner. At the Metropolitan there's a whole frieze

of simple lasses, flexing away. The Porch of the Maidens of Athens, it was called originally, and an exquisite thing it was too, topping a lovely building on the Acropolis, a little away from the Parthenon, centuries upon centuries away in time from Hollywood.

It seems to me to show how sure is Hollywood's instinct for physical beauty and grace, how keen its sense of good design. It proves that beauty is constant, unaffected by time or place, a joy forever.

I think that's what it proves.

Of course it might mean only that a pretty girl should always put her best knee forward.

THE Republicans and the Democrats are not the only ones who have conventions. The motion picture business has them, too. The spirit of both is similar. It consists chiefly of the boys getting out of town and away from their wives and giving the world loud promises of what they are going to do. In the case of the movies, the companies talk to the exhibitors, rather than to John Voter. But like the politicians after the shouting dies and the pieces have been printed in the papers, you must read between the lines to find out what is really going to happen.

At the recent summer convention of Warner Bros., it was announced that they would star Jimmy Cagney in a series of pictures. This despite Jimmy having been given his freedom from his Warner contract via the courts.

Hiding out in a New York hotel, meanwhile, using a name known only to a few trusted friends, Jimmy announces he will be financed by outside capital in a group of films.

Which boils down to the fact that, courts notwithstanding, the fight is still going on between Warners and Cagney, a quarrel that may possibly keep the star permanently off the screen. As somebody once remarked, "There is nothing so timid as a million dollars." It remains to be seen if that million that must be backing Jimmy will have the courage to fight a big producing organization.

I'm not taking any sides in this controversy. I don't even care who is right or wrong. The shame of it all is that Jimmy Cagney is too original and authentic a personality to be lost to the world. He's a fine, original actor. No one is at all like him. As an off-screen person, he is one of the most intelligent and generous of mortals.

Can't somebody slice the dove of peace into equal parts, giving half to Jimmy and half to Warners? Or can't they act like Hollywood divorcees, admit they are separating, admit they prefer somebody else, but stating, "we are still good friends"?

Nobody would believe them, anymore than any one believes that divorce line, but it would mean that both parties would act polite once more and we could have Jimmy back on the screen, which is all we, the public, care about.



Left, James Cagney as the two-fisted underworld king in "Frisco Kid." Right, in his realistic rôle as the ace flyer in "Ceiling Zero," his last picture. Will he be lost to the films forever?

News Shots of the Month



The latest fad in Hollywood is roller skating! Here are some of the addicts: Toby Wing, Tom Brown, Shirley Ross, Cesar Romero, Cora Sue Collins, Mary Carlisle and Henry Fonda at the new Rollerdrome



Remember Hal Rosson, Jean Harlow's ex? Here is Hal with his fiancée, Jean Crellin. She's a brunette, you'll notice



The very newest twosome. Seen everywhere together are Luise Rainer and Clifford Odets, whose play "Paradise Lost" was a recent Broadway sensation. They are earnestly conversing at the Derby



The Breakfast Club gave a party for the stars of the silent screen. They invited some pretty girls to make everybody happy. Here are William Farnum, Julia Laird, Creighton Hale, Mary Howard, Lionel Belmore, and Sandra Corday

At Last—

The Heart-Stirring Love Story of Myrna Loy

BY the time you read this "the screen's most perfect wife" will no doubt be the bride of Arthur Hornblow, Jr., and the little-known-about, almost mysterious romance of Myrna Loy and the young Paramount producer will have come to the story-book conclusion: "*and so they lived happily ever after.*"

Just when, or where, they will be married, not even their closest friends know. But this much is sure, that their wedding will be a quiet, dignified ceremony, without benefit of ballyhoo or press agency or candid cameramen, an event in keeping with the serene dignity of the lovely Loy and the man to whom she has given her heart.

There will hardly be time for a long honeymoon trip. Production demands on both of them will prohibit extensive vacationing at this time.

So the girl whose charm and beauty and sense of humor have set such a high standard for wives the world over will probably spend her own honeymoon watching the construction of the big, white Colonial house Hornblow started several weeks ago as a wedding present for his intended bride.

Knowing Myrna just slightly, I believe this is the happiest and most exciting honeymoon she could plan for herself. Far more glamorous than journeying to strange ports on the conventional tour will be the supervision of every block of foundation and every wall that rises on the first real home of her own she has ever had in Hollywood. I can imagine her sitting there high on the hill, in her favorite ensemble or navy blue slacks, sweater and top coat, the wind blowing her red hair recklessly, her freckles exposed to the sun, an unfathomable expression of happiness in her near-green eyes.

For the strange, friendly and courteous, but aloof girl whom Hollywood has never known very well is truly and deeply happy, at last!

It is impossible to see her about the few quiet places she attends with Hornblow without realizing the almost idolatrous affection and respect the dynamic Hornblow has stirred in Myrna. Frequently she is content just to sit and listen to him spin his fascinating tales of the war, the stage, the interesting and celebrated people who have colored his life since childhood. I don't believe Myrna has taken a step in the past three years that has not been guided and advised by Hornblow. Many believe he is definitely responsible for the swift turn her career took from indifferent Oriental vamp rôles to the splendid standard she set for herself beginning with "The Thin Man."

In every way that makes for happy marriage, they are ideally suited to one another these two. Their tastes are the same. They both prefer quiet evenings with books, or one of their newest scripts, or a few close friends to the most hilarious gayety Hollywood has to offer. They laugh at the same things. They are two people very much in love, but above that, and even more important, they are fast friends, inseparable companions.

Yet in spite of their "rightness" together (and this is one love story of which even cynical Hollywood approves and believes in) their romance has not been free of clouds and even periods of unhappiness for both of them. And there lies the reason why their present happiness is all the more precious to both of them, why Hollywood looks with such respect and affection upon them, for they have sincerely won their right to happiness over what, at times, seemed insurmountable odds!

The latter part of May, this year, Juliette Crosby Hornblow divorced Arthur Hornblow, Jr., in Reno, Nevada, on the grounds of incompatibility—after a five year separation!

A year and a half before Hornblow ever met the Oriental-eyed girl who came to his office one day to interview him about the rôle of "the other woman" in "Arrowsmith," he was separated from his actress wife and all Hollywood believed their marriage would eventually end in divorce.

The difficulty between the Hornblows was thought to be a divergence of interests in their separate careers. Juliette Crosby was a well known Broadway actress. Long before she actually departed from Hollywood to resume her stage work in the East, intimate friends had cause to believe she was chafing over the delays and postponements in her own career, and that separation between the Hornblows was inevitable.

In Hollywood, where separation is frequently accepted as divorce, Hornblow was presumably a "free man." For that matter, not only in Hollywood are separated people frequently rumored "engaged" to someone else before actual divorce has taken place. With our generous American attitude toward divorce, many celebrities in social and political life are practically rumored into new marriages before the ties of a former one are legally severed.

But these are not the ideas of the Montana-bred, reserved, conservative Myrna Loy. Her entire attitude over the past two years has proved that one of the most sophisticated and subtle actresses on the screen is *not* a "modern" in her private philosophies and codes. She did everything in her power to save embarrassment to all concerned in this strange triangle without "another woman." She seldom, in the beginning of their friendship, dined with Hornblow in public. The cameramen about town, knowing how deeply Myrna felt on the subject, respected her wishes and seldom snapped them together at the few social gatherings they attended.

Every year, for over four years, it was expected that Juliette Crosby's divorce was merely a matter of a few weeks away.

Yet, for unavoidable reasons, the years dragged by.

There are many problems to be settled to end a marriage of long standing. And then there was always the demanding stage work that kept Mrs. Hornblow on long tours on the road.

These must have been happy years for Myrna in many ways—in the knowledge her career had grown and developed under the guidance of the clever Hornblow, and in the fine companionship they found together. And in other ways they must have brought real unhappiness to the sensitive-minded girl, so fearful that the greatest friendship in her life might bring embarrassment to others! To cut herself free from the professional guidance of Hornblow was unthinkable. By this time he was not only a vital part of her life, he was practically her career!

His almost direct supervision of her professional life began the day of the interview for the rôle in "Arrowsmith," starring Ronald Colman and Helen Hayes. As associate producer to Samuel Goldwyn, it was one of Hornblow's duties to choose the cast.

At this time Myrna was playing principally Oriental sirens and hectic "heavies," and when her name was suggested for the rôle of the genteel "other woman" in the story, Hornblow was not particularly interested. That is, he was not interested until he saw her sitting there in his office.

Revealing the reason for her mysterious reticence of past years about a situation as dramatic as her screen rôles and the man who won her heart

By Dorothy Manners



The gallant red head whose charm, dignity and sense of humor has set a standard for wives the world over, and the man whom she may promise to love, honor and obey, brilliant Arthur Hornblow, Jr.

In the plain, blue, tailored suit she wore, Myrna looked as far removed from her "fortune teller" rôles as Shirley Temple would have appeared. Away from the screen Myrna has the most "American face" in Hollywood. She smiles openly, her eyes do not appear to slant upward, and then there are always those honest little freckles across her nose to be reckoned with.

What started out as an interview between a player and a producer eventually developed into a near-lecture from Hornblow to the surprised actress. She should no longer permit herself to be shunted into such definitely typed parts! She would soon hit a wall that would spell the end of her career. The screen was turning to naturalness and humor—not to exoticism! It was up to Myrna to take a definite turn in her career—and just to prove that he believed what he said, he signed her for the rôle in the Goldwyn picture before she left the office.

Myrna was intrigued, and grateful! She had never been an assertive person, especially concerning her work. She had been content to take what came along, almost convincing herself that she was permanently typed for "vamp" rôles because of the strange, Oriental screening of her eyes.

But now this man, an important producer in Hollywood actually believed in her to the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]



Above: Ann Harding when the world was hers—gay and free of care: when she, baby Jane and Harry Bannister were called "the happiest family under California's sun."



Has a Movie Mother

HER ex-husband has been trying to take Ann Harding's baby away from her. He has declared that he can prove her an unfit mother.

That's really what all this mess and legal uproar launched by Harry Bannister, a man who was once married to Ann Harding and is the father of her seven-year-old daughter Jane, amounts to. And I suspect, I *know*, that Ann Harding would rather have been accused of first degree murder than of being an unfit custodian for Jane.

This has been going on for a long time now and Ann, harassed and soul-weary and frightened, has fled to England to remain indefinitely.

No screen story in which she has ever appeared is quite so tragic and quite so pitiful as Ann Harding's own story, and with her going away from us I find my heart aching for her rather desperately and my mind hammering with questions and my thoughts deeply disturbed.

I wonder if people understand exactly what has happened to Ann Harding and what we are losing when she leaves us. Whether any of us quite realize the great modern problem that lies behind the Bannister-Harding front page scandal. Or the many strange and devastating torments that face this woman.

Notoriety has dogged Ann Harding ever

By Adela

For Ann Harding is thinking of Jane. Of her future. Of the effect upon this sweet, small creature of these things. Ann's hands are so brutally tied because the man she is fighting, the man she must fight to protect Jane, is Jane's own father. It is almost as dreadful to Ann Harding that the child should grow up to think evil of her father as to think evil of her mother.

It is for Jane's sake that Ann Harding must walk softly—for Jane's sake that she has fled away from this legal battlefield. Her very victory must destroy forever Jane's respect for a father whom she doesn't know, but whom she has been taught to regard highly. Women like Ann Harding lose much that the safer, happier women of the world will always have, but they seem to gain a splendid sort of gallantry toward life.

Ann, quite alone, you see, must not only keep her child from knowing that her mother has been attacked, but that her father could bring such an attack. Jane's worship of her mother would



Above, Ann Harding today, her face lined from the racking mental strain of Bannister's persecution. With little Jane as she fled to Canada en route to England's refuge.

Any Private Rights?

since she started fighting for her child
Rogers St. Johns

never allow her to forgive that. And Ann must use no weapon that would injure Harry Bannister in his daughter's eyes. Ann hasn't called Bannister an unfit father. Only once, and then in dire straits, has she spoken against him

For Jane's sake. Everything has been for Jane's sake.

First and always Ann Harding has been Jane's mother. Yet she is a young and beautiful woman, she lives in a very modern world, in the most modern city in the world, in the midst of a society which has been obliged to create new creeds for itself because all its problems are new.

I KEEP remembering a night some years ago. I had written a screen story for Miss Harding and we were having a lot of trouble with its ending. The day had been long and hot and Ann had worked very hard, for eight or nine hours, under the lights, doing a series of emotional scenes. I went to her dressing

room and found her sitting in front of her make-up table, her face buried in her hands, the long shining waves of her hair flowing down below her waist.

I said, "I'm sorry—but we've got to get those final scenes straightened out before I can write them. We want you to feel that they're right and you and I don't seem to agree about them yet."

She said, "I have to go home in time to put Jane to bed—come along with me and we'll work after dinner."

So we went up to the enormous house on the high hill overlooking Hollywood. In the car we were silent. I know sheer fatigue well enough when I see it, the nervous exhaustion which comes upon high-strung women when they have worked too hard. Ann looked almost sick with it.

But when we went into Jane's bedroom and Ann saw the tiny figure in its gay pajamas, she threw off every trace of that fatigue. It was an effort, but plainly she wasn't going to let Jane see a worn-out, white-faced mother. From somewhere within herself she conjured up life and joy and color. I watched them as they romped and laughed and I was vitally conscious of this new drama that we see daily and do not always comprehend—the drama of the woman who works as



hard or harder than any man and who is also a mother.

I saw Ann put her baby to bed and kneel down and listen to the little prayers that children have said to mothers for centuries. And I remember that as I looked at Jane I wondered if she was praying to a God she didn't as yet quite realize, or only to her gentle, gay mother, who had been the companion and joy of her whole existence. And I remember thinking that it didn't matter much for perhaps they were one.

They were one then to Jane. Perhaps they are to most children. That's why it is so dreadful a thing to attempt to take away a child's faith in her mother. Nothing in life can replace it; nothing ever heal the scar and the pain of it.

I know that Ann Harding will never lose Jane's faith—I pray that nothing evil may be allowed to take that faith away from her. I've known Ann Harding well, we worked together during a whole year. I don't think she is perfect. In fact there were times when we fought for days and I wanted to throw things. That very night of Jane's prayers, I remember we went back into the big lonely living room and worked and fought until four in the morning. You don't go through things like that without knowing another woman very well indeed.

WHEN I went down the hill that morning in the gray hour just before dawn, I thought Ann Harding was stubborn as a mule, difficult as she could well be about her own set and established ideas, and a little inclined to be narrow-minded. But I *knew* that she was gallant, fair, considerate in argument, and I was intensely grateful for her sweet and gentle humor. I was tired myself. That particular night, because of Miss Harding, I hadn't been able to get home to put my youngest son to bed, so, no doubt, I was not inclined to give her a break.



The beautiful hilltop home of Ann Harding, which overlooks Los Angeles and the magnificent San Fernando Valley. This she has forsaken for love of her child. Ann with Harry Bannister, when all was love

Ann Harding isn't any more capable of being an unfit mother than a lily is capable of turning into an onion.

Right this minute I would like to have the power to do one thing. I would like to stand Harry Bannister before the bar of Truth and ask him if in his own heart and soul he actually believes that Ann Harding is an unfit mother for her little girl—because I do not think for one moment that he does. He may honestly believe that she has made human mistakes, that she is not a perfect woman, that she has done things which might not be within the code of strict conventionality. But that she has done anything—ever will do anything—that will hurt Jane, that she wouldn't give her life for Jane at any moment, that she doesn't love Jane better than anything else in the world—I know he doesn't believe that.

Also, I would like very much to ask him if he honestly believes that he, Harry Bannister, is more fit, a better, finer person than Ann Harding. If he honestly believes that he can teach little Jane more good, give her higher ideals, make her happier, than her mother. If he can say before that bar of Truth that he believes Jane will have a cleaner, safer, happier child life with him than she will with Ann Harding.

Oh, how I would like to play the old childish game of Truth with Harry Bannister and ask him those questions.

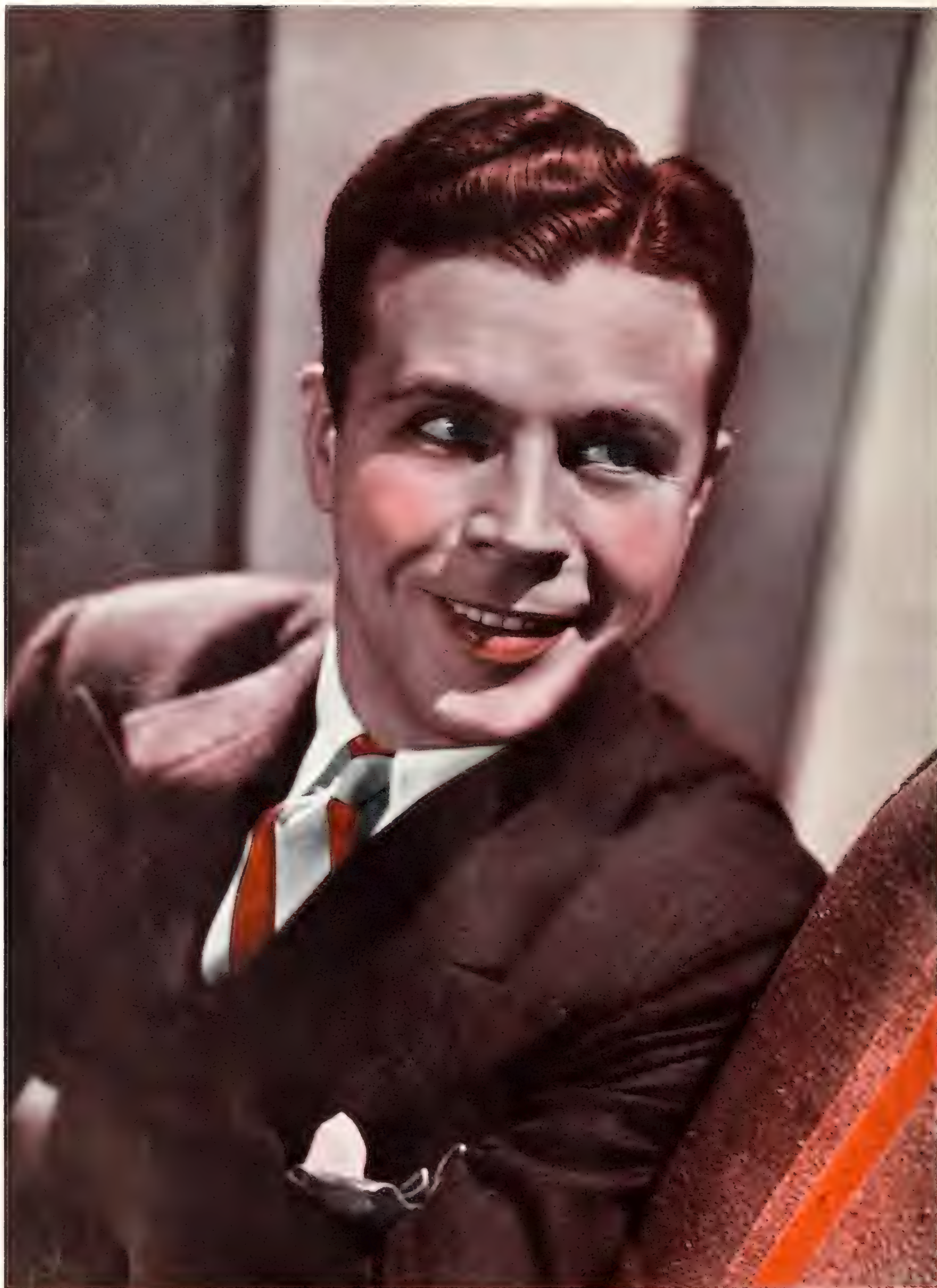
You see, in this story that has occupied so many headlines, the public is the judge. It is to its opinion of her that Ann Harding turns. She has been a public figure for many years and in all my Hollywood experience I have never known a screen star who held the public in such high regard.

When we take away all the legal entanglements, all the professional elements of this strange case, we come down to one question.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]



That so very bright star, "Mr. Deeds" Cooper, goes back to adventuring in his next, "Chinese Gold," with the regal English star, Madeleine Carroll



Divorced, disillusioned, Dick Powell seems to have met the ONE girl at last. Note his radiant visage as he casts his eyes toward lovely Joan Blondell



... And is not the demure Joan peering in Dick's direction? Her divorce is on its way; her heart is in her eyes. All in all it looks like a match



Hmm-mm! The vivacious Jeanette MacDonald goes sultry and languorous! And intriguing she is, as you'll see in "Maytime," opposite Nelson Eddy

Introducing James Stewart

**A new type of male star
whose unusual personal-
ity has startled Hollywood**

By Warren Reeve

OLD tweeds and chandeliers are part of this young man's personality—dogs and gold service, Cab Calloway and symphonies, roller coasters and Turgenev become him. He is, to continue the symbolism, someone who says "nuts" with an Oxford accent.

He is incongruous. He is 1936 youth at its best, just out of college and on the screen. He is James Stewart.

If you aren't already interested in James Stewart you will be in a month or two. Simply, he represents the advance guard of a new order in leading men; he represents what America is beginning to demand from its movie heroes: clean-cut youth, great acting ability, a basic culture.

You are excited about him as the criminal brother in "Rose Marie," you were delighted with him as Margaret Sullavan's husband in "Next Time We Love," and with your letters and your applause you have set him for stardom.

I had to find out why. We sat in a sunny patio behind the rambling adobe house he shares with Henry Fonda, tossed tennis balls to a Scottie named "Boy" and a police dog named "Son," and talked for two hours. When I came away I knew the reason you like him.

The answer is obvious in James Stewart as he exists in ordinary life. It is recognizable in his attitudes, in the way he has lived and is living, in the ambitions he has. But more than a simple answer to a terribly important question, I discovered a person you will want to know.

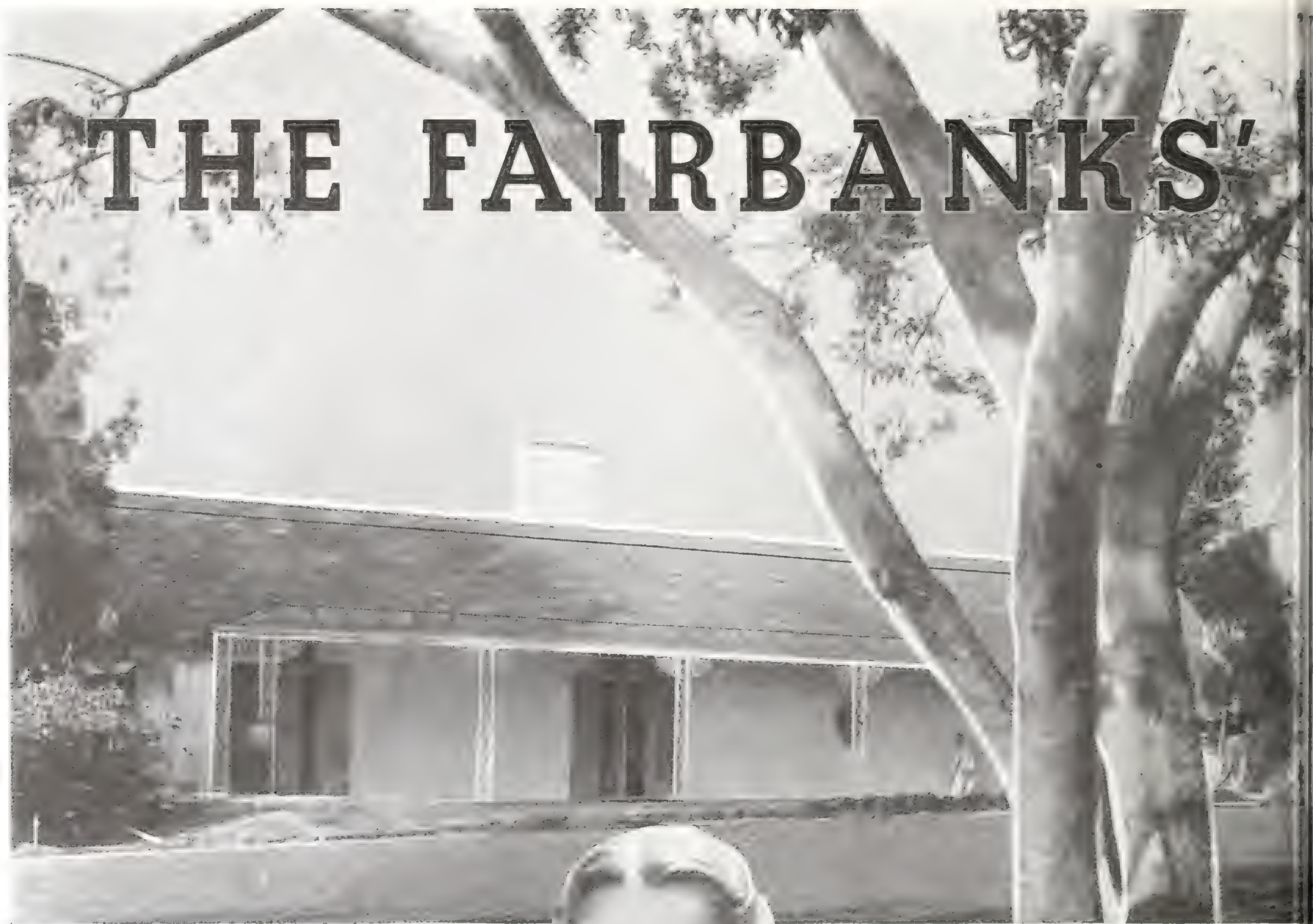
There isn't anything about him, understand, that will make you sit up and twitch your ears. He hasn't risen to fame out of a shoe-shine parlor; he isn't living in sin; his Great Expectations about love and marriage and career are normal ones without any indication of divorce or bloodshed. But I don't think you'll be disappointed.

Entirely as an aside, if you know anything about Henry Fonda you will recognize the influence of his happy-go-lucky disposition and of his philosophy on James Stewart's life. I don't mean to imply that James has borrowed any part of Hank's personality for his own. On the contrary. He has too positive a character for anything of that sort.

But those two fellows met [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 82]



An instantaneous hit in his first part, this casual, humorous, young man represents what America is beginning to demand of its movie heroes



THE FAIRBANKS'

WHEN Douglas Fairbanks invited the guests from Merle Oberon's party over to his nook by the sea for a spot of tea with him and his wife, the former Lady Ashley, the guests just naturally drifted into corners and whispered together:

"Do you think Mary Pickford will fight?"

Never since Napoleon drifted into Josephine's former palace with Marie Therese on his arm has there been such a challenge flung out to the film colony's socially minded people.

The burning question in Hollywood today is not "Have you seen my last picture?" but "Who's side are you on?"

Sides are taken definitely. Accusations, not by Mary and Doug, remember, but by sympathetic friends—are flung out from each side. Some of Mary's strongest allies proclaim the former Sylvia Ashley a very nice little ex-chorus girl indeed, which is damning with faint praise, if you know what I mean. And Doug's friends are just as staunch in her defense.

Hollywood hasn't had so much excitement since Connie Bennett stepped in and wrested social honors from Gloria Swanson by calmly annexing her Marquis de la Falaise. And if you think Hollywood isn't taking this latest affair seriously, let me tell you that one swanky hostess of the village announced



Doug won the first skirmish in his attempt to set up a new social kingdom. But Mary Pickford has several trumps up her sleeve!

Will Sylvia Fairbanks Ta

one month in advance of her party that she was inviting not only Douglas Fairbanks and his wife but also his former wife, Mary Pickford. Hollywood didn't wait for their invitations to this affair. As soon as they found out they were on the list they wired in their acceptances.

There never was a kingdom so absolute in its way as that set up by Mary and Doug in their hilltop home of Pickfair. Their every invitation was a command performance. A card from Mary and Doug was the equivalent of a printed notice in Who's Who and an open announcement that one had been accepted. In her early days as Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Joan Crawford virtually ate her stormy heart out when the doors of Pickfair failed to fling wide to welcome her. Joan was a rank newcomer in those days and there were few to champion her cause. Ironically, when the summons finally did come it meant little

to the lady of the big eyes, such had become her prominence in her own right.

No king, no queen in their palaces, entertained with such gold-serviced elegance as Mary and Doug. No marriage was publicized as being such a bed of roses—tuberoses, not wild ones. There's no doubt about it. In her lovely little hands

SOCIAL WAR IS ON!

The Crown of Queen of Screen Society from Mary Pickford? By Janet Mercer

Mary Pickford held the strings that made the puppets of moviedom laugh and dance and cry.

And then, as the fellow from the screen says, "Time Marches On." Well, time had nothing on Fairbanks. He marched right on to England leaving his gold throne flat. The king had abdicated and the welkin rang with the news. What would happen now? Would Mary give up and retire?

They reckoned without grim-mouthed, determined, little Mary, who sat tight and held right on.

Oh, other people gave gayer parties perhaps, and thought up more spectacular things to do, but when little Mary waved her wand it still meant something, and don't forget it. But grad-

ually business, which has always been the consuming passion of her life, absorbed her whole interest and society drifted whither it chose. To other people's swimming pools and palaces.

But now, Douglas is back, eager (and how eager you'd be surprised to know) to set up another kingdom with a brand new queen as a social partner. And the question is, will Mary be content to fade out of the picture and let Douglas have his way?

The answer is obvious. Mary Pickford has never been known to give up a battle or take second honors for anyone. Even now 'tis whispered, the gold plates are being dusted and it looks like a big time in the old town tonight, tomorrow night and many evenings to come.

The first skirmish was won by Douglas when one of Mary's warmest sympathizers decided to desert camp and head for the other side. Where, formerly, only the bitterest criticisms of Douglas Fairbanks and Lady Ashley found their way into print, with nothing but honey and roses for Mary, now all was honey for the very charming Lady Sylvia.

Mary's name was blatantly conspicuous by its absence.

How Hollywood coffee cups did rattle over that little item next morning! And how telephones did jingle!

The next skirmish also was won by the newly-weds when Merle Oberon gave a large welcome to-Hollywood jamboree for them. And then occurred the neatest *coupe de maitre*, as the French so quaintly term monkey business, that Hollywood has yet to see. Fairbanks calmly invited the whole [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]



The former Lady Sylvia Ashley and Doug smile confidently, as they dine with Oliver Messel, M-G-M stylist, at Hollywood's Cafe Lamaze

PRIVATE LIFE



At seventeen, in Philadelphia he began the serious study of singing, that was to bring such magnificent results in future years. In the traditional New England farmhouse of his grandparents, he sang under their sympathetic dotting eyes to the accompaniment of Theodore Paxson at the piano. At eight years old (right) Nelson was a strong stocky little boy, with a disturbing habit of breaking into song on all occasions, and just discovering that the lovely lilting melodies played by his mother had a special technique of their own. Curiosity finally overcame his dread of lessons, and with her help, he set his foot on the first rung of the ladder of Fame



OF NELSON EDDY

Beginning the one and only authorized biography of
the greatest singing star Hollywood has ever known

By Howard Sharpe

In this revealing series, we offer facts based upon what Nelson Eddy swears will be the final set of interviews he will authorize for publication. Because of the vast amount of misinformation about the man himself, his aims and "love life," that has been printed of late, Eddy has definitely decided to retire into his shell—to out-Garbo Garbo insofar as all reporters are concerned.

It is, therefore, with pardonable pride and a deep sense of gratitude to this great and growing star, that PHOTOPLAY presents his only authorized biography.

THIS history of Nelson Eddy—singer, gentleman, screen idol, nice person—will of necessity be a rambling affair. That's the way he told it to me: a bit remembered in a lazy voice as he sprawled in a leather chair—a sudden enthusiastic portion recalled and dropped as he went through a door. . . .

And—also of necessity—it must be a portrait of Nelson not as I or anyone else may understand him, but as he views himself through a minute eyeglass in his mind. He's a supreme introvert, a supreme egoist; which doesn't in the least connote conceit. Nelson to Nelson is something to study, to rearrange and worry about and to take seriously. He does, for all he's worth.

Almost no one in Hollywood, least of all those who have given you repeatedly the "real inside dope about Nelson Eddy," really appreciates him. He's too darned big, too genuine, to understand after a quick survey. I'm a little scared, admittedly, at the task I've set myself—and I've known him for over a year.

As an interpolation: this can't be the usual type of movie-star biography at all. It can't be a bland recital of lush little incidents, meaningless and in themselves oversentimental and hacked out, adapted to his personality and served up on an ornamental tray as proof that he is this or that. It can't include a lot of sly little anecdotes, complete with moon and fragrant breeze and fluttering lashes, meant to imply that Nelson has unburdened for my typewriter the most sacred of his early loves.

Somehow that just isn't the way you put a man like Eddy on paper.

But during the year I've known him Nelson has told me more about himself—his hopes, his long bright dreams, his troubles and triumphs—than he has any other writer in town. He's tried to explain to me, lengthily and with patience, the multiple machineries that make him tick. You can have that, as well as the straightforward history of his thirty-five years.

IMET him first on one of those undecided-whether-or-not-to-rain sort of days, and I came down the glamorous narrow street of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and into the publicity office feeling fully as dull as the sky was. Then, completely incongruous and out of character with the afternoon, came the sound of high happy laughter from a closed office. I went in there, of course.

And of course Nelson was inside. He was dressed rather exquisitely in several shades of blue, but with a disreputable brown hat turned up in front: He looked vaguely familiar—you see at that time "Naughty Marietta" had not yet been released—but I wouldn't have cared if he'd been the janitor or Louis B. Mayer himself. I needed laughter that day, and here it was. Not fawning, toadying snickers meant to flatter, you

understand. Nelson was still just a contract player, who sang sometimes.

But, posturing absurdly and with dry, drawled comments, he was clowning for the publicity gals as only Nelson Eddy can. And I was still chuckling when he pantomimed a luscious kiss to a tittering extra, and went out.

. . . Ten minutes later, passing another office, I heard a full, rich voice singing "The Glory Road" as never before. I went in and sat down next to three intent, silent publicity men in their shirt-sleeves. Under the ridiculous, melancholy hat Nelson's face was a mask of genuine inspiration; his eyes were blurred with tears; he thrust his song at us and the tiny room rang with it.

When he'd finished no one said anything. Finally Nelson stood up.

"They shouldn't ever gag that," he told us. "It was written seriously."

HIS is the solid saga of a true American, with all the fine traditions of that name. And it begins properly with a tall, sturdy Englishman named John Eddy. (One generation back, in England, the name had been spelled Eddye . . . sort of Chaucerish.) He got off a wooden-sided sailing vessel at Plymouth one Eighteenth Century day, and carried his many trunks and whatever knowledge of his own British family he possessed into Massachusetts. And settled there.

Nelson isn't terribly sure about the sort of house he built, nor the kind of life he led. But this much, assumed from a single line in the historical books of that small but self-important state, is obvious: John Eddy was a gentleman.

Governor Winthrop, you see, came swaggering into the Colony one autumn day with the firm intention of listing its inhabitants as to occupation; Mr. So-and-So was without any doubt in the world a goldsmith; Mrs. Such-and-Such was unmistakably a housewife; young Mr. Whozis was definitely apprenticed to be a baker's assistant. But when the Governor and his entourage came to the Eddy structure, they met with a deadlock. John came out on his veranda and stood imperturbably under his hand-carved fanlight and stated quietly that he had no profession.

He's listed today as "John Eddy, Gentleman." For all the world and tracers-down of ancestry to see. In the course of time he married and had children. They did the same, until, finally, there was an Eddy (the original 'e' was by this time completely lost in the American shuffle) whose name was William Darius, who was a machinist-inventor, and who married lovely Isabelle Kendrick, daughter of Caroline Ackerman Kendrick (of Dutch descent), a singer of oratorios.

Removed to Providence, Rhode Island, they went about the business of continuing the Eddy line—so that in the dark before dawn on a smothering June night, in the second year of this Century, was born a lusty boy baby whom they later named Nelson.

I'd like, for the purpose of atmosphere, to remark that the squall with which he marked his entrance into this world and Rhode Island, had melody in it—perhaps even the first traces of music. But it didn't. It was disagreeable and high and without tone; but it *was* healthy. "Good lungs," said the doctor with satisfaction.

He wasn't especially an outstanding sort of boy. He had a good, appreciative mind; a strong, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]

All Aboard for Hollywood

SALLY read it in the papers.

Clad demurely in tailored silk pajamas, curled up among the pillows in her wide bed, she read that Stanley Merrick, Saybrook's favorite son and the man who had directed the smash hit, "Languorous Ladies," was stopping over in town on his way from New York, where he had been sitting in on some writers' conference, to Hollywood where he was scheduled to start work in the very near future on another picture. The new picture, all the papers declared, was certain to be a big hit also. Meanwhile, Mr. Merrick was visiting his mother on Apple Street, and a committee of representative citizens was up to its ears in plans for a proper sort of reception to take place tonight at the Mill Run Country Club for the local boy who had made good.

"Ummm . . ." mused Sally and sat up a little to study her reflection in the triple mirrors beyond the mountain of blue quilted satin at the foot of the bed, a chaste enough child in buttoned-up-to-the-chin pajamas and a halo of short yellow hair. "There'll be languorous ladies aplenty at the Club tonight," thought Sally. She put up a hand and ran slender fingers back through her hair. It was really very nice hair, pale and silky and with a way of twisting into soft little ringlets in the rain. In fact, those cropped curls did something for Sally. Gave her assurance. Where another girl, dating a man for the first time or hoping to make a particular conquest, prayed for a moon and lots of silver light and a few intriguingly convenient shadows, Sally merely let her long gold lashes brush back and studied the sky with a pair of lovely violet eyes and hoped for a shower. Given a nice rainy night and a wide masculine shoulder for background, she could practically manage the action to suit herself.

Actually, it had been a damp season this past summer, and there were a half dozen young men who at dances and parties tried to glare each other down. But be it said for Sally, she adored a big cast and she always played fair. Impulsively, she reached again for the paper. *Cloudy*, she read, *with little change in temperature. Possibly local thundershowers tonight or Saturday.* The sky this morning did look a little overcast, at least that part of it which she could see beyond the ruffled curtains and the copper leaves of the beech tree outside the window.


Sally's glance moved about the room, a large pleasant room, and came back to the companionable tree outside the window,

but she really wasn't seeing these things. What she saw was another headline in the papers. A paper which hadn't been printed yet. *Local Girl Makes Good. Miss Sally Byers scores in her first picture. . . .*

Then the bedroom door came open and plump black Angie shuffled into the room with a freshly pressed linen frock over an arm. "Ef you figurin' on tennis this mornin', honey, you better get to it," Angie said. "It's fixin' to rain cats and dogs 'fore the day's over."

Sally reached out and picked up the ivory-finished telephone from the bedside table and called a number. She spoke quietly for half a minute or so into the instrument. Then a voice at the other end of the connection, a definitely masculine voice, began vociferous objections.

Sally drew up her silk-clad legs and propped an elbow against her knees. "I know, Chuck," she agreed. "I practically promised to play a set with you this morning. But now I find that I've got to go shopping. No, I didn't know it yesterday, when we talked about tennis. . . . Yes, darling, it's awfully important. What I buy this morning may have a bearing on my whole future . . ."



Always this wilful girl had had her way. She planned to get it again, but she forgot that movie directors also have minds of their own . . .

By Margaret Dollison

Illustrated by
Martha Traver

Black Angie, laying out silk underthings and trim oxfords and hose of the proper shade, could hear the hollow ring of young Mr. Chuck's objections. Then after a little the voice settled down to a new tone. Persuasive. Sally sat there in the middle of the big bed, listening, but her eyes seemed to be looking at something far beyond the walls of the room. Finally she smiled. And when

Sally smiled it was like the sun breaking through after a warm summer rain. "She's wangled the boy into something," thought Angie gleefully, "without him ever suspectin' he was bein' wangled."

Sally took a little breath. "Listen, Chuck. If I go to the dance with you tonight, will it be all right about this morning?"

Angie's shoulders shook with unholy mirth. She could see the whole thing, the young one fixing it so that she would be sure of getting to this dance that was being given for Mr. Stanley Merrick tonight—though before the day was over she'd have probably a half dozen invitations—and at the same time making it seem a favor to young Mr. Chuck not to be playing tennis with him this morning. As for the "shopping"—Angie shook her head. A new dress, most likely. But how could that have such an all-important bearing on the future? The young one was always getting new dresses.

Sally put down the telephone and buried her nice little chin against her palms. "Angie," she said, "can you keep a secret?"

"Yas'm, honey. Sure can."

"I—I'm going to Hollywood, Angie."

Black Angie rolled her eyes. "Lawd, honey, you sick?"

Sally said no of course not she was quite well. She said she had always wanted to go to Hollywood—who didn't want to be in pictures? she would liked to have known—and now she was going to have the chance practically tossed into her lap and she would be crazy not to reach out and grab it. "Stanley Merrick's coming to town," she explained in case Angie hadn't heard the news. "Stan makes hit pictures in Hollywood. He was a couple of years ahead of me in school and of course I don't expect him to remember me, but they are giving a dance for him out at the Club tonight. And a lot can happen at a dance, Angie."

"Yas'm. I reckon so."

"Of course, I don't expect to go right out there to the Coast and step into a leading part. It [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]

She and Stan sat perched on stools at the dog-wagon. She gave all her attention to this business of trying to get to Hollywood

Some Call



WHEN Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor flatly deny they are planning marriage—when they insist their constant companionship means nothing but just laughs and good times together—you may risk your last penny that this denial is not just another of those press-run-arounds indulged in by so many Hollywood romantics right up to the moment the plane takes off for the elopement to Yuma. They sincerely believe they mean what they say. And it is quite natural they should want to believe it. If there are two people in Hollywood (or any place in the world, for that matter) who do not want to fall in love—who do not even want to consider marrying anyone at the present time—those two are Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck. It is obvious why Barbara should feel this way. It has been such a short time since the red-headed Stanwyck girl belonged to herself. Soon after her divorce from Frank Fay, when she had settled in the home she had chosen for herself and her adopted son Dione, she said to a close friend:

"Freedom is so precious! It is such an amazing experience to do what you want to do again, for no other reason than that you just want to. I never wanted to live in a mansion. All I've wanted was a home and now I have one. When I am at the studio I can work long hours without feeling that I am depriving anyone of part of my life. And when I am not working I have learned how to play again. It is a terrific experience to find you belong wholly to yourself." She did not need to add: "... after so many years of belonging wholly to someone else."

I believe Barbara set out deliberately to build an impregnable crust over that courageous heart of hers. It was fun, of course, to go out again with all the young men who, drawn by her humor and her thoroughly modern beauty, flocked around her. Jimmie Stewart and Henry Fonda were grand dining and dancing partners. Mr. and Mrs. Zeppo Marx were her constant companions at previews and first nights. People said Barbara was gayer and prettier than ever before. She was a totally new Stanwyck. The broody, misunderstood girl Hollywood had known for the past five years was gone.

And then one night, at a small dinner party given by the Marx's, she met Robert Taylor:

Bob Taylor says he's not in love with Barbara Stanwyck, but how does he act when she isn't near? Right, with Irene Hervey, the former girl friend, and Virginia Bruce, at the Troc. Note Irene's hand on his arm—did she know his interests were wandering elsewhere?



It Love

Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck call it "a beautiful friendship,"—but their actions bespeak differently

By Walter Ramsey

"... the current heart-beat of America"—"... the biggest male bet since Gable"—"The box-office sensation of the hour."

But if you think they fell in love at first sight, you are woefully mistaken about both Barbara *and* Bob.

BOB TAYLOR had just as many reasons for wanting to stay aloof from romance and serious entanglements as did the red-headed girl he met that night.

To thoroughly understand Bob Taylor's attitude toward love, romance and the ladies of Hollywood, it is necessary to stop for a moment and consider the kind of person he is. The most important thing to remember is that no longer than a year and a half ago Mr. "Heart-beat" Taylor was putting the finishing touches to his education at Pomona College. He was having the usual run of "dates" with pretty college girls whose folks wanted them home by the respectable hour of midnight and whose idea of a "high time" was the corner movie and a chocolate ice cream soda at the most convenient drug store. At that time, Bob was not yet twenty-four years old. Today, he is not yet twenty-six.

In two short years, Bob Taylor made the violent swing from the rah-rah atmosphere of the college campus to the rarefied atmosphere of Hollywood. There were no years of stage experience behind him when he signed that \$35.00 a week contract as a student actor on the M-G-M lot. There were no romantic experiences with subtle women to prepare him for the deluge of public acclaim and private, feminine interest that Hollywood flashed upon him. He wouldn't have been human if he hadn't been almost stunned by the invitations, the flattery and the attention of the most beautiful and famous women in the world. He was about as ready for it as your kid brother would have been. But he wouldn't have been a boy one year removed from college if he hadn't been a little scared by it, too.

IN the beginning, of course, there was beautiful little Irene Hervey. Her friendship was not only the loveliest thing in Bob's inexperienced life, but also an unconscious protective wall staying the avalanche of feminine adulation that would have descended upon him otherwise. Bob and Irene were in love. There's no doubt about that. Bob would be the last to deny it. I doubt if Bob actually realized that he had lost Irene until she announced her engagement to another man: Allan Jones. That was the end, but the beginning had been very different.

Irene is the "regular" sort of girl whose home, on a rainy Sunday afternoon, might be the rendezvous for the gang to drop in for sandwiches and coffee. And it wasn't taken any too seriously by anyone that the most persistent caller was Bob Taylor. They didn't do much stepping to the high-powered night spots; \$35.00 per week doesn't allow many Friday nights at the Cocoanut Grove and almost no Sunday suppers at the Trocadero. They went [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 97]



Barbara Stanwyck has reason for not desiring to fall in love again right away, but this friendship has all the earmarks

Why Gary's Gone Rural Again

Have you felt the fine sensitiveness in Gary Cooper's recent acting? Here's the inside story

By Julie Lang Hunt

THIS is a story about a small town guy in a big city. And the fact that the "Main Streeter" of this yarn happens to be Gary Cooper and the big city happens to be Hollywood in no way lessens the drama of a struggle the purpose of which was to shake off the fancy ways of city folks and return, quite firmly, to a rustic routine.

Of course, "small towners" are not a phenomenon in Hollywood. The success-strata of film society is fairly jammed with stars whose origins can be traced to the Pumpkin Centers of America. But Gary is the only member of this populous agrarian group who has deliberately plucked the thorns of bogus formalities from his daily routine and picked up the business of living much as he left it in Helena, Montana, almost a decade ago.

I'll grant you that four years ago there really wasn't an outward sign to distinguish Gary from Hollywood's restless throng of sophisticates. At that time he was automatically getting into a black tie or a white tie five nights out of seven, entertaining cleverly in his ever-changing bachelor diggings and being entertained smartly in return.

Several of the community's undeniable social leaders elected themselves as supervisors and hostesses for his elaborate pay-back dinner parties. And all this was quite as it should be, for Gary was the town's super-eligible bachelor, recently returned from a lengthy interlude in New York, London and Rome, where his social triumphs had been acknowledged even in the frostiest circles.

About this time pictures of Gary, standing or sitting in the center of laughing, exquisitely groomed groups began to hit the society pages and Sunday rotogravure sections with amazing regularity. It was the publication of these gay party photographs (the accepted and inevitable prelude to every Hollywood gathering) that finally caused Gary's initial twinges of doubt concerning the venerable custom of "doing as the Romans do."

JUST the other day, when Gary was showing me the year-around vegetable "patch" on the grounds of his new home, he suddenly decided (between the string beans and the lettuce) to explain some of those first vague yearnings of nostalgia for a homespun formula. He said:

"I looked so silly to myself in those society column pictures, always grinning down at somebody, who in turn was grinning up at me. And then I never looked as if I were really having a good time in spite of my grin.



"And then, I never could get used to the idea of giving a party or going to a party and seeing it reproduced during the following week in practically every newspaper in the country.

"I suddenly realized that it wasn't fun, it was downright hard work lining up for half a dozen photographers ten or fifteen times during an evening of so-called entertainment. Somehow the whole setup didn't seem normal to me."

Now that one word, normal, came to haunt Gary. He began to harrass himself with a lot of philosophical questions concerning it.

Was it NORMAL, he would ponder driving home through a cheerless dawn, to find amusement in noisy rooms packed with people you half knew? Was it NORMAL, never to get to bed before three o'clock in the morning? Was it NORMAL to need people milling around you and some place to go the moment a lull raised its frightening head? Was it NORMAL to accept invitations to dull parties and then feel obliged to give dull parties in return?

And for some reason all this self catechism usually dissolved into a medley of memories concerning a bulky, square brick house in Helena, Montana. And Gary would remember that he had lived twenty-two years in that house, hemmed in by trees and neighbors, without experiencing a single pang of restless boredom. He recalled that when he lived in the brick house he saw and spoke to the same people day after day and year after year, but somehow that fact always seemed a comfortable and normal thing in retrospect.

Then he would try to remember what he used to do during the lulls. But, strangely enough, there were no lulls. There were too many chores to keep a man hopping, ashes to be carried out from the furnace in winter, the lawn to be mowed in summer and the inevitable dish-drying to make things easier for his mother (maids were so darned hard to get and keep in that ranch district).

What had they done with themselves for amusement during those long snowtrapped winters? Well, the older folks traded dinners and played whist, and the young folks danced to home-made music and indulged in midnight spreads. And when those impromptu feasts took place in the big brick house they

were prepared by the two Cooper boys, Arthur having a knack for sandwiches and Gary displaying a positive genius for panocha fudge.

There were winter hikes into the snow-packed mountains, especially the one just before December twenty-fifth, when the crowd pulled a huge sleigh up to the pine forests and cut down their own Christmas trees. The whole day was spent out in the soft snow and biting cold with a giant fire for warmth and for a piping hot lunch as well. Somehow, Christmas never manages to seem like Christmas to Gary, with a store-bought tree.

In 1932 Gary made his first tangible effort to shake the city dust from his soul by moving to a ranch some twenty-five miles from Hollywood. He soon discovered, however, that big town sophistry is something you can't side-step by putting a few extra miles between your house and the nearest night club.

In fact, film circles were experiencing a rather hysterical back-to-the-soil fancy about this time, and Gary's retreat was immediately surrounded with ranches of the guesthouse, swimming pool, outdoor bar, variety. Even lots of fresh air and space couldn't give Gary a benevolent feeling again for a

mid-afternoon cocktail party for two hundred guests. Getting back to normal, he learned, was going to take more heroic measures than merely running away.

AMAZINGLY enough the heroic measures actually came to pass following Gary's marriage to Veronica Balfe, whose sophisticated background is peppered with such significant addresses as Park Avenue, Southampton and Newport. And let it be said to her everlasting credit that this authentic New York debutante championed and abetted Gary's gropings toward a life that held both substance and simplicity.

So far the heroic measures encompass such deficiencies as the completion and occupation of a new home without the customary ceremony of a housewarming party, big or little. The floor plan includes but a single small guest room and a dining room that accommodates but eight, thereby eliminating the faintest possibility of large formal gatherings. Polite regrets are sent to ninety-five percent of the invitations to parties (it's too bad, of course, if you hurt sensitive hostesses but your own life is more important). Finally, there was this unique couple's decision to consider their new Bermuda cottage a lifelong home, to do some solid living in it, and to be tied down, willingly and gladly. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]



Despite his British schooling, his Grinnell college education and his ten years in Hollywood, the Montana cowboy has always yearned for the simple life. Veronica from Park Avenue likes it too

Cal York's Gossip

DESPITE all the gossip of a Carole Lombard-Clark Gable romance, Carole is driven home from the studio each evening by one Mr. Addison Randall, ex-beau of Glenda Farrell.

THE eternal triangle of Hollywood.

At a recent party in Hollywood, it was noticed Gilbert Roland paid considerable attention to Marlene Dietrich whereupon Constance Bennett seized him by the arm and walked him down to the ocean's edge.

Miss Bennett then returned alone. Love in Hollywood.

JUST when everybody gets it settled in their minds that the Jeanette MacDonald-Robert Ritchie romance is over forever and Gene Raymond is head man, Jeanette shows up at the studio, looking very happy and gay, with the aforesaid Mr. Ritchie.

If Jeanette would only make up her mind, Hollywood wouldn't be so twittery.

WHEN Eleanor Powell and her mother stepped off the train in Los Angeles, they were each handed a bouquet of roses.

Eleanor's first picture, after she alighted, was snapped with the engineer of the train. "Say, Miss," he said shyly, as Eleanor stepped closely beside him, "I've got a wife and she might not like this."

Instantly Eleanor laid the bouquet in his arms and wrote a little note. "To the wife of the best engineer in the world." "Now take those to your wife," Eleanor smiled, "and I'm sure everything will be all right."

It was.

TURN about is—etcetera; anyway here's a case in point. When Charles Boyer reached the two-year-old lisping stage a Madame Rosignol (his mother, in plain words) taught him how to talk.

Now she is here in Hollywood to spend the summer with him—and most of the three months will be spent quietly at home, while Charles teaches her how to speak English!

If you go to Cary Grant's house and hear him call his dog "Archie"—you may wonder a little why such a man-size pup should have such an English school-boy name. . . . Answer's simple. Cary's name is really Archie Leach—and when the studio made him change it he wished the cast-off moniker onto his pooch.

LUXURIOUS HOME-LIFE OF THE STARS AT A GLANCE: *When Nat Pendleton finishes reading the first page of his newspaper he hands the whole thing to an attendant valet and requests him to find the sport page, please, James. Whether or not the valet then reads the items aloud is so far unknown to your informant.*

DO movie stars make good movie fans? They do, as witness Jackie Cooper's adoration of Robert Taylor. Both on the same lot, Jackie had never met his idol. And then came the night both were scheduled for a benefit performance and after his act, Jackie just hung around, refusing to go home.

"I'm waiting for Bob Taylor," Jackie insisted.

"But he won't be here for another hour," they told him.

Nevertheless, Jackie hung around with

the rest of the fans loitering about until Taylor appeared. After he had met him, Jackie went home satisfied.

PITY Leslie Howard's polo ponies. When Leslie was literally yanked off the train for retakes on "Romeo and Juliet," his baggage and belongings were successfully snatched with him. All but the ponies, which were already loaded in the cars. These were taken on alone while a much disconcerted *Romeo* fretted and fumed about his ponies making the long cross country trip alone.

JUST to show you how fast they work in Hollywood, Margo, the dancer and actress, left the cast of "Winterset" in Chicago on a Saturday night, arrived on "The Lost Horizon" set early Monday morning and by noon was deep in production, wearing the clothes for which she had wired on her measurements. They fitted exactly, so that not one hour's time was lost.

WHEN Alice Brady began crying her eyes out on the "My Man Godfrey" set, no one at first could discover the trouble. Then it was discovered Alice's tears were due to a rapidly swelling eye. The eye had been bitten by a bug.

If Alice should look wild-eyed in several scenes you will know they were trying to snatch her scenes that day before the eye completely closed.

A FAMOUS Hollywood dog-trainer brought a little, floppy-eared mongrel into a studio the other day. The director who had sent out the call snorted. "I wanted a dog, not an animated skeleton! Take the thing away!"

Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor smile for the birdie at the Troc. See the story about them on Page 28



Back from England, Connie Bennett is going out again with Gilbert Roland, the Marquis notwithstanding



Fink
Photos

OF Hollywood...

Half an hour later the same director stumbled over the same purp. "What's it *doing* here?" he screamed. "Put it in the ash-can, do anything—but get it off this set!"

"You'll do nothing of the sort," said Florence Rice, the picture's leading woman. "He's mine. I bought him."

IF you're hungry all you have to do is get to be a movie star and then announce you're going to re-visit the old hometown. That's what Bob Taylor did, and got (to date) 731 invitations for dinner from Beatrice, Nebraska, which claims him as native son.

AND now the Ladies' Aid Society really has something to talk about at the Wednesday afternoon pot-luck. All because Johnny Weissmuller went for a hike.

It was a nice hike, nice day, nice everything—and when Johnny came to the nice clear running stream he thought it would be especially nice to go for a little swim in it.

He'd brought some trunks. So splash! went Tarzan. And swam, gurgling and completely happy, down-stream—directly into the midst of a church picnic!

WITH *Summer: Robert Montgomery practicing volley-ball and surf-riding at the Bel-Air Beach Club—Robert Taylor adding daily to his tan on the roof of the "Gorgeous Hussy" sound-stage—Little Freddie (Tiger, at his request) Bartholomew boxing every afternoon with Jackie Cooper—Preston Foster, Lewis Stone, Johnny Weissmuller, Maureen O'Sullivan yachting! O Health! O Sun!*

MRS. CHESTER MORRIS had a minor operation. The two Morris children got the measles.

So Chester went and had a wisdom tooth pulled. "Might as well get in on the family agony," he mumbled through the swelling. "Hate to be left out of anything."

BENITA HUME thought she was pretty smart. She spent over a month teaching Porgy, that pet cocker-spaniel of hers, to carry her purse around in his mouth. So finally, when his education was complete, she brought him to the studio and proudly showed her friends what a smart and useful pup she had.

Came lunch-time. "Bring mama mama's purse, Porgy," called Benita.

But Porgy, firmly clutching the bag, went right on chasing a very interesting fly.

And it took three electricians and two prop men fifteen minutes to catch frisky Porgy, while "mama" stood watching—and getting hungrier!

GLEND A FARRELL has an uncle who grafts trees. You know. The sort of thing where you go out, pick an orange, bite into it and it tastes like a lemon.

So anyway he sent her two of his best specimens the other day. "But my Gosh, I haven't any place to plant them!" wailed Glenda.

"Why not buy a place then?" queried small-son Tommy. Wherefore Glenda has signed on the line for four acres in a nearby valley, and since the four acres look awfully bare, she's decided to build a ranch-house on them. With a pony stable.

He'll get on in this world, will Tommy

Because it was he who got the uncle to give Glenda her trees. And he has always liked ponies.

JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON has finally sent for her collection of wardrobe and shoes from plays or motion pictures in which she's played a part. Which means she's made up her mind to settle here, after years of commuting to and from New York. She will probably buy a house in Beverly Hills.

HOLLYWOOD ABROAD:

Scene: Picadilly. Time: Late afternoon. Characters: Dolores Del Rio and a London Bobby.

Dolores: Tommy, where is Hyde Park?

Bobby: (With Mayfair accent): My name is Percival, Madame. Percival Bysshe-Smythe. And I *must* say I am not accustomed to being addressed by the familiar Christian name by passing pedestrians. I may be only a Bobby, but nevertheless . . .

Dolores (flustered): Oh. Oh, *Bobby*. I thought—I beg your pardon! (She walks rapidly away.)

Bobby: (Calls) But Madame! Hyde Park is the other way—you're headed for B'm!

For your information the cop meant "Buckingham." Also for your information, this is brought you first hand from one of Dolores' letters to a Hollywood friend.

THE prop man stood, a lounging on-looker, watching the preparations for a scene—from his lips hung a lackadaisical cigarette.

S-s-swISH! *SNAP!!*

And the cigarette was gone.

John Payne and Eleanor Powell are having fun and why not, with their health, wealth and beauty?

No love match here; just lots of laughter as Nelson Eddy tells Jeanette MacDonald how fans chase him





Warm friendship exists between these four, Franchot Tone, Joan Crawford and Barbara Stanwyck dine with Bob Taylor the night he left on his first trip to New York



Director Clarence Brown and Mrs. Brown (Alice Joyce) celebrate his recent birthday with the traditional cake and a party

Big-eyed, the prop man looked about him. Over in a corner, with a smug smile of satisfaction, Fred Stone was re-coiling a long Australian whip—and now a new and special sequence has been written into his new picture so that he may do the “Don Q” as much as he likes.

WHEN that Rainer woman stops springing surprises Hollywood will stop making pictures—anyway here's the newest story, as told around, for your amazement.

She'd gone to a nearby airport with a party of friends and suddenly decided she'd like to fly one of the ships there. They smiled her suggestion away—until she disappeared for a time, and then roared into the sky before them in a sleek monoplane.

When she finally brought it down they clustered about, incredulous questions tripping over each other. Luise brought out a *license*, of all things, from the Viennese authorities; she'd flown a lot there, she remarked casually.

And she'll get her American card pretty soon!

LITTLE Mary MacArthur—daughter of the playwright and Helen Hayes got off a pleasant little quip a weekend or so ago. The Jean Hersholts had accepted a holiday invitation to the MacArthur homestead, and small Mary, who'd seen “The Country Doctor” twice, kept watching Jean intently with her bright young eyes.

Finally at table, in a hoarse whisper, she asked her father, “Really, did you quite expect the doctah to bring a wife with him?” . . .

HENRY FONDA and James Stewart have their friends and respective studios in an uproar. The boys, who

share the same house, decided to give their first formal dinner party and everyone from carpenters up were asked for suggestions. The menu was finally completed after many arguments and much turmoil. Hollywood certainly hopes the boys will stick to little beer and pretzel soirees in the future.

ON the “China Clipper” set Ross Alexander and Pat O'Brien waged a battle to see who could keep from blowing up in their lines. They each bet a dollar and before it was over, Ross had lost three and won one.

What Warner Brothers, with overhead going full blast, lost on the deal is, of course, something else again.

THE most useless thing in the world is a hairdresser on a Kay Francis set. The second the hairdresser puts down her comb after doing a neat bit of coiffing on

the Francis locks, Kay ups with the comb and rakes it through and through, shoving it in place and patting it here and there. Then, with a “thank you” to the astonished hairdresser, she's off to make a scene before the camera.

By the way, if you are anxious to see Kay in that little girl hair-band you've read about, she wears it in several scenes for “I Gave My Heart.”

IT was four years ago, on some location or other, that a white-faced youngster came up to Clark Gable—told him some tale about himself—and asked to borrow five dollars. Clark shelled out.

“I'll pay you back,” the kid promised. And so the other day, when the Gable Duesenberg zoomed through the studio gates, that same boy (almost grown-up now, and nicely dressed) hopped on the running board and pushed a fiver into Clark's hand.



Allan Jones, his lady love, Irene Hervey, and Mrs. and Mr. Georges Metaxa at the Troc. Metaxa recently signed with RKO; his wife is the former Byrnece Macfadden



At the Grove are streamlined Ginger Rogers and James Stewart who has been giving her a big rush since she left Lew Ayres



These lovely pepper trees are all one can see of George Brent's house from the road. Rumor says he built the high wall to insure privacy for Garbo as well as himself

"I've got a job now, in a store," shouted the stripling. "Thanks!"

And jumped off and ran grinning down the sidewalk.

METRO producers are gnashing their teeth these days because they didn't have a camera turning in Adrian's office the other day when the goat came in. Seems Joan Crawford was having a fitting, heard there was a billy goat on the lot, and asked to see it.

They brought it in, very docile if odorous, and Joan ordered some milk for it—Cal wouldn't know what kind of milk it was, but it made the animal berserk. Billy went pounding around the room, ate Adrian's ivy, and knocked over the bird cage while Joan screeched and the designer howled.

Point of all this is, that no one could break in to help them—because Joan was in between try-ons and—er—*well!*

AND by way of crazy stunts, add Wally Beery's latest. He doesn't use his swimming pool very much this weather, so last week he planted a mess of trout in it. Going fishing, he says—pretty soon.

THE blonde streak that startled the entire Twentieth Century-Fox studios the other day was discovered to be only a foot race between Shirley Temple and Alice Faye. They were trying to see who could get to the projection first to see the day's rushes.

Both girls arrived at almost the same moment but the puffing and the huffing of Shirley's two bodyguards as they attempted to keep up, threw Shirley into such a fit of laughter, she missed out on the rushes after all.

The bodyguards are praying this sort of thing won't become a daily habit. The twinkle in Shirley's eye says it will.

PUBLICITY can do funny things to the poor star, sometimes. Bob Taylor's the one who is squawking now.

Seems he's very soft-hearted, and can't refuse a stray cat refuge, although he hates the things. And there are lots of stray cats in Hollywood. Bob had collected seventeen of them over a period of months—they all yowled at once and at night—and a columnist wrote about them to fill up space.

Next week came fourteen more cats, tagged and crated, as gifts from fans! Remember your arithmetic — that's right. Thirty-one. Thirty-one separate and distinct feline voices, raised in questionable harmony before the refrigerator.

SOMETIMES the gag writers' opinions of mothers-in-law are decidedly wet. Jean Parker's new mama-in-law, for instance, was so happy about her son, George MacDonald, marrying little Jean that she presented her with a string of matched pearls as a wedding gift.

SEVERAL troublesome flies were holding up production one day last week on the Universal picture co-starring Joel McCrea and Joan Bennett. Joel and Joan were seated at a dining table and the flies kept buzzing into camera range. Finally the swarm was joined by a mammoth horse-fly.

"Good night!" exclaimed Director Alfred E. Green. "Put a saddle on that one and send it over to the 'Western' department!"

CAROLE LOMBARD was startled by a heavy crashing noise near her new house the other night and was even more surprised to discover some one quietly tapping on the back door.

Answering the door Carole discovered several young high school youths, all



George Raft takes his blonde heart-throb, Virginia Pine, out to celebrate her recovery from an appendicitis operation, with Phil Oman, well-known orchestra leader



At Victor Orsatti's birthday party for Alice Faye were Al Orsatti, Rochelle Hudson, the host, Shirley Ross, Alice, Jimmie Stewart, Eleanor Whitney, Joe Lewis and Pat Wilder



George Murphy, Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor at the West Side Tennis Club. Despite all contrary rumors, Roger is even more devoted to Ann since her return to Hollywood

scratched and cut, asking if they might have some water.

Bringing them in, Carole herself gave them first aid, bathing their cuts and sending them on their way.

It wasn't until the next morning Carole discovered it was her cook's car they had crashed into and completely demolished.

A WRITER at M-G-M studios was suddenly aware that from the next office strange sounds were pouring forth. A gruff voice kept repeating, "Woof, woof, woof." Alarmed, the writer arose and peered into the adjoining office. There, to his amazement, sat a hard-boiled press agent telling a bed-time story to baby Jane Quigley, new starlet of the studio.

"Go away," Jane cried, "this nice man is a bad old wolf."

Can you picture the razzing "bad old wolfie" has suffered from all hands?

A GROUP of fans lingered about the gates of M-G-M studios hearing that Norma Shearer was due that morning and all anxiously awaited the famous star's entrance.

She made it, a half hour late, and not in the manner they expected. Norma herself drove her car with Ursula, the colored maid, beside her. The actress wore no hat, her hair flying about her face.

She wore a plain, old dark blue sweater, a maroon scarf tucked about her throat and low-heeled sandals.

"Say, she could be my sister," one youth gasped. "That's exactly the way sis looks every morning."

JOAN CRAWFORD isn't permitting Carole Lombard or Maggie Sullivan to put one thing over on her. Viewing all the nice, cozy publicity both girls reaped when teamed with their ex-husbands, Joan decided to play smart and reap her own harvest by playing in a picture with her present husband, Franchot Tone.

When a rôle in "The Gorgeous Hussy" was left vacant, Joan insisted Franchot step into

the spot. Already the fans are breathlessly waiting that reunion. Is our little Joanie smart?

IF your vacation this year isn't all you hoped for, don't feel too badly about it. It happens even to movie stars. Norma Shearer, for instance, was telling a member of the M-G-M publicity department about her last year's vacation. "I had dreamed of all the lovely sights on the boat trip to Panama. Visioned myself sitting on deck drinking in the wonders. And then I spoiled it all by taking along some very expensive underwear of which I was very proud and very careful. In fact, I was so concerned over it I spent all my spare time below in a cabin over a tub and glimpsing the wonderful sights as they slid by through a port hole. I washed every stitch of that underwear every day myself. What a trip."

Maybe that may be some consolation if the mosquitoes bite too much or the sun burns too enthusiastically this summer.

THAT bachelor establishment Hank Fonda shares with Jimmy Stewart and John Swope has given Hollywood plenty to talk and write about—and here's the best story so far.

It was at the hour of midnight and all was quiet except for three off-key snores that blasted periodically their peaceful message of sleep. Suddenly Swope came out of the depths to feel something crawling across his bare stomach—he hadn't worn his pajama jacket that night—so he switched on a light and pulled back the covers . . .

There exploring gently the tanned expanses was a centipede half a foot long (they've got the bottled remains for proof)! When John had got his breath he let out a scream that shattered the ceiling—Hank and Jimmy swear it was the war-whoop of Death—and then lay paralyzed until they came stumbling to the rescue.

Mr. Centipede had obviously missed his opportunity, because Swope didn't have a mark on him.

But of course there could be no more sleep that night—nor for many nights, as far as John was concerned.

SOME New York visitors walked onto the Ginger Rogers set last week prepared for the busy bustle of a scene in full shooting—but when they got through the door they saw a strange thing.

Seated on a pile of boxes sat a beaming cuhlahd maid, clutching in one hand a swank satin bathrobe and in the other one of those ice-cream "twisties"—glistening and with flashing ivories, she sat and tittered. And around her an entire company, stars and all, was grouped—all with "twisties" and singing a silly ditty that went, "Happy birthday dear Myrtle, happy birthday to you."

"It's Ginger's maid's birthday," explained the grinning guide, "and this is the party." And pushed a handful of ice-cream sticks at the gasping visitors.

LATEST fad—and is it getting goats in this Town—is to get a star's handprint for a fan collection; not autographs, you understand. They're out of date.

It started when Margaret Callahan got a request for one, and obligingly got some printers' ink and a roller, and set at the messy business. So then she got 110 calls for them, and the letters began to pour into every studio in Hollywood. Hand-prints, O Star! For my book!

But Maggie fixed it. She made one beautiful specimen—and had hundreds of photostatic copies done of it, to send out. But she's still trying to get her nails clean.

ERIC RHODES swam ten miles up the Santa Monica Coast. That pleased him. So he tried to cross the Salten Sea. That made him sick. So then he tackled the new Boulder Dam lake.

And made it.

AND of course when little Shirley Temple's stand-in got sick last month sheer terror settled over 20th Century-Fox. Executives and several doctors rushed to the child star's mother. "What children's diseases *hasn't* Shirley had?" they want to know breathlessly.

"Well," answered Mrs. Temple, "she hasn't

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]



There's nothing synthetic in the amazing vitality that keeps Clark Gable big box-office. Born on a farm, he believes in Mother Earth as a source of strength, and knows his gardens, vegetable and floral, which he supervises himself on his Brentwood estate

Hollywood Faces the Far East





A STORY as old as our oldest civilization, but now dramatized pictorially for the first time. A story of the soil—of man's intimate dependence on the soil for life itself. "The Good Earth," Pearl Buck's epic novel of Chinese life, is about to be released by M-G-M. For the heroic part of *O-lan*, the faithful wife of Wang the farmer, the producers have cast Luise Rainer. A strange part for the glamorous Luise, but one which will give her a magnificent opportunity to rise to new dramatic heights. Paul Muni has been selected as Wang, the soil-ridden countryman who hoards his silver to buy land. His great talent and vivid feeling for character rôles fit him ideally for the part. M-G-M has gone to great lengths to provide just the right settings for this fine production. A 500-acre tract of California valley and hill land, part of which is shown above, has been converted into a typical Chinese countryside.



Stepping into other people's shoes has worked out very happily for handsome, lanky Fred MacMurray. Taking Raft's place in "The Princess Comes Across," he added hugely to his laurels. Now he's in "The Texas Ranger," first slated for Gary Cooper



It took Hollywood, with all its artificiality, to present the hitherto exotic Merle Oberon as the sweet, unaffected girl she is. She's the only English actress to become a great American star. You'll see her soon in a drama of the Irish Rebellion

PICTURES THEY WISH THEY'D NEVER POSED FOR—



Above: This misty-eyed young thing is now one of the most sophisticated and sirenish stars. When this picture was taken, she didn't use an "e" to her name. Right: She used to play slant-eyed Oriental seductress rôles, today she is the ideal screen wife. Center: She is divorced from the scion of a screen royal family, and is now happily remarried to a popular star. Top right: She's very much on her toes today, and recently divorced. Bottom right: Here's the hardest. If you remember your Horace Greeley, you've got it. If not, turn to page 96, there are all the answers.





Something very neat and tasty in garden decorations—and we don't mean the daisies, but Olivia de Havilland's attractive symmetry. Young player as she is, Olivia just about stole Warner's "Anthony Adverse" from such opposition as Fredric March!



Marlene Dietrich, an ardent camera fan, adds to her collection a shot of Charles Boyer on "The Garden of Allah" set

THE sets of Hollywood have never offered such a dazzling variety of personalities and backgrounds as they do this month. There are intimate little love scenes and gigantic battle panoramas, terse dramatic bits and rowdy silliness. And back of them all are the behind-the-camera stories that lend color and spice to the sound stage activities.

At RKO-Radio you can watch the nimble Fred Astaire tap his lively way through "Never Gonna Dance." At Paramount director King Vidor is putting the finishing touches on "Texas Ranger," the Western epic with Jack Oakie, Fred MacMurray and Jean Parker. Warners are lavishing a bank roll on "The Charge of the Light Brigade," in which Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland are once more co-starred. And David Selznick, who has yet to produce a flop as an independent producer, is dipping into the palette to paint an all-color version of "The Garden of Allah." Marlene Dietrich and Charles Boyer star in this sand-swept romance.

We Cover the STUDIOS

**Authentic behind-the-scenes
news of battles, love scenes,
comedy and drama on the set**

By Michael Jackson

That's the way it is all over Hollywood. The place fairly crackles with activity. The reason is that the movie season begins in the fall. And this summer a whirlwind of rivalry is giving birth to the super-specials that will flash across the silver-sheets a few short months from now.

With dozens of enticing attractions spread all over the town, there is one film that we couldn't miss. It is "The Gorgeous Hussy," in which Joan Crawford makes her costume-picture debut. In this, Joan plays *Peggy O'Neal*, the tempestuous darling of the early American politicians. The film is running over with leading men Robert Taylor, Franchot Tone, Melvyn Douglas and

James Stewart vie for Joan's well-manicured hand. As if these handsome gentlemen were not enough, there is Lionel Barrymore, who portrays *Andrew Jackson*.

Crawford sets are always somewhat difficult to crash and because director Clarence Brown was shooting a love scene the day of our visit, it looked for a while as though we'd have to



Joan Crawford is hostess at a surprise birthday party for director Clarence Brown on "The Gorgeous Hussy" set. Lovelier than ever in her first costume part, she has a brilliant supporting cast, including Melvyn Douglas, pictured here

stand outside and gather news by psychic vibrations. But finally, through the brown-eyed influence of a publicity girl, we were admitted.

Even between shots, the stage is unusually quiet. From a corner near her dressing room, Joan's phonograph plays Bing Crosby ballads. As the time for the take comes, however, Bing is neatly filed away by Joan's colored chauffeur and Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata* fills the room. Joan scrutinizes her make-up in the sheltered seclusion of her room, then, when Brown calls, she comes out.

Lovely in a pale-blue flowing negligée, she walks to the set-up, turning her head neither right nor left as she goes. Her hair is long, down to her shoulders, and with the blue hair-ribbon and flat-heeled shoes she looks surprisingly small and girlish.

Bob Taylor, Hollywood's current rave, plays this gently sentimental scene with her. Married but a short time, this is to be their farewell, for Taylor as a sea-going patriot must leave for the Caribbean. The setting is the bedroom of their home, a room, incidentally, that will turn antique lovers apple-green with envy.

The phonograph is stopped, there is a hush, Clarence Brown nods and the scene begins. Taylor, his hair curled, and himself handsome in the blue and gold sailor's uniform, lies on the bed and whispers to Joan. The lines are poetic, but nicely tempered, and played with great charm. Joan lies on her

back, looks over to Bob and they talk about the day he will return.

If you happen to be in England when you see "The Gorgeous Hussy" you will never see this scene. For their censorship does not allow any sequences portraying a man and woman, even husband and wife as Bob and Joan are in the film, to be shown in bed together. Clarence Brown told me that later he will reshoot the bit, with Bob standing by the edge of the bed.

When the first take is over, Joan goes back to her dressing room and once more Bing's recordings are heard. Joan calls out from her seclusion: "Did I get any lipstick on you, Bob?"

"Nope," he calls back.

The scene is repeated all morning. It is very interesting to watch Taylor and Joan, under Brown's guidance, enshroud this farewell with a mist of glamour. It is a combination of beautiful lighting, sensitive dialogue and good-looking people who know their profession. Out of this fusion comes a quality as moving as it is intangible.

Clarence Brown, who understands the mechanics of cinema glamour better than any other director, is a master of the scenes of this sort. He directed most of the Garbo films and is greatly responsible for her mystery-veiled attraction. Brown is married to the patrician Alice Joyce, one-time star. Despite his knack for giving a gossamer finish to sex, Brown's favorite among his productions is that bit of American nostalgia, "Ah, Wilderness."

"This story is very close to me," he said. "I was raised in New England at the time of the story. I was even a boy elocutionist like the juvenile in the play," he admitted, laughing.

In our rambling discussion with Brown, we learned a great many things, among them that the hardest thing for an actor to do is to listen. Any competent performer can speak lines, but it takes real skill to listen realistically. The hardest star for a leading man to play with is Garbo. She underplays so much that the slightest theatric gesture by anyone in the scene is liable to appear hammy. Garbo, he says, doesn't seem to be acting at all, merely thinking. But the camera catches something not noticed on the sound stage. Brown thinks that



Leo Carrillo acts for Ricardo Hill, Mexican consul, on the "The Gay Desperado" set with Nino Martini, "our" Mary, Rouben Mamoulian, Jesse Lasky

A tense scene from "The Texas Ranger." Jean Parker gives Fred MacMurray his hat in the presence of Bennie Bartlett and bearded Jack Oakie

gangling James Stewart is the most promising of the movie newcomers. If Stewart has any fault, Brown feels, it may be that he works too hard at naturalness.

THE "Never Gonna Dance" set at RKO-Radio is as bubbling as "The Gorgeous Hussy" set is subdued. Here Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire, surrounded by such comics as Helen Broderick, Victor Moore and Eric Blore, are having themselves one grand time. Around Hollywood, you keep hearing how solemn Astaire is on the set. But we could find no evidence of it. Maybe we just caught him in a sprightly mood. Even the comedians, a class famous for their off-stage gloominess, consider the rest periods a laughing matter.

In this, Ginger Rogers plays a dancing teacher and Astaire is a gambler who takes lessons from her. Jerome Kern has written a lilting score for the silly antics and in the scene we watched, the versatile Mr. Astaire plays one of the songs on the piano. It is called, "The Way You Look Tonight." He plays it to Ginger Rogers, who is outside the room. So we took a walk around the set to see how Ginger looks tonight and we are eager to report that she looks plenty okay. She wears canary yellow pajamas, especially designed by Bernard Newman, and when we saw her she was giggling madly. She is out of camera range and all she has to do is listen while Astaire plays the piano. When he finishes the song, Astaire is to go to the door, and talk through it, trying to patch up a quarrel which he and Ginger have just had. For a while she is adamant, but then when it seems as if Astaire is about to give up and leave, she has to call out, "Wait, Lucky, wait!" The way they kid Astaire in this scene is that every time her speech comes some one new shouts it. First Helen Broderick, then Ginger, then Blore, then designer



Bernard Newman, who is playing hookey from the costume department.

They get Fred so mixed up he can't play at all. But instead of spoiling the take, this hilarity gives it a spontaneous freshness and after the goofy rehearsal, the scene is okayed in one shooting.

You can't help noticing Ginger's sumptuous portable dressing room. It is by far the most lavish of any stars. There is a story about how she acquired all this elegance. When Ginger made the picture, "In Person," in which she played a movie star, this dressing room was one of the specially made props. Like all Hollywood touches in films, it is overdone. It is beautifully furnished and the padded walls are finished in beige satin. After the completion of "In Person," she was given the room as a present. Now she is teased about her rich abode, and the players call her "Star," just plain "Star."

Ginger may be teased about her ritziness, but for real old-fashioned theatric temperament, you have to go out to "The Garden of Allah" sets and watch [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]

Anita Louise and Mother Love

When a child actress grows up and says of her mother: "Her devotion has left me with only eagerness and happiness," there's a great drama behind the statement, and here it is

By Mary Martin

THIS is not a story about Anita Louise so much as it is the story behind her, the new success that is hers, and yes, even the tender, untouched, angelic beauty she wears so exquisitely.

For Anita's is not the story of one girl—but of two; and so closely interwoven is the pattern linking them that it is difficult to realize where one story breaks and the other begins.

It has climaxed in the present success of the beautiful nineteen-year-old whom many believe to be the loveliest young beauty on the screen. Even off the screen, to see Anita and not to be struck by the almost separate spectacle of her beauty is like attempting to consider Astaire without his dancing feet, or Tibbett without his voice. Only one other Hollywood girl I have known possessed this same gift of beauty unmarred by time or experience, and that was Loretta Young before life and illness had touched her so deeply. Not that Loretta isn't lovely still, but fate has tempered her beauty with experience just as discontent overlays the beauty of Dietrich and artificiality the vividness of Jean Harlow.

But in Anita's fresh young face nineteen years have written nothing—except a very tender beauty.

I thought, watching her pour tea in the glow of the fire in the gold-and-white-and-green living room: Nothing has ever happened to this child. Behind the mask of that glorious face *someone* has sheltered and protected her from life. She couldn't look like this and have known the frustrations and disappointments of even a short career.

That was before I knew the story of Ann Beresford, who is Anita's mother; and while Anita's personal history begins with her birth in New York City nineteen years ago, her *story* really begins as far back as Europe, before the war, in the heart of a wealthy and socially prominent Alsatian family, whose very existence revolved about the lovely figure of their debutante daughter, Ann.

Strictly, it is not just another Hollywood mother and daughter story. It is, rather, the romantic history of two girls who have adventurously shared one career. So, to tell the story of Anita we must first tell the story of Ann, that gay, exciting young person who had made her bow at the royal court of England before blossoming out in European society as one of





Has the devotion of Ann Beresford for her daughter protected Anita Louise from realities she should have faced? Anita herself answers the question

the loveliest and wealthiest girls of international society.

ANN BERESFORD loved life and adventure and color and excitement. Pre-war Europe was very gay, and no slippers danced more lightly through the social circles of Vienna, Paris, London, Berlin than Ann's. Her parents were proud and indulgent. The mere scrawling of her fashionable name on slips of paper anywhere seemed to bring her all she needed to complete her happiness. Fate had never demanded more of her than her blonde beauty and her laughter. What was there for her to prepare for—except more of the same?

It was expected that Ann would marry brilliantly. She might have had her choice of any number of dignified gentlemen of various embassies and diplomatic circles who paid court through her parents, after the Old World custom. Even Ann expected that she would one day single out one of these staid pillars of society as a complement to her own life. Her entire training had been in preparation for such a future.

But when Ann fell in love it was not with one of the estimable gentlemen of state and position.

She fell in love for the first time in her life with a man who had nothing to offer her, except first, heedless, headstrong love. But to Ann, this was enough—it was all!

There were protestations, scenes, bitter tears. Young wills clashed with older and wiser wills. There were deep hurts. Promises were made—bitter tears shed in parting. And then Ann decided that all the promises in the world weren't worth anything, if they were promises against love. Yet she was not of legal age to make such a radical decision in her own life.

Of course, they ran away!

Because Europe was too small for them, they came to New York. New York was America, and America was freedom. So far their love story had been the age old one from the story books "that lived happily ever after," like a Graustarkian story. Only this was not fiction. It was life.

A year later, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]



★ THE GREEN PASTURES—Warners

WITH the transferring of Marc Connelly's play from stage to screen, comes Hollywood's greatest experiment since sound and color. Never before has a folk-lore drama of such fantasy and charm been attempted on the screen. The story itself is such a radical departure in theme and substance that there is no measure by which to compare the picture's value and appeal. However, so much sincerity and childish simplicity radiate from every member of the all-negro cast, one is constantly torn between laughter and tears. The story portrays Biblical happenings as they are visualized in the minds of the negro people. Rex Ingram, as *De Lawd*, gives a quiet dignity to a rôle that so obviously could have been mishandled. His portrayals of *Adam* and *Iezdrel* also are equally important in delineation. Oscar Polk as *Gabriel* who never quite gets around to blowing his horn gives a beautiful performance. It is a "must" picture, and one that will stand out in cinema history.



★ MY MAN GODFREY—Universal

IN as mad and gay a picture as we've seen for months William Powell and Carole Lombard continue where they left off when their real life divorce so rudely interrupted their cinematic fling.

In this Liberty serial of a girl who picks a down and outer off the city dump and takes him to the Ritz as "A Forgotten Man" to win the prize in a game of "Scavenger," Carole Lombard almost succeeds in taking the honors away from Bill Powell—an even break we'd call it, and the cast headed by Alice Brady, Eugene Pallette and Gail Patrick take their cue from the stars and troupe for their lives.

Carole finally takes her "Forgotten Man" home as the butler and until you've seen Willy with his arm curved, you haven't lived. You may see bigger and more spectacular productions this season, but we wager you won't have any more fun and that you will enjoy it to the utmost.

See this if it takes your last penny

The SHADOW STAGE

A Review of the New Pictures



★ THE ROAD TO GLORY—20th Century-Fox

THE magnetic names of Fredric March, Warner Baxter, Gregory Ratoff and Lionel Barrymore fail to overshadow this magnificent war tale of tragic fighting, existing, dying. Indeed these valiant troupers are almost submerged in the sweep of events that plunge them from grim tragedy to gripping pathos. To the French front comes a young lieutenant, Fredric March, to join his captain, Warner Baxter, who has stood his post until nerves are frayed and hope abandoned. His sweetheart, June Lang, a hospital nurse, is his one remaining link with love and tenderness. During an air raid, March and the girl meet and fall deeply in love. When she reveals her relations with Baxter, they separate and the struggle between them goes on. A war within a war for two men and a girl. In the meantime Lionel Barrymore, father of Baxter, joins his son's regiment and proves a coward in action. He later redeems himself by leading Baxter, blinded in action, back to his post and certain death. Gregory Ratoff, as the top sergeant, gives a magnificent performance that lightens the grimness but brings tears to the eye. The scene in the dug-out with Germans planting a mine beneath it has never been topped for suspense and thrill. Here is an epic that neither preaches nor moralizes but tells its story with a forceful restraint that will make it one of the unforgettable pictures of the screen. The bombardments, the screaming agony, the lights and shadows are all mere backgrounds for the men who bravely mask their emotions in the face of death. This can rightfully be labeled an awe inspiring epic.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

THE ROAD TO GLORY
THE GREEN PASTURES
THE WHITE ANGEL
SPENDTHRIFT

FURY
MY MAN GODFREY
EARTHWORM TRACTOR
SECRET AGENT

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Fredric March in "The Road to Glory"
Warner Baxter in "The Road to Glory"
Spencer Tracy in "Fury"
Sylvia Sidney in "Fury"
Rex Ingram in "The Green Pastures"
Oscar Polk in "The Green Pastures"
Carole Lombard in "My Man Godfrey"
William Powell in "My Man Godfrey"
Kay Francis in "The White Angel"
Joe E. Brown in "Earthworm Tractor"
Peter Lorre in "Secret Agent"
John Gielgud in "Secret Agent"
Henry Fonda in "Spendthrift"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 116



★ FURY—M-G-M

HERE is a picture of such explosive content and terrific drive that you will have to dish yourself up with a spoon when it's over. It pounds along relentlessly to exact every ounce of your attention; it's a cinema Juggernaut.

Imported Fritz Lang directs unfailingly the special talents of Spencer Tracy and Sylvia Sidney, so that the product seethes with throat-filling emotion. Vengeance and uncontrollable hate and a tender love are combined to offer you one of the best films of this year.

The story races along like a succession of headlines. It has to do with the nightmare events that befall an innocent, well-behaving American citizen who is on his way to visit his sweetheart when a kidnap story breaks. Somewhere en route he's picked up a ransom bill which is found in his pocket; he's jailed and the word spreads that another gangster has been caught.

From there on Lang has captured the utter tragedy of a seed-brained mob entirely ruled by passion: it attempts to lynch its victim, is foiled and resorts to burning the jail while he is in it. He escapes with one thought—to bring the mob en masse to the gallows.

The ensuing events are too superlative to spoil by recounting them here.

Tracy as the man gives an excellent performance, and Sylvia Sidney as the girl is exceptionally fine; you'll also enjoy Walter Abel and Frank Albertson who both do unusually good work.

It's a command performance for the public.



★ THE WHITE ANGEL—First National

WITH quiet dignity, moving in its simplicity, Kay Francis creates a new place for herself in this stirring story of Florence Nightingale. The birth of her ideals and the carrying out of those ideals are impressively told by Miss Francis who succeeds in infusing with warmth and humanness the character of the nurse who defies a war office to bring forth new ideas in humanitarian advancement. As a young English girl of gentle breeding, she determines to right the deplorable conditions of English hospitals and the low standard of incapable nurses. Graduating from a German school of nursing, she is sent to the front during the Crimean war to nurse the sick and wounded. Through long weary hours of service she brings order and relief to the suffering. Returning home she is greeted by her queen and granted the privilege of establishing schools for nurses. Donald Woods, Donald Crisp, Ian Hunter aid this truly beautiful masterpiece.



★ EARTHWORM TRACTOR—First National

IN one of his best pictures so far, cave-mouthed Joe E. Brown rattles happily, hilariously along atop an earthworm tractor. He tears down a city, plays tag with a great manufacturing company, gets engaged to two girls, and comes out of the debris with the grin that made him famous. This is real laugh material.

The story, adapted from the collected stories of William Hazlett Upson, is an incredible slapstick business with high suspense and every element of comedy on record. It concerns an inflated young man who knows he is a natural born salesman, but is still peddling gadgets. Stirred to greater efforts by his love for Carol Hughes, he becomes a tractor agent and sets out to sell the toughest prospect in four states, Guy Kibbee. The rest of the picture is a mad-house resultant from Joe's adventures with machinery and his romance with lovely June Travis. Be sure to go and see this.

SELECT YOUR PICTURES AND YOU WON'T



POPPY—
Paramount



**NOBODY'S
FOOL—**
Universal

W. C. FIELDS with all his drollery, quaint sayings and antics, steps briskly through an ordinary story leaving a trail of chuckles. Rochelle Hudson scores as his daughter and Richard Cromwell is the ideal small town beau. Lynne Overman and Catherine Doucet add laughs. Fields as a carnival barker and lovable scamp is rib-tickling.

EDWARD EVERETT HORTON as the innocent lamb in a flock of racketeering wolves. The naïve simpleness of the man serves to defeat the schemers and all turns out well with Horton winning the flippant young lady, Glenda Farrell. Cesar Romero delivers a tag line that is a beauty. Laughs from start to finish.

BUNKER BEAN
—RKO-Radio



**PRIVATE
NUMBER—**
20th Century-
Fox

TIMID clerk Owen Davis, Jr. goes in for all sorts of phony confidence-builders in this light fare before he discovers that his love for the boss's daughter is all he needs to save his inherited aviation patent and become a success. Louise Latimer is the heart interest. Robert McWade makes a good grouch boss.

ENTIRELY aside from the wilted story, you will see just about the nicest romantic sequences ever filmed in this first combination of Robert Taylor and Loretta Young as a team. She is a maid in his rich household, they marry secretly, and then trouble. Despicable Basil Rathbone causes it all. It's a paeon to love!

EARLY TO BED
—Paramount



**HEARTS IN
BONDAGE—**
Republic

HERE, in their funniest to date, Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland offer you an entirely happy chuckle-banquet. The comedy evolves out of Charlie's sleep-walking habit, his marriage to Mary after a twenty-year engagement, and other hilarious happenings. No one should miss a swell laugh, and this is one.

LEW AYRES' first directed picture is astonishingly well-done. It handles with sure-fire effect a sweeping drama of the Civil War, interwoven with an idealistic romance. The story, starring James Dunn, is about the Merrimac and the Monitor—the first handling of this important historical subject. It's an education.

HAVE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE BAD ONES



TROUBLE FOR TWO—M-G-M

DESPITE Robert Montgomery and Rosalind Russell, this Robert Louis Stevenson story becomes a blurry string of preposterous happenings that fail to get anywhere. Montgomery is a young prince who rebels at marrying the princess of his father's choice but changes his mind later. Frank Morgan and Reginald Owen help.



GIRL OF THE OZARKS—Paramount

INTELLIGENT little Virginia Weidler's first starring picture is a brave but lugubrious affair, having to do with very rustic folk in the best hillbilly tradition. Virginia is a rebellious spirit who fights against the short-comings of her environment. Every trick of the trade is used to pull a few tears. It is for the family.



LOVE BEGINS AT TWENTY—First National

THE pattern of this domestic comedy is cut on old-fashioned lines. Hugh Herbert, a henpecked husband, turns on his boss and wife, marries off his favorite daughter, Patricia Ellis, to poor but deserving Warren Hull, and asserts himself in fine fashion. His comedy was never better. A well chosen supporting cast adds to the hilarity.



COUNTERFEIT—Columbia

REPUTEDLY the first government-authorized story of how G-Men get those who operate private mints, this is better-than-usual fare. Chester Morris is the Federal man who breaks up the gang, recovers the money and loves Marian Marsh. You'll appreciate Lloyd Nolan as the modern, well-educated bandit and killer.



NAVY BORN—Republic

THREE men, a baby and a woman are the ingredients of this interesting yarn. William Gargan, Douglas Fowley and William Newell decide to keep their dead friend's baby from the clutches of scheming Claire Dodd. The battles, intrigues and double-crossings form the unique plot. Clever performances keep up the interest.



PALM SPRINGS—Wanger

DESIRABLE Frances Langford deserves better than this; her songs are not enough to lift the poor story and dialogue into anything like entertainment. As the smart daughter of a rich gambler, she spends most of the picture declining proposals, and the obvious attempts at sophistication thud.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]



Bette leaves nothing unsaid about the Handsome Hero type, the homely man, and the "smoothie"!

MEN continually fret and work themselves into bad tempers over their sex resentment of Woman's new-found independence in careers. And what they don't know is that the Great Fuss is all in vain. Women never have, never will, never can be independent of the men they love—and be happy! All women know this. Only men are blind to it. And because it has made them so unhappy in general, this, to my mind, is the most important thing men do not know about themselves."

Bette Davis speaking, and when Bette talks it is usually well worth listening to, for this blond girl who won the Academy Award for the finest performance on the screen, has also won the reputation among Hollywood writers of being the "best copy" in town. And that isn't because of her stereotyped viewpoints! The other day Joan Crawford told me she greatly enjoyed reading the interviews granted by Bette Davis and Carole Lombard. But particularly Bette's. "She sounds so darned honest," said the elegant Mrs. Tone, without apology. "Her interviews are good because you can't help realizing that what she says are her own ideas, and not thoughts put into her mouth by a distraught writer or an over-zealous publicity department."

And Joan is entirely right.

When Bette says something it is because she believes it, and

**WHAT
Men Don't
Know About
Themselves**

when she is personally convinced she doesn't find it necessary to muzzle the thought because "what will the dear public think?"

Even under contract, she's an independent.

In a town that lives very much by a rubber stamp, Bette not only preaches the doctrine of her own life—she leads it. She never goes places because it is the right time, or the right place to go. If all Hollywood lunches at a certain café, because it is the "smart place" to be seen, you'll wait a long time before you find Bette in the mad dash to the doors. She's usually to be found a couple of blocks away in an uncrowded tea room where the food is quite as good, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 107]

Rathbone Give These Shifting Targets Both Barrels—By Frances Baird

I BELIEVE there is very little women do not know about themselves," remarked Basil Rathbone in what is probably the most beautiful enunciation in Hollywood. "My great respect for feminine intuition forces me to that conclusion. But there are obvious things which women won't *believe* about themselves!"

It was a relief when the aristocratic Mr. Rathbone looked neither modest nor annoyed when the subject of Women came up. Most actors do—one or the other, or both. They're given to denying coyly they know anything at all about the opposite sex, or else they insist on changing the subject to something safer like "my work," or "my income tax."

But the lean Mr. Rathbone gave no indication that he was stymied or even embarrassed by the subject of the feminine sex as he rested in his dressing room between final scenes of the long-scheduled "Romeo and Juliet." Beneath a London-tailored lounging robe he was colorfully arrayed in the costume of *Tybalt*. But even the high-laced shoes, the flashes of the black and silver costume, or the artificially curled "hair pieces" about his face could not detract from the quiet authority and self-confidence of his personality. The British are invariably armored with dignity and independence.

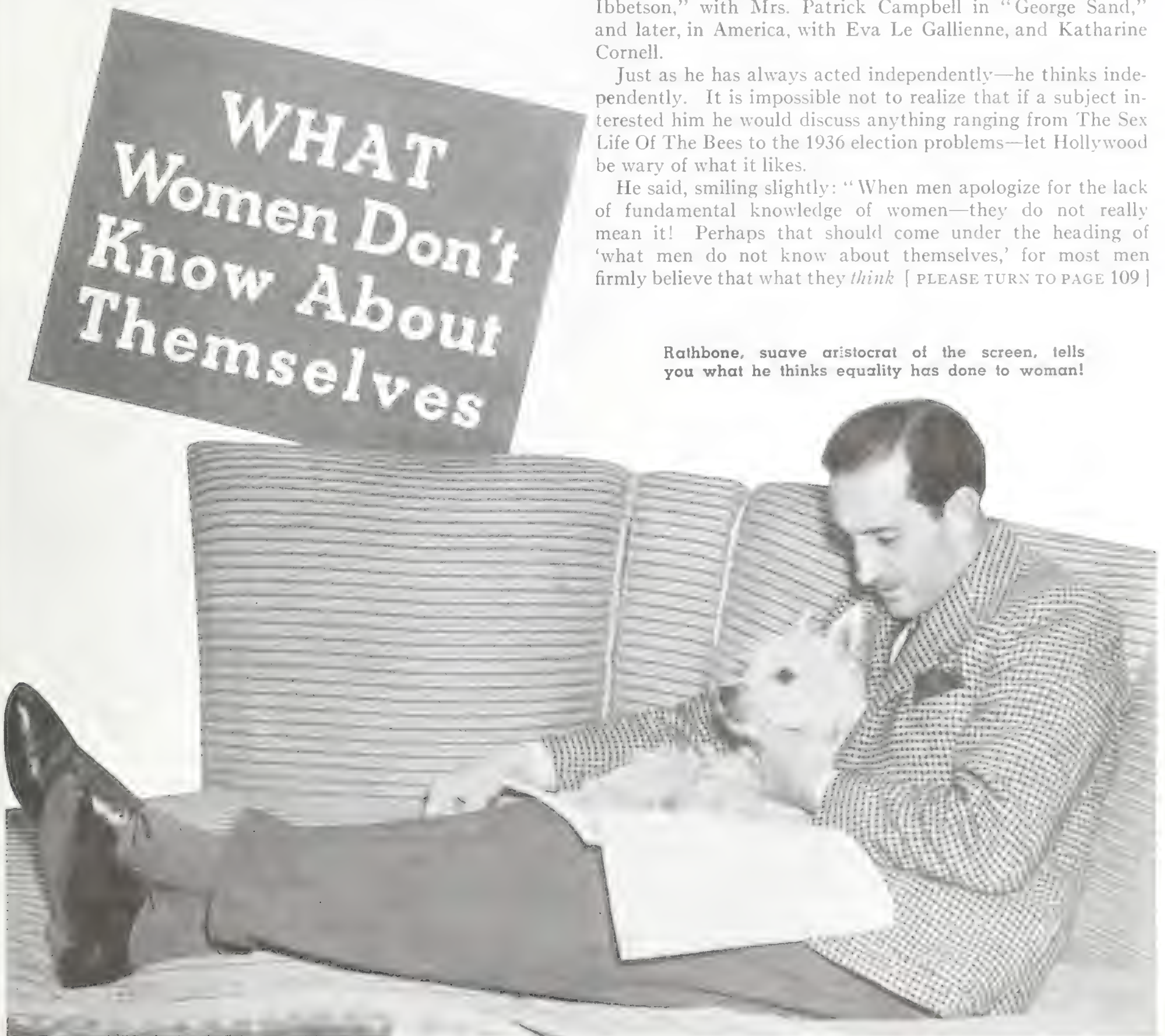
"After all, what is a more interesting subject than Men and Women to men and women? The actor who does not know women, or bother to understand feminine psychology has seriously shirked a super-important phase of his own interpretive profession!" said the star.

If you have seen Rathbone's outstanding work in "David Copperfield," "Anna Karenina," "The Last Days of Pompeii" you must realize there is little the man has shirked in the rudiments of his own career. He belongs to that category of actors numbering Leslie Howard and Paul Muni who put characterization and mental understanding far above mere camera personality. He has fought to portray characters who are honest and dramatically important throughout his stage and screen career, just as he once fought family opposition to become an actor in his native England. His father, a mining engineer, had wanted a business career for his favorite son. But war service (he was one of the first to enlist, and emerged four years later with a Military Cross to his credit) gave young Rathbone such a strong sense of individual values that he refused to compromise any longer with a "trade" career that no longer interested him. He believed the stage was his true field, and in spite of the most obstinate discouragements, he went on to make an illustrious name for himself with Constance Collier in "Peter Ibbetson," with Mrs. Patrick Campbell in "George Sand," and later, in America, with Eva Le Gallienne, and Katharine Cornell.

Just as he has always acted independently—he thinks independently. It is impossible not to realize that if a subject interested him he would discuss anything ranging from The Sex Life Of The Bees to the 1936 election problems—let Hollywood be wary of what it likes.

He said, smiling slightly: "When men apologize for the lack of fundamental knowledge of women—they do not really mean it! Perhaps that should come under the heading of 'what men do not know about themselves,' for most men firmly believe that what they *think* [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109]

Rathbone, suave aristocrat of the screen, tells you what he thinks equality has done to woman!



George Burns and Gracie Allen have as much fun at home as on the air, with their two adopted children, Ronnie and Sandra, and a big new Hollywood house



Hollywood at the Mike

WITH a flourish of trumpets, the Lux Theater has moved itself bag and baggage to Hollywood, thereby definitely admitting that the movie capital is a happier hunting ground for star names than New York. For a long time Lux Theater officials had been restless, wishing they could put the show on in Hollywood. It seems there were altogether too many gray hairs connected with the job of getting movie celebrities to New York. Top price for a Lux engagement is \$3,000, quite a fair amount, but too often only "coffee and cake" for a film luminary, so the program directors couldn't use money as an argument. Usually they had to wait until a star was in the mood for a change of scene—then they'd pounce, rave over how nice New York was this time of year, and, if they were lucky, lure their quarry into the nearest airplane.

It's all a lot simpler now. Lux has its own theater — the former Music Box on Hollywood Boulevard—and a whole galaxy handy to tenant it. The change was noticeable in the first few programs, which were thickly studded with star names. To begin with, Cecil B. DeMille became permanent production adviser, and his first broadcast had the brilliant team of Marlene Dietrich and Clark Gable! The next week Bill Powell and Myrna Loy stepped before the mike. Altogether, it's been almost overwhelming. If the budget doesn't

By Dan Wheeler

creak under the strain it'll be a happy summer for movie lovers who own radios

George Burns and Gracie Allen, who are going to be with us all summer in the interest of Campbell's Tomato Juice, haven't given any indication that they *ever* intend to return to New York. They've bought Pauline Frederick's Beverly Hills mansion, swimming pool, squash courts, and all. Also, they've four pictures to do for Paramount—"The Big Broadcast of 1937," "Hotel Haywire," one with Bing Crosby, and a vague No. 4, as yet undetermined.

Eddie Cantor bid a definite good-by to New York with the termination of his Pebeco series in May, and insists that his Texaco programs, scheduled to begin in early September, will be projected from Hollywood. Jack Oakie, if and when he definitely succumbs to radio's blandishments, will give all from a Hollywood studio. Nelson Eddy, replacing Grace Moore for Vick's Vaporub in September, will be still another Hollywood broadcaster. Joe Penner recently signed for a Cocomalt series, beginning this fall, and since he's under contract for three pictures at RKO-Radio, it's safe to assume he too will have west-coast headquarters. And although nothing in radio is definite until it actually happens, Walter O'Keefe will probably put the Camel Caravan through its paces in the West when it resumes.



At a dress rehearsal at Pickfair, Queenie Smith, musical comedy star, Franchot Tone, Mary Pickford and William Faversham of stage fame, read their lines before the mike. Mary has made these weekly broadcasts popular with stars and public alike



On one of her recent weekly programs, Elsa Schallert, well-known Hollywood columnist, interviewed Merle Oberon. Of course Merle would not do anything without David Nevin around so he sits down to do a little "kibitzing"



Teamed for the first broadcast at the new Lux broadcast from Hollywood were Clark Gable and Marlene Dietrich. Kneeling is Frederick Hollander, who wrote Marlene's famous song, "Falling in Love Again." Will she sing it for Clark?

Snooping around where they had no business to be, my spies report that Bette Davis is moviedom's most conscientious stickler for realism before the mike. Keeping a recent date at Hollywood Hotel for Campbell's Soup, she changed her appearance with her mood—and no thanks to rouge or powder. The script called for her to look haggard, and somehow or other she managed to age ten years in a minute. There was a drinking scene, and Bette must have eight little paper cups of water lined up on a neighboring chair right at hand. Next, the script called for a motor crash, and standing in front of the microphone, Bette drove an imaginary car every mile of the way, steering frantically over a remembered road—remembered,

that is, from the movie of the same play, which she had already made.

The same spies nominate Edward G. Robinson and Carole Lombard as the greatest studio cut-ups. *Little Caesar*, that sinister fellow, hadn't been rehearsing five minutes before he'd stolen Raymond Paige's baton and was misrehearsing the band, practical-joking with the sound effects apparatus, and singing an off-key obbligato, to Igor Gorin's solo. As for Carole, she's never satisfied at a rehearsal until she has "broken up" everybody who has a scene with her—usually not hard, since Carole's sense of humor doesn't take long before it has people at its mercy.

Hard-working



An actress by instinct and temperament, the dynamic qualities of Rosalind Russell have made her the current rage of Hollywood

YOU saw her in "Rendezvous." Along with a million others, you were captivated by the beautiful and talented young woman who made such an outrageous play for Mr. William Powell. And suddenly, you became curious about Rosalind Russell. What was she like in private life? Was that hilarious and infectious gaiety only a valuable screen asset—or was it actually part of her personality?

Rest your fears. Though each member of the Russell family has been generously endowed with beauty and Irish wit, Rosalind carries off top honors! She is, actually, the debonair young woman you see on the screen. Charm is her birthright!

Off screen, she is tall, and boyishly slim (with divine hips) and thick brown hair and big, mischievous eyes (that *pop!* when she gets excited) and a full, generous mouth.

She has always been slim, almost painfully so. Recently she was put on a diet—because she had been consuming enormous quantities of cheese! Camembert is her specialty, though she'll take Swiss or American in a pinch. She abstains from red meats, but loves chicken. She always orders double portions of asparagus (and she and her sister make the best Hollandaise sauce in the world!).

Troubled with insomnia, she stays up all hours of the night. She can spin the most entrancing tales to keep her guests until dawn, and when they finally depart, she wanders off to bed, tossing until sunrise and then sleeping soundly until noon (when she isn't working).

SHE is athletic, swims well and rides expertly. She's a joy to dance with—and though she knows her own mind, she never tries to lead her partner.

Rosalind is an actress by instinct and temperament. And while she was impatient at serving her apprenticeship in the theater, she learned to curb her exuberance and bide her time. Both her natural wit and her incredible resourcefulness have been of great help to her in Hollywood. Despite her casualness in money matters, she's a clever business woman, and handles her own affairs. Her eldest brother, who is a brilliant lawyer, admits, in amazed admiration, that he couldn't do any better for her!

Like all the Russell girls, Rosalind loves clothes and wears them with great chic. During the day, she prefers simple dresses, usually beige or brown in color. But for her evening clothes (and incidentally, she looks best in evening things), she lets her imagination run wild. She knows how to use a grand staircase or a draped doorway to the best advantage, and she has a positive genius for making a dramatic entrance.

And she knows, too, how to take a little \$9.75 number and with the proper accessories make it an outstandingly smart frock. She learned that trick when she was poor—and too proud to ask her family for help. When she was living on practically nothing, in a small,

furnished apartment, she invaded Woolworth's, and with some chintz, a few ashtrays, and simple prints, managed to make a home of the chill little place.

Rosalind's father was a noted lawyer; a brilliant, dashing Irishman, who lived his life in passionate devotion to his young wife and family. Rosalind's mother, who was a great beauty in her youth, adored her children, but would not allow herself to interfere with their lives. She taught them to fight for their individuality. She taught them to be self-reliant. The happy result is that even today the brothers and sisters maintain a certain formality and respect toward each other's private life.

Débutante

How a fascinating chatter-box became that comely comedienne of poise and serenity—Rosalind Russell

By Ann Pinchot

Though Mr. Russell has been dead some years, Mrs. Russell still keeps open the great, old-fashioned house in the Connecticut hills. It has become a refuge for her talented children, whenever they are tired or discouraged or just plain lonely. Nothing will cheer them up as much as a visit with their mother, who is still beautiful, and who will disrupt her kitchen and antagonize her cook to bake a batch of sugar cookies for any child who will eat them!

As a youngster, Rosalind loathed the schools to which her desperate family sent her. Rosalind in a select school for select young ladies! She gave the headmistresses nervous breakdowns. She worried them with the bland and natural felicity of a kitten worrying a mouse.

Again and again she was sent home. Each time she arrived, cheerfully determined to ignore the family's black looks. "I'm home for vacation!" she would announce blithely. "Oh, yes, I know it's unexpected. But one of the girls in my dorm broke out with a rash (Rosalind undoubtedly read all the medical books in those days). I *can't* go back! Darling, you wouldn't want your child to get the measles—or something!—and ruin a perfectly good complexion!"

ONE school in particular cramped her freedom so badly that she evolved an idea that swept the school like wildfire. Her envious fellow students watched the lovely Miss Russell, on crutches, stumble around the campus, moaning realistically that she would never get to classes with her poor ligament torn so badly! Oh, it was a pitiful sight! So pitiful, in fact, that the headmistress sent her home to convalesce permanently. She had, the teachers said, a demoralizing effect on the other girls, who tried to emulate her tricks and failed!

When she was nineteen, she decided to attend a school of the drama. Her mother's heated protests, "Roz, I can't bear to see you go on the stage!" met with gentle, disarming reproach:

"But, darling, I have no intention of going on the stage! I wouldn't dream of it! But I do want to improve my voice and my diction. You know how father admires a beautiful voice. Wouldn't it be the nicest surprise for him?"

She attended the American Academy of Art for two years (even today, they remember her poise, and her devastating, wilful charm). The day after graduation, she was offered a job with E. E. Clive in Boston. Salary, one hundred dollars a week. A fortune for a girl who had been living on an allowance!



"She is, actually, the debonair young woman you see on the screen, generously endowed with beauty and wit. Charm is her birthright!"

As the ingénue in this noted stock company, she proceeded to carve a reputation for herself. Staid Boston was exhilarated by her sprightliness (incidentally, she's a most entertaining dinner partner. However, good cuisine is wasted, for dishes grow cold while you listen for hours. Rosalind will continue as long as she has a receptive audience).

Whenever she could snatch a vacation, she would rush home to Connecticut. Picture Miss Russell, wrapped in silver foxes, a turban rakishly over one eye, a frisky fox terrier under one arm, a dozen packages under the other, dashing into the house and crying excitedly, "I'm home, mother, your erring child's returned!" How she relished the | PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 80 |

How to be Chic On A Small Income

Paris' Leading
Fashion Authority
Tells How to Dress In-
expensively and Yet
Look Smart as a Star

By Elsa Schiaparelli
As Told to Harold S. Kahm

A WOMAN can dress within her income and be chic almost no matter how small that income may be. Most women are foolish in the matter of clothes; they buy too many things, thinking they have to have them. That even applies to some movie stars. And when a woman has a limited income she is inclined to buy numbers of cheap things, and this is a serious error.

Good taste is supremely important if you wish to be well-dressed, and wish to make a good impression, in Hollywood or elsewhere, and it doesn't matter whether you are a famous Hollywood star, or an unknown stenographer. When I last visited New York I was shocked to see women in mink coats buying pork chops. You *must* have a sense of the fitness of things, and you must give some intelligent consideration of the matter of where you're going to wear your clothes.

Being a business woman myself, and a busy one (as well as a movie fan), I myself was faced with a problem that I am sure is a common one with girls and women in America who "go to business"; that problem being what to put on in the morning and look smart in all day long, even if it means going to dinner and the movies after office hours in the same dress. I found that a good suit solved this problem. It is satisfactory for work and interviews with important people, and equally suitable if I decided to drop into the Ritz for luncheon. It eliminates the time-consuming change of costume during the business day—and time is important to me as it is to anyone who is busy.

I wear suits nearly all of the time. I like them; they are practical in every way, and my advice to a business girl who wishes to dress smartly at all times and whose income is very limited is this: buy a good suit and live in it, rather than a lot of cheap clothes. Let it be a good, tailored suit, carefully made, with beautiful material, and above all, *don't* be afraid to be seen in it too often. Good clothes, simply made, never "date," no matter what anyone tells you. Of course, they must not be made with eccentric or exaggerated lines



Schiaparelli in person. She likes old clothes, especially suits. Actually is very simple. No designer is a better guide to good taste, smartness, and a sense of fitness

Wear your suit to business; wear it to dinners; to the theater; wear it twenty-four hours a day, every day in the year, if you must, and if it is a *good* suit, you will always look smart, attractive. On the other hand, if you own a fairly large variety of cheap clothes and change them a dozen times a day you will never appear chic; cheapness is always apparent.

Not long ago a girl—an American—came to me and asked my advice concerning her clothing problem. She said, I am going to Hollywood to try to get into the movies; it is important that I dress well to make the right impression on the people I will have to contact; but my salary is so small that I cannot afford to buy the type of wardrobe I want. What is the least amount of money one must spend in order to be chic?

I will present here the suggestions which I gave her, because I believe that a great many American girls and women may find them helpful. Whether you are trying to crash the gates of Hollywood, or to make a smart impression upon your sweetheart, or merely wish to be chic at all times, these suggestions will apply to you. I cannot quote any actual costs not being familiar with prices in America at the present time, but I will suggest what in my opinion would constitute the minimum wardrobe that a person with a limited income must have in order to be smartly dressed: [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]



PHOTOPLAY
fashions
BY KATHLEEN HOWARD

DREAM GOWN

Adrian designed this ethereally lovely tulle gown for Loretta Young. It is worn over a close-fitting sheath of silver cloth. The skirt is finely shirred into the belt and the bodice crosses over in front. Great bouquets of pink silk roses are caught at the waist in the back, and also form the shoulder corsage.

Natural Color Photograph by James H. Duellittle



Sweet Ann Sothorn in a Summer Garden

"What a heavenly day," says Ann, strolling in a white crêpe frock with a full pleated skirt; blue felt peasant belt embroidered with woolen flowers and edged with brilliant scarlet rickrack. Her hat is natural color leghorn

A charming informal costume with a navy wool crêpe pleated skirt, bodice of quilted cotton in red and white sailboat pattern and red leather belt. The hat is blue linen with cotton pompons in red and white; the shoes, white suède, blue kid trim. Red and white hanky bag





Tunic dress of aquamarine crêpe figured in white. The shirring at the neckline doubles over to form a jabot. The white hat is cotton crochet with white pompon



One of Ann's favorite dresses is crêpe with a Persian design in green, beige and brown. It ties in a bow at the neck, has a belt of the same material and swings its skirt fullness to the front

A one-piece dress of shell pink crêpe worn with a short square-hanging jacket. The pockets are edged in white to match the cuffs. She wears white suède shoes and copper tone hose



China Influences the Young Modern

So intrigued was Jane Wyatt by the clothes Ernest Dryden designed for her in "Lost Horizon" that she has added some of them to her own wardrobe. Her evening coat is of gold matelassé taffeta lined with heavy scarlet crêpe, with rolls of the same at cuff and hem. It fastens with scarlet frogs. As a house coat Jane wears it with black satin trousers and authentic Chinese shoes. Jane adapted the pajama, right, a peach taffeta tunic, taupe satin trousers





Superb Creation

Lounging gown of heavy gobelin blue silk embroidered in golden plumes. Under this are golden trousers tightly fitting at the ankles. The gold belt is clasped with an antique gold buckle, heavily jeweled. Carole Lombard, in "My Man Godfrey," is costumed by Travis Banton



An Acknowledged Queen of Fashion



Orry Kelly designed this coat and dress for Kay Francis who will wear them in "Give Me Your Heart." The coat is of quilted silver cloth with set-in belt and flaring collar. Kay slips off her coat and stands regal in a tunic gown, the skirt a slender sheath of silver cloth, the tunic of black crêpe. The draped silver halter neckline ends in a bouquet of pale pink roses. Open-toed silver kid sandals and copper toned hose

Beautiful Heroine

Dolores in a short skirted white crêpe frock, huge black straw hat, black suède gloves and white violets. Deep sun-tan hose, white suède sandals



Inspiration for the college girl is found in the navy blue crêpe frock Marsha Hunt is wearing. The clever lingerie touches at neck and sleeves are fastened on with crêpe covered buttons. Smartly useful

In "Yours for the Asking" Dolores Costello Barrymore wears this beige crêpe skirt with a brown and white check blouse, scarf and buttons. The costumes for the picture were designed by Travis Banton





Pickfair Hostess

Nothing could be sweeter, fresher, cooler than this white organza with a pattern of green shamrocks. Bright green grosgrain ribbon holds the front gathers in place. Note the turnover collar. Flared floor length skirt. With a floor length skirt of pale blue chiffon, the top of Mary Pickford's formal evening gown, shown at the right, is made of pale blue satin. It is cut low in the back and folds in a soft high square across the front. Her jacket is of the same satin and the exquisite hand shirring of the sleeves give them the new flat leg-o'-mutton look





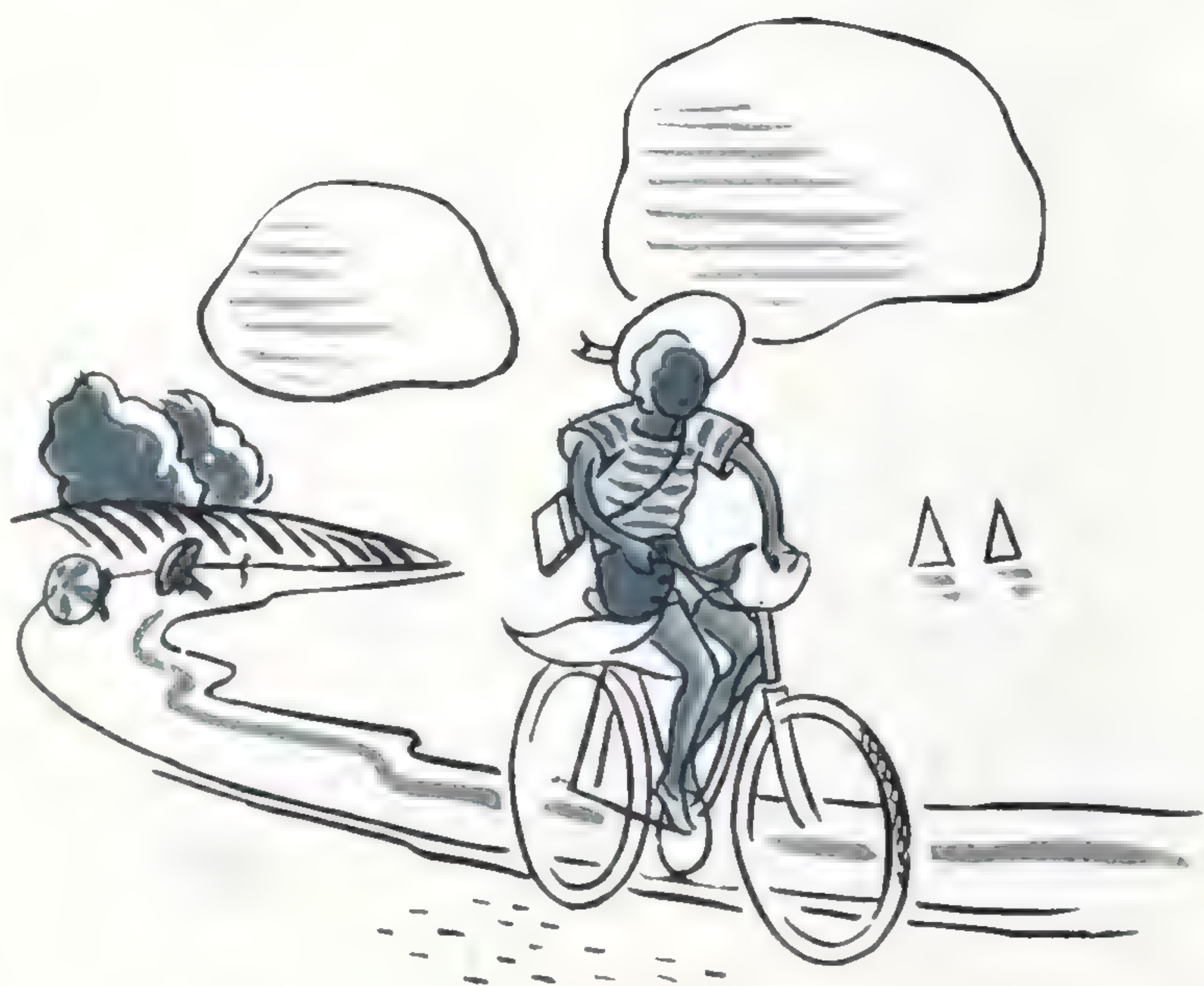
Snowy And Light As Swansdown

Marion Davies posed especially for PHOTOPLAY in this lovely white crêpe gown of severely simple lines. The cape has a draped cowl neck at the back and deep flounce of silk net dotted in lilies of the valley with diamond centers. Designed for her by Orry Kelly



ILSE HOFFMAN

ON BICYCLE AND BEACH



WHETHER you are an ardent bicycle fan pedalling gayly through cool country lanes or a swimming enthusiast, you'll be seeking correct companions for your cotton or linen culottes and your beach costumes. Decorative, cool and well ventilated is the pique visor cap with the crochet mesh crown; you won't lose your valuables if you carry them in a leather pouch with the long strap slung over your shoulder. It has plenty of compartments for cigarettes, matches, money and make-up. Pigskin slip-on gloves with horizontal corded stitching on the palms (non-skid) and bound knuckle holes. A new trick from Hollywood is a kerchief coiffure. Set your hair in the morning; pin your curls close to your head and then tie a print kerchief over all. In the evening, with the curls brushed out you're ready for the big date. The double strand rope belt has a boat hook buckle. Beach sandals of navy blue sail cloth with cork heels are tied with a tasseled cord over the instep. A plaid corded fabric beach bag, rubber-lined, with shell frame, holds all. Crystalline sun goggles with optical lens prevent squint lines from making an appearance around your eyes. Piqué hat, buttoned up to a peaked crown, may be laid out flat for laundering. Polka dot silk apron with halter neck comes in a variety of colors with matching visors. Gives one costume many lives and is easy to pack in a week-end bag.

Keep Cool at 98°



Beauty in the bath is young Helen Wood, of "Sing, Baby, Sing." An herb and soap filled mitt creates a scented lather. For dusting powder on her shoulders, Irene Bennett, Paramount, uses a puff with handle

Photoplay's Hollywood Beauty Shop Conducted by Carolyn Van Wyck

WHEN the heat has you feeling disgruntled with the world and you need a vacation that won't be due for another month; when your body echoes with an immediate heat wave to the constant repetition of "isn't it hot," try to keep calm, keep cool. Bodily discomfort often makes frayed nerves. So stop fretting. It only makes you warmer.

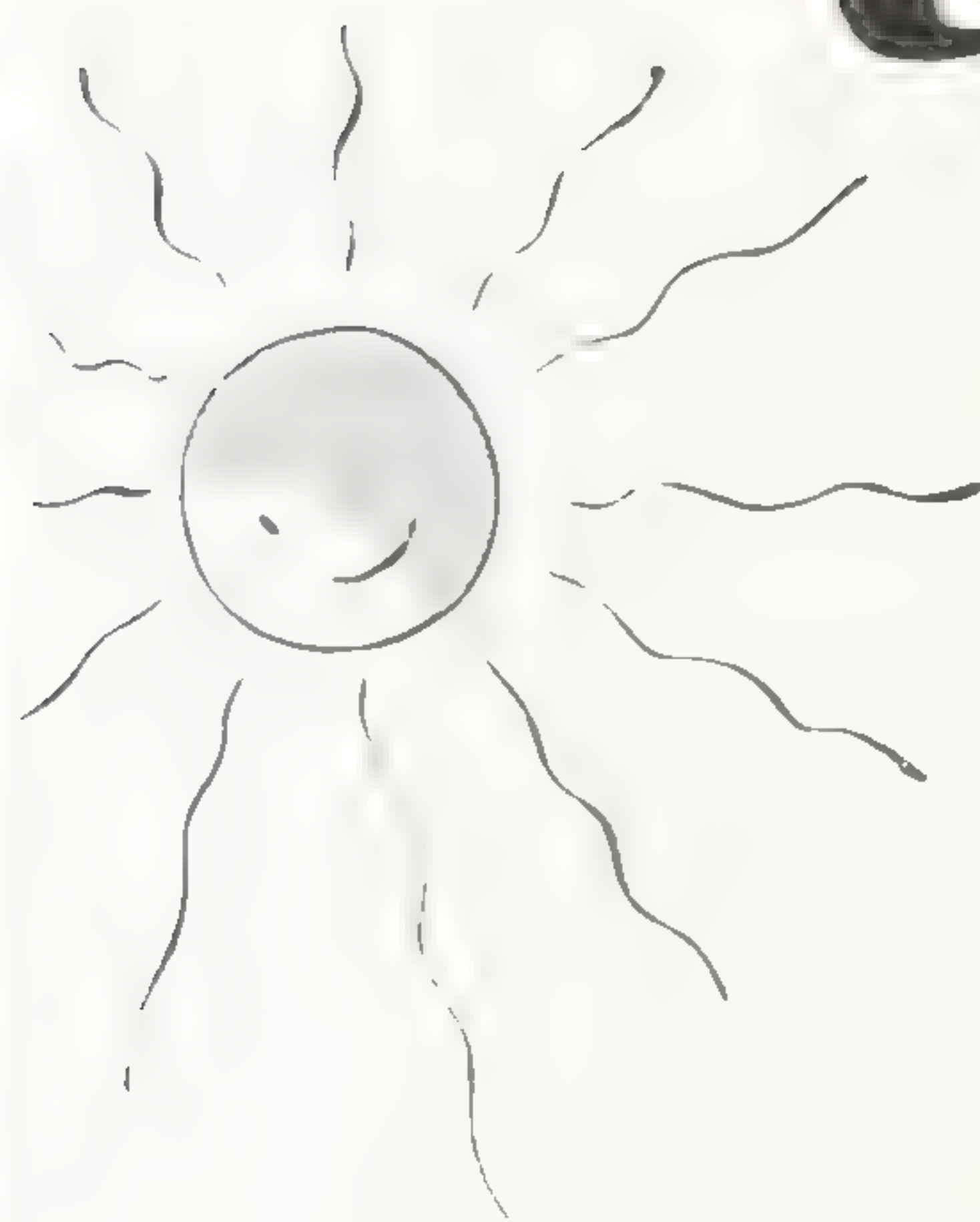
You may look cool even though you have only a vague memory of that delightful sensation. Look fresh as a daisy in

frocks that are comfortably sheer and pressed daily; with make-up renewed often during the day with the aid of a liquid cleanser to prevent that five o'clock gummy look; hair kept smooth, fragrant and immaculately clean by frequent shampoos; and daintiness assured by the habitual use of anti-perspirants and deodorants.

Then if you're still fussing and fuming, what you need is the daily pick-me-up before dinner. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]



SUN



If you have been an apt pupil and profited by all the scientific data which has been broadcast to sun worshippers for the past few summers, you will know that sun rays must be taken in small doses for the first few days at the beach. Don't try to acquire a café noir complexion at one sitting. You will burn too much, which is uncomfortable as well as dangerous. Ten minutes the first day is enough, gradually increasing the time of exposure.

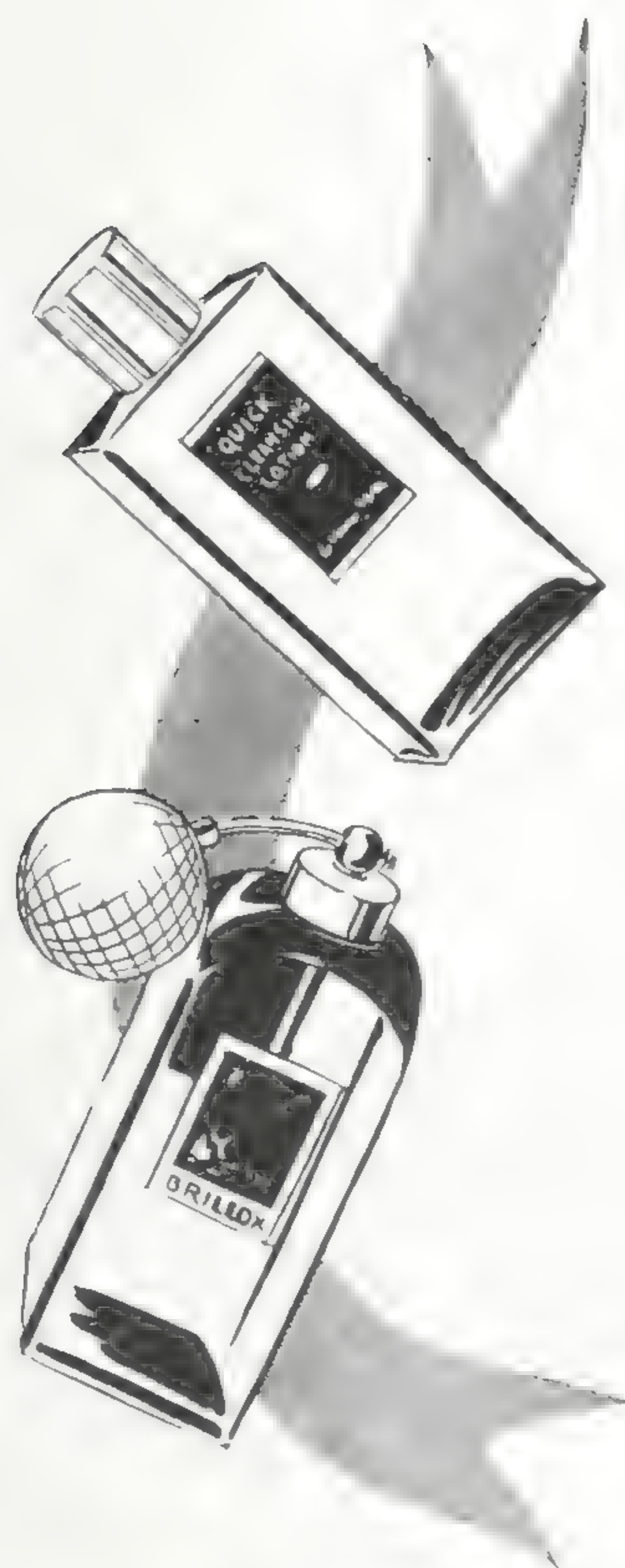
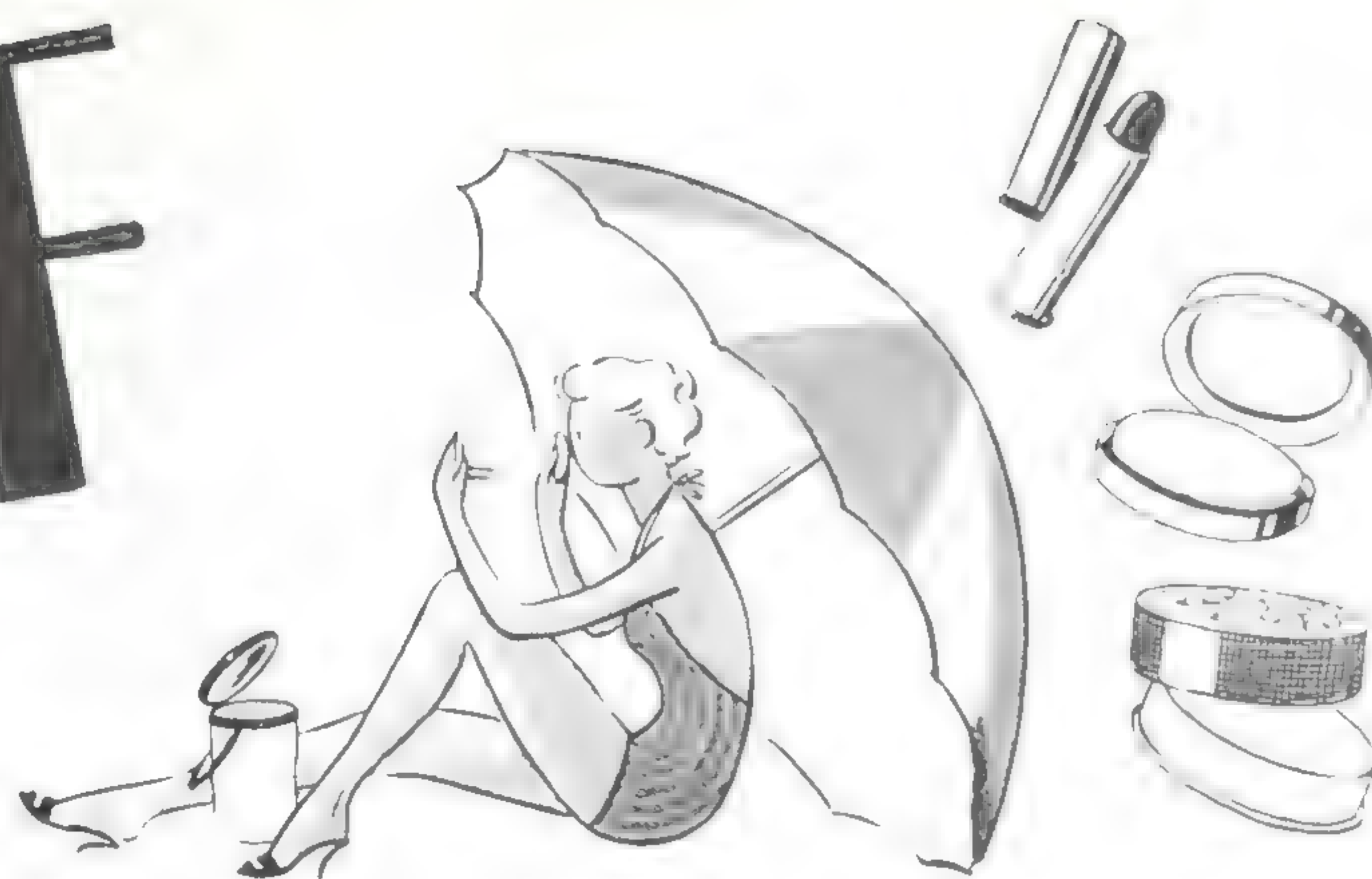
If you wish to acquire a rich bronze tone, brown yourself in beach oil. Be lavish with it. Work the oil into the skin thoroughly, not just once, but regularly every day you spend sun-tanning. Then you will brown evenly, with no dryness or leathery appearance to contend with.

The sun shines brightly on Hollywood stars, but a tan is better than a tarnish, so lovely Martha Tibbets, perched upon the rock, laves her arms and shoulders with a protective lotion that fends off the hot desert rays.

The lily maid, with no tanning ambitions, can quite disarm Old Sol by providing herself with a similar sun cream or lotion. Apply it lavishly, for it becomes an invisible film that may be used on the beach or in town with equal effect, for it is



AND SURE



greaseless and stainless. Use a little less for a creamy complexion—a light film for tan.

No squinting! Eyes can't be glamorous if they are surrounded by wrinkles. Equip yourself with sun goggles. Use an eye cream under your glasses and, occasionally, eye pads when you face the sun, as Claire Trevor (below) did for the few moments it took to photograph her. If your eyes seem to pop out of a white goggle circle, a brown cream will "cover up" until general tanning takes place.

All the fun without the sun! Those of you who have to take your play in small doses, may look sun-kissed as well. "Synthetic tans", which come in bottles and tubes are the answer. Some are waterproof and may be used over your entire body. Another lotion will give you the shining bloom of health with no rouge, no powder. If you wish more color in your cheeks, merely apply more lotion to them. Still another preparation keeps shine away.

Make-up for summer is natural both by day and by night. Lips, fingertips and toenails will take on russet tones, light or dark, as you prefer. Powder will harmonize with your new complexion. Clever little kits contain matching powder, rouge and lipstick.

Mascara will be discarded by day, but a new type will be used at night with exquisite metallic eyeshadow. A little eye cream or oil on the lids and lashes during the day will make your eyes shine, keep lines in the offing and encourage your lashes to grow.

Sun and salt water dries your hair and makes it like sea weed. A new protective lotion will prevent this devastation. Good for boys and girls alike. Just spray it on and no amount of exposure will harm your hair. You'll thank me later for the tip.





IT'S curious how our courage sometimes will suddenly fail us. It's as if without knowing it we had used it up, to the very last drop. That was how it was with Luise Rainer when she was sixteen years old and she stood in the doorway of the famous Louise Dumont theater school.

Until that very moment Luise had been equal to everything. She had accomplished every difficult thing it had been necessary for her to accomplish to stand in that very spot. First, she had passed in her studies, even in mathematics, although she wasn't naturally a good student, that she might merit a trip to her grandmother's and be near this school. For more than a month she had fought her inclination to go off alone or to sit silently to prove to her distressed father that she could act in a normal manner and not worry her grandmother. And most difficult of all she had slipped her hand into the hand of that boy she loved well to tell him good-by, to say those two

words casually, just as if she was only going off to spend a little time in another city. For in her heart she knew this was a break, that something fine was final.

But now, reaching that school, a gateway to the promised land of the theater, Luise found her courage gone. She stood in the doorway lacking even the spurt of will needed to move her feet across the sill. For the first time, it occurred to her this school might not be willing to accept her as a scholar. This really was the possibility that paralyzed her courage. For if this should happen she wondered what would happen to her. She couldn't, she knew, return home, go back to school. In fact if she wasn't accepted in this school any life she could comprehend was ended. So how then could she go on living?

When you're only sixteen you can't be expected to know your own capacities. You've yet to live through those things which will show you how much you can survive.



The Tempestuous Life Story of Luise Rainer

Wherein the Viennese madcap learns about acting, experiences happiness, heart-break — and then, Hollywood

By Adele
Whitely
Fletcher

Illustrated by
Frank Godwin

The secretary turned and saw Luise, perched on one leg, like a heron. She was accustomed to the stage-struck, but usually they didn't look like this!



Luise says, "I became an actress only because I had to find a vent for the emotion that inside of me went around and around, never stopping. I would have been happy to dance or to play the piano or to write instead of turning to the stage if I had been quicker as a student. But about learning things I was not—how do you say it?—smart. No, I was not smart! And you see I knew how very bad things were with me. Before I could acquire the tecknik—no, tech-nique—all of those other things needed it would have been too late. I was so frightened all the time that I might take my own life."

At last the girl who sat typing in that office in which Luise stood in the doorway felt Luise's frightened eyes burning into her back. She turned and saw Luise there, perched on one leg, like a heron.

"Can I do something for you?" This girl was accustomed to the stage-struck. But usually they didn't look like this.

Usually they smelled of perfume and wore make-up and high heels and dresses that made swishing noises. Luise wore a fairly short skirt and black stockings and her tam was pushed far back on her dark head. If it hadn't been for her eyes she could have passed for a child.

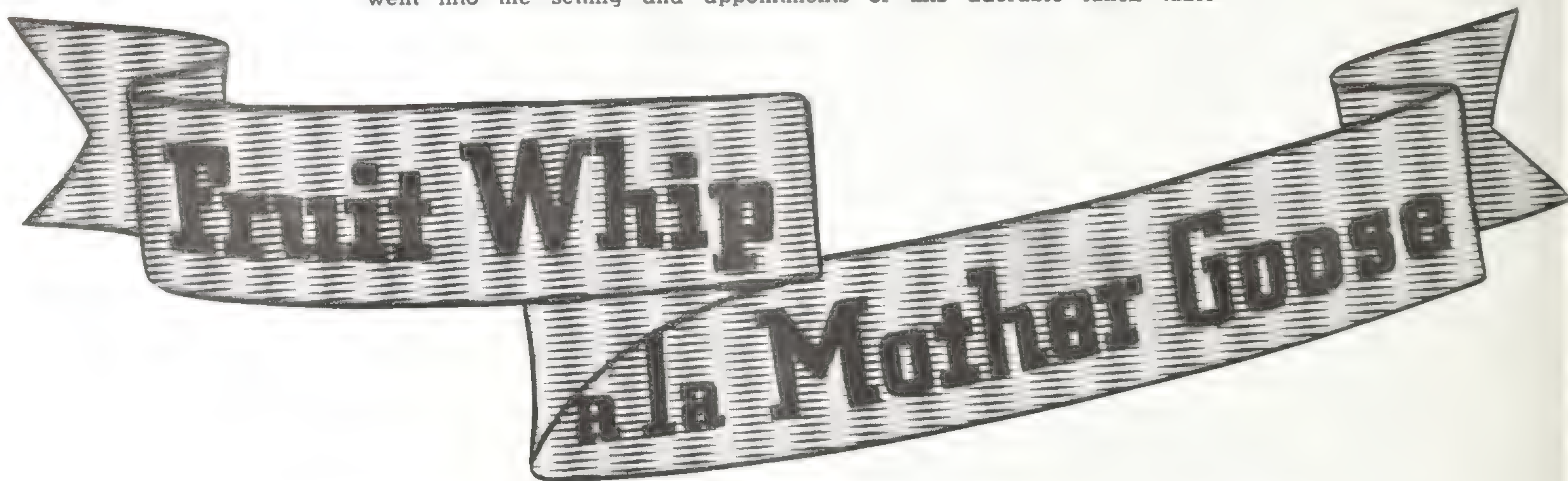
"When that girl spoke to me," she says, "in my throat I could find no words to tell her what I wanted."

WE were in Luise's little house which lies deep in a canyon which runs down to the sea, Luise and I, on the long afternoon and evening when she told me of her life. And always I'll remember how she fiddled about in a small brass box that had an amethyst set in its lid, searching for the kind of macaroon she wanted, a macaroon with a slice of *glace* citron on it.

"I was so terribly frightened," she told me, "so I said to that girl, 'Do you have, if you please, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101



A mother's thoughtful appreciation of children's love of bright colors went into the setting and appointments of this adorable lunch table



Special thrills were in store for Hollywood's smart youngest set invited to a party by America's darling

WHEN golden-haired Shirley Temple gives a party she is not a world-famous movie star and the idol of millions but just another little American girl who is as excited over the big event as Mary Ann who lives next door or Betty who lives in the corner house two blocks down the street.

Nor is Mistress Shirley, for all her fame and wealth, permitted to have parties any oftener than the average child. Mrs. Gertrude Temple, her mother, is too wise a parent to allow her daughter's youth to be any more different from normal childhood than her picture work makes absolutely necessary.

Only in one respect do Shirley's parties sometimes vary from those of other children of her age. Once in a while she has the added thrill of being hostess to her little friends in her very own home, the attractive bungalow-dressing room at the

studio, rather than in the house which belongs to her parents.

Such a party was the Mother Goose luncheon she gave recently upon the completion of her latest picture, a cause for celebration in itself. Shirley feels a party is a grand reward for good behavior and good work.

This party, as most of hers are, was characterized by a limited guest list. Mrs. Temple feels the fewer the guests, the better time the individual child enjoys. So for this affair only the three Harold Lloyd children, Peggy, Gloria and Harold, Jr., and Shirley's stand-in and "best friend," Mary Lou Islieb, were invited.

The day and hour were set for one o'clock on Saturday. Giving a party on Saturday allows the child ample time to rest up over the week-end from the inevitable excitement, and the one o'clock hour permits ample time for games before the afternoon nap which many parents insist upon.

Shirley gives a Party

Mothers who are very interested in clothes for their children for such affairs may well be guided by Shirley's attire for this party. She wore a simple little frock of pink silk with short, puffed sleeves and a collar of tucked organdy trimmed in lace, a perfect example of good taste and good fashion.

Shirley herself greeted her young guests at the door of the Spanish type bungalow which is surrounded by a pretty garden and a low, white picket fence, but Mrs. Temple stood back of her. She helped the children remove their coats in Shirley's dressing room, with Shirley dancing around in natural, childish excitement.

Visitors, rare as they are, are inevitably surprised with the simplicity of the furnishings of the little star's studio home and with the complete lack of ostentation. Every endeavor has been made to make it entirely homelike, a natural surrounding in every way.

The living room, for instance, is done in soft jade green and ivory, always a restful color combination. The wall paper has an old ivory background on which are printed small green figures in a conventional design. The chintz draperies at the wide windows are in jade green with a soap bubble design in old ivory and are fringed with white balls. The broadloom rug is in solid, dull green.

Although the furniture is amply large for adults, it has a little-girl feeling about it, perhaps because it is modern in design and sets rather low to the floor. A full-sized davenport is upholstered in ivory linen imprinted with figures of boys, girls, horses, buggies, houses and gardens, as is a deep chair. The lamps are in the form of Dresden figures with white shades and the telephone, small radio, one straight-backed chair and a baby-sized piano are painted white. On the mantel, over a gas-log fireplace and under an oblong mirror, are a row of elephants in crystal and two white flower pots. Prints of botanical studies are the only wall decoration.

The dining room, rather small, has a warm and bright feeling, done as it is in a but-tercup yellow and old ivory motif. The walls are in plain ivory, the hangings are in yellow and brown madras trimmed with a brown ball fringe, the glass curtains are of yellow marquisette, and the floor is covered with yellow linoleum on which lies a braided rug in brown and yellow. The table and chairs are painted ivory and the chairs boast cushions of the same material as the hangings.

In one corner of the room is a kitchenette arrangement where Mrs. Temple may prepare such proper foods for her daughter in case the studio commissary may not have them on hand. Shirley is never permitted to eat in the studio cafe for the simple reason she cannot escape being the cynosure of all eyes every moment.

Considerable thought and care was evident in the table preparations made for the party. A crêpe paper cloth with Mother Goose characters in pink, blue, yellow, red and green covered the table and the paper napkins carried out the same scheme. For the centerpiece, pansies, violets, geraniums and goldenrod filled a wooden cart drawn by a wooden elephant.

Color was used further, in blending shades in the paper doilies which covered each little service plate.

Paper figures of such characters as Peter Rabbit, Little Miss Muffet and Curly Locks stood guard over the little individual paper cups of salted nuts and the inevitable favors of tissue paper hats in fancy shapes were held in tube-like arrangements with heads that further carried out the Mother Goose theme.

For luncheon, Shirley served her young guests a delicious fruit whip, topped with a white of egg frosting; peanut butter and chicken sandwiches on whole wheat bread and strawberry ice cream in molds of Mother Goose characters. Not an elaborate spread, you will note, but sufficiently "party-fied" without sacrificing health principles.

To make the sandwiches extra attractive, Mrs. Temple had them cut about one and one-half inches wide and used the width of the loaf of bread for the length of the sandwich. The chicken was chopped fine and mixed with a little mayonnaise. Butter was spread on the chicken ones but not on the peanut butter.

The fruit whip was made as follows (to serve eight): put in a bowl two cups of crushed fresh fruit which has been thoroughly drained and put through a sieve, one and one-half cups of sugar, a generous pinch of salt, four tablespoons of lemon juice, and the unbeaten whites of two eggs. Beat this mixture with a whisk for about ten minutes or until it hangs from the beater and holds its shape. Then chill thoroughly in the ice-box and serve with a topping of beaten egg whites which have been slightly sweetened.

After luncheon the guests played pencil and paper games of various sorts until their food was well settled. Among these games was Shirley's favorite, called "squares." Twenty-five dots are placed on a piece of paper, five down and five across. Then each player takes a turn drawing a line to connect two dots. When a player completes a square he is "out" until the next game.

Just before they left, the children all inspected Shirley's pet rabbits and chickens in their cages and had a thrilling ride on the old-fashioned swing that stands in the garden.

On those rare occasions when Shirley gives a really large party, the food, decorations and favors naturally become more elaborate although they are always all kept within the good taste that befits a little girl rather than a movie star. Such a party was the one held recently at the studio in celebration of her seventh birthday at which some three hundred young sons and

daughters of Hollywood writers were her guests.

For this state occasion Shirley wore a dainty frock of white georgette, finely knife-pleated and made with a yoke. Mrs. Temple was clad in a trimly tailored dress of navy blue silk with white polka dots.

The young guests gathered in the studio cafe about three o'clock in the afternoon where the feast, spread on three long tables and one hostess one, was the first feature. Seated with Shirley herself were Charles Chaplin's two sons, Sidney and Charles, Jr., both smart as could [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99]



Miss Temple's parlor games offer a hint to any bright little hostess

Ask The Answer Man

MICHAEL WHALEN, chief topic of interest in this month's mail bag, had only twenty-seven cents to his name when he signed his contract with 20th Century-Fox.

The romantically dark young Celt who played in "The Country Doctor," "White Fang," and "The Poor Little Rich Girl," was born in Wilkes Barre, Pa. His parents gave him a splendid musical education, but when he announced he wanted to be a professional musician, his father—a well known mining engineer—was horrified. Determined to make his son a business man, he got Michael a job with a chain store organization where, at the age of twenty-three, Michael became manager of three stores simultaneously. Then his father died. Michael took his savings and went quietly off to New York to become an actor.

He made an excellent impression on Eva LeGallienne who secured him small parts with the Civic Repertory Theater, and having a fine baritone voice he augmented his income by singing on the radio. He came to Hollywood in 1932 and for three years pounded on the studio gates, in vain. It was while playing the lead in "Common Flesh" in a stock company that his luck changed. Three studios offered him contracts, and on the day he decided to go to Darryl Zanuck he was down to his last twenty-seven cents.

Michael is six feet two, with brown hair and eyes; keeps bachelor apartments in Hollywood, has several Sealyham dogs, swims and hikes for recreation, is a vegetarian, and his favorite color is green.

NORMA KINGSTON, NEWARK, N. J.—The birthdate of Frankie Darro, according to our records, is December 22, 1919; his birthplace, Chicago. He weighs 111 pounds, is five feet three, with brown hair and brown eyes. He is an only child, and answers to the name of "Stooge." His mother belonged to a famous family of famous circus performers, the Siegrist family, and Frankie has been on the stage since he was three. He is clever at boxing, likes to sing, and plays tennis and golf. His current appearance is in "The Ex-Mrs Bradford."

VIOLET GALLABRESE, STEUBENVILLE, OHIO.—Margaret Sullavan was born May 16, 1911; Bette Davis on April 5, 1908; Helen Chandler on Feb. 1, 1909, and Miriam Hopkins on Oct. 10, 1902.

DONALD SORENSON, EUGENE, ORE.—Yes, Gary Cooper played the young guide and fighter in "Fighting Caravans," and Claudette Colbert played *Poppea*, the dissolute wife of Nero, in "The Sign of the Cross."

GERALDINE HALBROTH, BALTIMORE, MD.—Jeanette MacDonald has a stand-in to take her place on the set under the lights until they are adjusted and thus save her unnecessary fatigue, but she certainly has no double to sing for her. She has been singing since she was fifteen, and the beautiful voice you hear is her very own.

RUTH W., WESTERLY, R. I.—After a long and successful career in pictures, Cleo Madison definitely retired from the screen in 1928.



Michael Whalen pounded on studio gates for three years in vain; he's well inside them now

M. G. W., LYNN, MASS.—Barbara Stanwyck's real name is Ruby Stevens. She was born of Irish parentage in Brooklyn, N. Y., on July 16, 1905. Eric Linden was born in New York on Sept. 15, 1909. His parents are American. Yes, Eddie Cantor is of Jewish extraction.

LOUISE WELCH, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—Chee-Ak, the young Eskimo who played in "Igloo," "Eskimo," and "The Last of the Pagans" (in the latter two he was called Mala) has adopted an American name for everyday use. He is known as Ray Wise. He was born in an ice igloo near Candle, Alaska, on Dec. 27, 1908. His mother was a full blooded Eskimo. Educated at a missionary school, Chee-Ak was a trapper, mail carrier and school teacher be-

The ANSWER MAN is a librarian of facts concerning screen plays and personalities. Your questions are not limited, but brevity is desirable. Also, The Answer Man must reserve the right not to answer questions regarding contests in other publications. If you wish an answer direct, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address your queries to The Answer Man, Photoplay Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

fore a German explorer taught him camera work. He came to Hollywood in 1925, was an assistant cameraman, went to Alaska in 1931 for "Igloo," back again in 1932 for "Eskimo." He is six feet one, weighs 180 pounds, has coarse black hair and large brown eyes. He is an expert jumper, oarsman and rifle shot, and throws a spear two hundred feet with deadly accuracy, though left-handed. He is married to an Eskimo girl who also appears in native pictures.

ROSE MINTS, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—The life story of John Gilbert, written by himself, was published in PHOTOPLAY from June to September, 1928. You may write for back issues to The Back Issue Department, Macfadden Publications, 1926 Broadway, N. Y.

JOHN RIDDELL, BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.—Tater, the hillbilly who sang in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," was Fuzzy Knight.

DOROTHY MABS, BRONX, N. Y.—Errol Flynn was born in Dublin, Ireland, on June 20, 1909. He weighs 180 pounds, is six feet two, with brown hair and brown eyes. Ruth Chatterton's next picture will be "Girl's Dormitory." You may write to her at 20th Century-Fox Studio, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood. 20th Century and Fox were merged last year and are one studio. Yes, Joseph Calleia was co-author of the screen play for "Robin Hood of El Dorado."

M. S. HOWARD, NORFOLK, VA.—Una Merkel was born in Covington, Ky., on Dec. 10, 1903. She went to high school in Philadelphia, later to a dramatic school in New York. She first appeared in pictures in 1930.

MART P., MT. CARMEL, PA.—In the picture "There's Always Tomorrow," produced in 1935, Frank Morgan played the father; Lois Wilson, the mother, Binnie Barnes, the other woman, and Robert Taylor played *Arthur*, the son.

MYRTLE LARBOUR, MARLBORO, MASS.—Eleanore Whitney will dance in her new picture, "Three Cheers For Love." Donald Cook is with Republic Pictures, 4024 Radford Ave., Hollywood. His new picture is "The Girl From Mandalay."

DOROTHY KELLY, SOMERVILLE, MASS.—Robert Young was born in Chicago on Feb. 22, 1907. He weighs 170 pounds, is six feet one, with brown hair and brown eyes. He is married and has a small daughter; his favorite sport is golf. Robert Montgomery was born in Beacon, N. Y., on May 21, 1904.

JEAN GRANT, PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Bruce Cabot's next picture is "The Last of the Mohicans." His real name is Jacques de Bujac. Before entering the movies in 1931, he punched cattle, worked in oil fields, sold bonds and tramped over Europe. Six feet two, with brown hair and blue eyes, he weighs 180 pounds, is an excellent athlete and his favorite dish is calves liver and bacon. He was married and divorced from Adrienne Ames.

**"Use Cosmetics all you like, but
guard against COSMETIC SKIN
my easy way" . . .**



Star of Columbia's
"The King Steps Out"

**Follow glamorous *Grace Moore's* advice.
It's the way to complexion beauty . . .**

I REMOVE MAKE-UP with Lux Toilet Soap. It keeps my skin flawless," says this famous star. Why does she trust her priceless complexion to such a *simple* care? Because Lux Toilet Soap guards against Cosmetic Skin.

Do you begin to see the tiny blemishes—dullness—enlarged pores—that mean Cosmetic Skin?

Start using this soap with ACTIVE lather that goes deep into the pores, removes every trace of dust, dirt, stale rouge and powder.

Use cosmetics all you wish! But remove them *thoroughly* with Lux Toilet Soap—before you renew your make-up, ALWAYS before you go to bed. The girls men like are girls with lovely skin!

Hard-Working Debutante

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

welcome, and the family's surprise and gratitude over the elaborate gifts she had brought home!

She is generous to a fault. She is forever buying outlandishly expensive gifts and showing them on family and friends. She usually says, "Pooh! that's nothing at all, my dear, I adored doing it," and secretly, she laps up your gratification.

The Boston engagement ended, Rosalind returned home for a rest. Then, through a friend, she heard that the Theater Guild was casting the "Garrick Gaieties." There was an opening for a comedienne. Rosalind became interested.

She made a fine impression on the casting

through her fingers) and needed to make more, quickly.

The show folded in Los Angeles, and Rosalind was stranded. Now she could telegraph home for help—but there was her pride again. She wouldn't admit defeat in a profession her family disapproved of. She stayed on, living simply, even hungrily. She managed to get a screen test. There was a flash of hope. But the test was a failure (this was before the days when Hollywood decided to go in for bright young actresses of the stage). They said she was too tall. They said her eyes popped when she got excited. They said her jaw was too square. They didn't pay much attention to her acting ability.

can dish? And what about peanuts; could they think of anything more filling?

They reached New York famished, bedraggled and completely exhausted. They had done the trip without a stop-over. Rosalind stumbled up to a friend's apartment, where she freshened up, gulped some hot soup, and borrowed some money. Then, once more the dashing adventurer, she took a train home and arrived, smiling and excited and exuberant. But after she embraced the family, she told them only the lighter side of her gruelling experiences.

That night, however, she collapsed and was quite ill for months. During her convalescence, she realized that she had gained much from that trip. She had learned fortitude. She had proved to herself that she couldn't be downed; the conviction grew that she could eventually come through in a big way.

Six months later, healthy again and radiant with ambition, she returned to Broadway. But she could find nothing to do. For weeks, she trotted from one producer to another, to be met by the inevitable and disheartening reply: No Casting Today.

Finally, in desperation, she took a job, any job. She became a saleswoman in a fashionable Fifth Avenue shop.



No more appropriate title could have been chosen for Shirley's new picture than "Dimples." She is "dimpling" for Director William Seiter as she and Frank Morgan rehearse in a setting supposed to be Central Park in 1930

OH, it wasn't easy for her. The pampered child, the adored young actress who had always been waited on—was now waiting on others. It was especially hard when many of her clients proved to be actresses with whom she had worked. It was a bitter pill, but she swallowed it gallantly. And she made such a success of her job that the buyer murmured something about promotion in the spring. But in the spring she met William Brady, Jr., who offered her a job in summer stock. And that was the beginning all over again. She wouldn't fail this time!

In pictures, her first success was in her second picture "The President Vanishes." Walter Wanger, who had known of her work in the East and admired it, allowed her to play the part in her own way. And practically every critic in the country singled out her impersonation of a famous Washington hostess as an uncanny bit of acting.

Today, at twenty-seven, Rosalind Russell is definitely making her impression on Hollywood and the world. Success has done much for her. Though, in her lighter moments, she still shows traces of the fascinating young chatterbox who screws up her face and contorts her figure when she tells a funny story or gives an imitation of a stuffed shirt, Rosalind has acquired deep poise and serenity.

Her effect on young manhood is devastating. Farm boy and city slicker—they are all clay in her hands. One of the smartest young men about town has been following her career with a devotion that his friends would never believe of him. Recently, her sister suggested to Rosalind that it would be nice to send the young man an autographed picture.

Rosalind scrawled across a picture, "Thanking you for your kind interest, Rosalind Russell," and dispatched it to New York.

Four days later, she received an indignant telegram. It was from the young man. "Kind interest, phooey," he wired, "it's love!"

Judging from her fan mail, practically every young man in the nation feels likewise.

director and got an audition. And the job. While the contracts were being drawn up, she said casually, "Well, I suppose we must talk of money," as if it were the least consequential thing in the world.

One hundred and fifty dollars a week had been the allotment for that rôle. Miss Russell gasped in shocked horror. "Heavens, had I known it was such a ridiculous salary, I wouldn't have come in from the country!" She wouldn't dream of working for less than three hundred and fifty.

After an hour, they compromised on two hundred and fifty a week, and Rosalind sailed smilingly out of the office, leaving an amazed and breathless business manager behind her.

With the opening of the "Gaieties" Rosalind achieved her first niche in New York. Winchell raved about her (the first beautiful comedienne) and Broun played poker with her, and a new batch of adorers dogged her footsteps.

When the "Gaieties" finally closed, Rosalind joined a show that was taking to the road. She had spent all of her money (money slip:

Well, that was that. There was nothing more to wait for. Los Angeles was bitter exile. She had to get back to New York.

There were two young men with her. Members of the stranded company. One boy had a bit of money left. The other had a ramshackle car.

A DESPERATE plan formed in Rosalind's mind. They could not remain in Los Angeles. They had no money left for shelter, and very little for food. By pooling their last pennies, they could manage the gasoline for the long, tedious, cross-country drive. They must manage! The boys were afraid to try it. No money for meals, no money for hotel rooms. Impossible to do it.

But Rosalind's determination and Rosalind's pride bolstered them up. Of course they could do it! It would be a marvelous experience! They would take turns driving the car. They would take turns sleeping in the back seat. As for food—wasn't the hot dog, with mustard and sauerkraut, the great Ameri-

— the snapshot
brings back the best
day of the summer,
the most wonderful
day of my life.
Makes me think we'll
look pretty swell,
darling, when we
go walking up
the aisle together.



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Accept nothing
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familiar yellow box.

Introducing James Stewart

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21]

and were friends when each was triumphantly fresh from the classroom. They faced the first problems of being - grown - up together, worked and ate and didn't work and went hungry, borrowed each other's clothes and cigarettes and girls, argued and laughed together. You don't know a person that well at that age without discovering later at least a superficial resemblance between his qualities and yours.

Wherefore you must necessarily catch the flavor of Fonda in the portrait of his friend. This is James Stewart:

HE is so entirely different from anyone else in or of Hollywood that the usual sort of story can't be written about him at all. Since he is the first of his kind on the screen, it fol-

or Maine has watched my shadow on the screen and maybe liked the way it moved or spoke, but I can't quite believe it.

"And all this calls for new adjustments, new plans. I'd only just begun to understand myself anyway—to know what I wanted and what I was going to work for. Now everything's changed. Now I've got to start all over again."

"But there's no necessity for that," I argued. "The only thing is, you've got more money now—and then of course whatever you do is public property. Your original plans didn't call for murder or anything, did they?"

He laughed. "Not exactly. But they did call for getting around and 'seeing life' a little. I've never done much of that, you know. Haven't had the chance."

viting eyes dropped it into James' hand. "Now that'll be plenty," drawled Stewart, and tossed the messy thing over a fence into uncharted bushes.

There was an exclamation in Japanese, and then back across the shrubbery the ball came sailing. "Son" retrieved it, brought it to his master, wagged his tail. "No cooperation," said James seriously, "not even from the gardener."

"So anyway—," I prodded.

"Anyway, a friend of mine asked me to take a part in his show during vacation. It sounded like fun, meant a little money—I accepted. That was the beginning.

"Quite suddenly I didn't care if there were never another house designed or built, just so long as I could get somewhere on the stage."

"I went to New York, got a job in a stock company, met Henry Fonda—and you know the rest from talking with Hank."

"I know *his* viewpoint," I objected. "He took those hard years in stride, laughed when things went wrong, and generally had a good time. Did you?"

"I laughed," said James, "and took things in stride. But the difference was that Henry didn't worry. I—I'm an awfully good worrier, although I try not to show it."

YOU try not to show any of your emotions," I interrupted with a flash of understanding. "That's what characterizes you on the screen—diffident reserve, careful restraint, lack of any sentimentality. And you're like that in real life. Or try to be."

"Well, I try to be. That's the 1936 attitude. I'd like to appear very easy-going, very care-free. I like people who never get excited, who walk slowly into things with calm judgment—people with poise. But basically I'm so darned unobtrusive that people think I'm backward, timid."

This then was the reason Hollywood had labelled James Stewart as "shy." Because his personality isn't knock-down and drag-out, because he doesn't barge into your personal sphere the first time he meets you, then he's "shy." How typical of Hollywood.

"But you had time for parties, for more than 'light loves,' during all that time in New York," I resumed. "New York is a gay place. Ask the people who've never been there if you don't believe it."

He shook his head. "I was still too busy. When there was work I worked hard and at all hours. When I had no engagements I worked harder than ever to find new ones. I *had* to make some sort of success—you see I'd taken a Princeton education from my family, and then given up a fairly certain future in architecture for the wobbly fortunes of the stage. It was necessary to show them I was in the right. Candidly, this is the first time I've ever been in a position to sit back and concentrate on living well. I'm ready to think about such things as love and marriage and my own home and having a good time."

"You're not in love now," I reminded him.

"Right. But I know what I want in a wife. I know how to make a success of my marriage when it happens, I know—."

I held up my hand. "Never mind the rest. Just tell me your formula for a successful Hol-

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]



Standing in for the stand-ins. Jack Haley and Betty Furness were best man and bridesmaid for their stand-ins, Billy Baxter and Elinor Crooker. Jack and Betty are at the right rear. Rosina Lawrence is at the groom's right

lows that he is the first of his kind to settle in this crazy-quilt town; and both he and the town are a little hesitant about knowing each other.

There's nothing "arty" in James Stewart's makeup, there's no yellow-sheet sensationalism in his aura. He's young, rather quiet, congenitally and by education a gentleman, and in the midst of bewildering, sudden success he's trying to re-shape his plan of living—no easy job, as you must know.

"It's so amazing," he said frowning, "that people anywhere are interested in me or what I do. So far as acting is concerned, that's a bug I've got and I stay in the game for its own sake; but the movies cover such wide territories—they give you fame or whatever it is—and I'm not awake yet. It's logically possible that an audience somewhere in Iowa

"From all the stories I've read about Princeton fellows—," I began.

"Maybe. But I worked. College wasn't any sort of game to me. I had a lot of ambitions, I felt I was lucky to have a family who could send me to Princeton, and I made up my mind to show them they were justified. Architecture fascinated me—I wanted to build monuments to my genius, beautiful structures that would carry my name down into history in lasting stone—" satirically—"and so I was too busy for parties or girls or anything."

HE has a way of making banal phrases sound irresistibly funny. "But of course you had light loves," I said.

"Very light."

"Son," the police dog, brought his tennis ball (very pulpy and wet) over and with in-



**WISH I WAS
HOME AGAIN—
I HATE THIS
PLACE...**



**SALLY'S
BAD
SKIN
NEARLY
QUEERED
HER
WHOLE
SUMMER**

WHAT'S THAT NICE LITTLE SALLY SMITH DOING AROUND HERE ALONE? I THOUGHT ALL THE YOUNG THINGS HAD GONE OFF ON A PICNIC

IT'S JUST A SHAME THE WAY SHE GETS LEFT OUT OF THINGS



HOW ABOUT GOING DOWN THE LAKE WITH ME THIS MORNING, SALLY?

OH, I'D LOVE TO



ISN'T THIS A PERFECT PLACE?

WELL, I'D LIKE IT LOTS MORE IF I COULD ONLY GET IN WITH THE CROWD BUT I GUESS A GIRL WITH PIMPLES LIKE MINE JUST HASN'T A CHANCE



NOW, SALLY, JUST YOU REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU ABOUT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. I'M SURE IT WILL CLEAR UP YOUR SKIN. TRY IT, WON'T YOU?

I CERTAINLY WILL—I'M GOING DOWN TO THE VILLAGE RIGHT NOW TO GET SOME



LATER

SEE WHAT YOUR TIP ABOUT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST DID FOR ME—THERE'S NOT ONE PIMPLE LEFT!

GOOD WORK—SO THIS VACATION'S GOING TO BE WORTH WHILE AFTER ALL!

HI, THERE, SALLY—HURRY UP! WE'RE WAITING FOR YOU



**—clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants
out of the blood**

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YOU from making friends**

GOOD TIMES can be sadly hampered by a pimply skin. Yet many young people have to fight this trouble after the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer.

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But these adolescent pimples can be corrected. Fleischmann's fresh Yeast clears the skin irritants out of the blood. Then, the pimples go!

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *daily*—one cake about ½ hour before each meal. Eat it plain, or dissolved in a little water until your skin clears. Start today!

lywood marriage, and I'll write the book, and we'll go fifty-fifty on the returns."

"But it wouldn't work for everyone," said James, unsmiling. "Only for me and for people of my temperament. You see I'm the sort of guy that really takes a spill when he falls in love. When I'm crazy enough about any girl to ask her to marry me, then she's going to be more important to me than anyone else in the world. It won't matter if she wants to live in a penthouse and throw parties all night, or if she wants to have a house in the country and raise ten kids—it will be all right with me. Anything she says will be law. So we'll be bound to make a go of it."

"Of course, I'd prefer the country place, the kids, the lack of publicity. I'd like to design my own home, build it for comfort and security. But if she wants the bright lights, then the brighter the better."

"What is 'she' going to be like—or do you know?"

"I've got a pretty good idea." He lit his first cigarette of the day, the only one allowed him under his no-smoking-for-three-months pact with Fonda. "Naturally, I may fall in love with someone entirely different; you can't be dictatorial about things like that. But as I see it now she'll have a basic culture, the product of breeding and good taste; she'll be beautiful, I hope, and as easy-going as I'd like to be; she'll have poise and a fund of humor . . .

"As a matter of fact—and don't laugh just because every man in Hollywood including yourself feels the same way—she should be as nearly like Myrna Loy as possible. If I could find someone like Myrna tomorrow I'd be perfectly satisfied. She has everything anyone could possibly want in a woman."

Which settles that, for the present. You

may smile a little at his enthusiastic altruism about marriage, remark sagely that "it's easy enough to say—." And you may also delve into the records to prove that no one ever marries his ideal. But it would be just like the surprising Stewart to find a second Myrna Loy, and to make a success out of his life with her by means of the pleasant plan he outlined to me.

So far as James' private life today is concerned, there is little enough to explain. He's following the same sort of unexciting healthy program that any normal young man would follow under the same circumstances: hard work, an occasional party, a little tennis, a great deal of flying.

"Planes give me a terrific bang, for some reason," he told me. "I guess they're my substitute for tiger hunting."

"**H**ASN'T the studio something to say about that?" I grinned.

"They don't know. I'm just hoping I can get my license before they find out—you see I'd like a ship of my own, to do a little traveling in."

I caught onto that last word, queried him and uncovered his inherent wanderlust. "It'll probably mean bugs in the South Seas, terrible smells in Egypt, and fever in Africa," he admitted, "but I'm going around the world just the same. With a wife, preferably; but nevertheless."

Outside of that, he works toward one goal:

"I want to get somewhere in this business. The movies intrigue me as an industry—and acting's incidental to it. Before I finish I'm going to be a director, stand behind a camera and tell other people how to walk and laugh and read their lines. You can create on a

bigger scale that way."

OVER Scotch-and-soda in the playroom later, James unthinkingly characterized himself in one small incident. "Son" had followed us in and was sitting up before the bar soulfully begging for an olive. I remarked that police dogs were marvelous unless you had a very sensitive nature; then they broke your heart every time you had to refuse them anything.

"This fella broke *my* heart the first day I saw him," Stewart said, "but not in that way. He was just an overgrown pup when Hank brought him home, and I was working then on 'Next Time We Love.' In the picture I had to wear an old brown hat, you may remember, and this particular afternoon I carried it back to the apartment at lunch-time and left it on the living room sofa."

"I swear I was only out of the room for a few minutes, but when I came back the first thing I saw was 'Son'—and shreds of brown felt scattered all around him. Naturally I was scared to death. I had visions of countless re-takes that would cost the studio thousands of dollars, and I was sure they'd fire me."

"Anyway, I got another hat and cut some of the brim off—it didn't look a bit like the old one, but I kept fingering the brim and fussing with it and they never found out. . . ."

He worried for weeks about it. He's that new to Hollywood. He's that uncertain of his position.

What he doesn't understand is that he could burn down the whole set as a prank, and his bosses would have to forgive him. James Stewart is more than a new movie star; he is The New Movie Star.

You have decreed it.

How to Be Chic On a Small Income

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

Assuming that you are "starting from scratch," begin building your wardrobe with a good suit, and add to it as you can afford it, a good coat, two plain dresses for afternoon or dinner, a smart evening dress which will do duty winter and summer, and an evening wrap. For the first dress, I would suggest a good crepe with two different scarfs to be worn with a black coat with a fur collar. In the case of the evening dress, add a little jacket for informal parties, and leave it off for the formals. For winter, you should have a three-quarter fur coat, or if you cannot afford fur, a heavy tweed. I do not know how your summer climate is, but Paris is cool and for a cool summer climate I would suggest the addition of a three-quarter cloth coat.

AS to shoes, you should have a minimum of one pair of oxfords, one pair of pumps with Cuban heels, and one pair of evening sandals in either silver or gold (they last a long time). Shoes should never be conspicuous. Don't wear "fussy" shoes with trimming, bows, perforations, etc. A shoe, to be really smart, should be as plain as possible with a heel that suits the girl who wears it. I greatly disapprove of the exaggerated French heels which one sees so often in America with sport clothes. If a flat heel, which is now worn so much, doesn't suit a high-arched foot the effect can

be modified by a Cuban heel. Feet are sometimes so overdressed that you can't tell what else their owner is wearing. Americans are more inclined to be guilty of this serious error than the women of any other country. Yet I find American women the easiest in the world to dress because they get so much fresh air and exercise. This particularly applies to movie stars. But invariably the average American woman's feet and head lack attention. Women can learn from men and improve their "chic." A man wouldn't think of wearing a tight shoe or one that didn't harmonize with his suit.

Shoes, hats, bag and gloves are frightfully important and should be considered together. All should match in color. Getting back to the building of our economy wardrobe, you should have a minimum of two hats, one a felt to wear with oxfords and a sport blouse; with the same suit a dressy blouse, a dressy hat and pumps, and you can go anywhere in the afternoon, including a visit to a Hollywood screen magnate, should you have the opportunity; it is all a question of taste, and not money.

Cheap jewelry should never be worn unless it happens to be something that you positively know suits your type. Pearls, including cheap imitations, are always in good taste. Plain gold jewelry in a modern design is always good. Avoid long earrings except for evening wear,

and shun cheap beads as you would the plague. Generally speaking, keep *simple*; avoid flying ends, untidy appearance, putting on too much.

Don't underestimate the cost of a good bag, a good belt, good gloves. It is far better to pay five dollars for a pair of gloves and wear them for two years than to spend twice that amount in two years on dollar-and-a-half gloves.

A GOOD sweater should be in every girl's wardrobe, of course, for week-ends in the country and general sports.

Try to use the greatest possible care in selecting your hats. Hats are the greatest problem in America, for they are not fitted like shoes, as they are in Europe.

Now then, you have here a complete wardrobe which you can assemble in a few months if your income is very limited, and which will last you for two years. These things you ought to bear in mind always: buy *good* things *only* and never be afraid of wearing them too often, or of not "being in style." If you have good clothes, in good taste, you will always be chic and you can ignore passing fads. Remember that it is not necessary to spend a fortune in order to look smart and attractive at all times; it requires a surprisingly small amount of money. It requires only good taste and judgment.



Eleanor Powell

STAR OF METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S

"BORN TO DANCE"

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Eleanor Powell and you can be lovely, too



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Eleanor Powell using
Max Factor's Lipstick

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Send Purple Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up" . . . FREE.
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COMPLEXIONS		EYES		HAIR	
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE	
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE	
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE	
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD	
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray check type above and here <input type="checkbox"/>	
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The Private Life of Nelson Eddy

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25]

stocky body; a strange, disturbing habit of singing most of the time. As a matter of fact, if I could I'd set this entire story to music and play it slowly but with a steady, rising inflection and crescendo until it reached for a bravura fortissimo in alt. Because song, an ineffable melody starting on a discordant note and mounting forcefully upward, is the outstanding thing in Nelson's life.

Those first years, until it was time for school, didn't seem to make much impression on him. His memories revolve mistily about an old New England house, about a dark-haired, strong-featured father who was awesomely big but kindly, and of a blue-eyed, auburn-haired mother who was somehow a fixture, a necessity, a natural pillow for his head.

Out of that opaqueness of first discovery and first consciousness remains a single, almost startling memory—simple in the extreme, detached and disconnected, as beginning memories are, but significant.

"There's nothing much to tell about it," said Nelson from the leather chair. "Only that out of the hazy recollections I have for that period, this one incident is the clearest and most tenacious. I'd been left alone for a little while, and the need for search and exploration possessed me suddenly. So I—what is it you do at that age, 'toddle?'—I toddled delightedly out of the room, down the hall and stairs and through an open door. There was a garden around the place. I puttered there for a while, and then I found a gate.

"It seemed to me I went miles down the road—probably I was fifty yards from the house—when I realized that the place that had sheltered me all my life was lost somewhere and that I didn't know how to get back to it. Something, an entirely horrible emotion, enclosed me. I sat down and howled. I was terrified. Then I heard a voice, arms caught me up, and mother made little astonished but reassuring noises at me. It was like being saved from drowning when you've given up hope!"

THERE'S no more to add to that. I'm no psychologist or I'd try to explain what that initial impression on his baby mind has meant to him in the years that have passed. I'd attempt the almost impossible task of telling you how vitally important the guidance of his mother has been through all his thirty-five years of struggle and hope and work.

I've seen her only once, and that for an inconsiderable space of time while she hurriedly vacated the play-room of his Beverly Hills house so we could have it for purposes of conversation. But that one glimpse was enough. She hurried, vibrant, and red-headed and laughing, down the baronial stairway in her gay pajamas—and not one man out of the thousands in Hollywood could have made sure of her age. Sixteen, thirty-six, or fifty-six, she has about her the precious knack of agelessness. She ran that day with the easy grace of a child; her voice carried the softness of early youth.

That much I know of her personally, except for what Nelson has told me. Lying on his spine in the same leather chair, in the play-room, he said, "She's *worked* with me, you understand. She's had the understanding of me and the faith in me that nobody else bothered to have—until that understanding

and faith became part of my own philosophy. I began to know myself, believe in myself, on the gentle premise that where anyone as intelligent as mother could find merit, there merit must be.

"Now she's helping me enjoy the things her understanding has helped bring me. She helps run my household and is as popular with my guests as any young beauty. We get along marvelously together, we make allowances for each other and work together toward making a nice thing out of this business of living. And it's going to continue that way."

He said it almost defiantly. Too many

George Cukor Talks At Last

Never has this great director permitted himself to be interviewed for publication. But he talks for the first time in September PHOTOPLAY.

He tells freely and feelingly of the vast amount of genius, artistry and money that was poured into the production of the Shakespearean masterpiece, "Romeo and Juliet," which he directed for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Be sure and read this graphic, behind-the-scenes account of how the world's greatest love story was filmed, by the man whose patient genius made it possible. In September PHOTOPLAY out

August 10th

Southern California scribblers have typed their message to the world that Nelson Eddy's abiding loyalty to a mother who has done everything in the world for him amounts to that suggestive word: "fixation." I assure you, from my special knowledge of this man, that he is the most normal person in these regions.

Simply, when Nelson was fourteen William Darius Eddy and Isabelle Kendrick Eddy found that the rambling, uncertain life they led (he had to go from city to city to do his work that had to do with whirring mandrels, chattering ratchets, grinding gears and slapping drive-belts) would be a better life for

both if they led it separately. And they were sensible enough not to haggle over who should take the boy; that was a foregone conclusion.

Since that time the mother and the son, with affection and on an equal-share basis, have dwelt and worked together. The description of their mutual triumphs and hardships can come later, but I mention it now as an explanation.

In Nelson's mind that portion of his life having to do with boyhood is for some reason divided into three classifications: summer interludes on the beautiful New England farm of his great grandmother; the fascinating home of his grandparents; grammar schools, of which there were many because of his family's town-to-town existence; and the insistent need for music, which was reflected in both his father and mother, and which they encouraged fastidiously.

"Gramma" and "Grampa" Eddy were of that vanishing ilk lately used as colorful back-grounds for hundreds of back-to-the-soil novels; they lived traditionally in the fear of God, erect and self-respecting, prosperous because the earth they owned was good and the work they did was hard.

They knew how to live, did Gramma and Grampa. And when small Nelson came to their house they made it an occasion. From them he got unbounded kindness, sympathy, and, as much as they would permit it to show, adoration.

TIME stopped during those lovely months," Nelson told me. "Sometimes now when I catch the faint smell of ginger from my super-modern kitchen, or hear a certain tinkling little song, there come sudden clear pictures. . . . I can watch myself coming slowly in across the dusty Timothy stubble of the meadows, through the apple trees, to dinner—I can see the dim loft of an attic, crowded with trunks and faded cast-offs and bursting with close heat—copper chrysanthemums in a bowl, linen from mahogany chests with the scent of spices in the folds—antimacassars and feather beds you had to climb up a little ladder to get into—the pungent odor of dried catnip—a thrilling old family rocking horse—and a tremendous Bible on the pedal organ. Hymns. Church. The short but sincere grace at every meal. Nice things to remember, I think."

So do I. Nicer, from every standpoint, than the constant change from New Bedford's Dartmouth Street Primary School, to the Rhode Island Normal School in Providence, to the Edgewood Grammar School on the other side of town, to the Grove Street Grammar School in Pawtucket. Being an eternal "new boy" at any institution is a definite species of curse.

There is always the long process of proving you're a regular feller, of beating down the accepted bully, of proving you're not going to be teacher's pet, of standing aloof and in splendid but aching loneliness while the other kids decide whether or not they like you. Here, if you stop to discern it, is a deep rooted reason for part of Nelson's 1936 personality—for his introspection and his ability to walk a solitary path when it's necessary.

Music was a different matter. It was part of him from early consciousness, it possessed him utterly, and it has always been two-thirds of his experience.

"I suppose it's explainable," Nelson said. "My grandfather—he of the stern principles but with the kindness of God—played the drum and fife, and Dad was drum major of the First Regiment Band of the Rhode Island National Guard. Both of them taught me carefully the militant rhythms of American drum technique. Mother was a soloist in the Church of the Transfiguration. Father sang bass in the Universalist Church."

And standing beside the family square piano while his mother's fingers raced over the yellow keys Nelson learned that the flooding melody that sounded within the rosewood box had its basis in a special science; that behind the easy flow of song lay months and years of the drudgery called study. Curiosity, finally, overcame his dread of lessons. He wanted to know what the little wandering hieroglyphics on that sheet of paper stood for, how "Mom" could transform black printed spots into beauty.

She, with infinite patience, taught him the complications of keys and scores—until at last he could read the meaning of the notes into his own voice, and sing them.

Then, together, they sat through the long quiet afternoons, dueting the simple hymns of the Christian faith—with extravagant little interpolations and many laughing pauses while Nelson ran through a difficult bar until he knew it. They discovered, one day, that his voice was a boy soprano and rather nice at that.

"I was good enough to join a boys' choir in St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, at any rate," Nelson remembered. "I was ten then. And later I went to Grace Church where they had an organist named Arthur Tracy-Baker. He developed my voice for two years, and made me into a soprano soloist.

"After that I squeezed in one more year at All Saints Church—and then one day my high C slipped madly into A flat, cracked completely and became a thin squeak. Young Mr. Eddy's voice, it was apparent to a flustered congregation, had adolescized. . . . Everyone said I'd better stop singing for a couple of years, and somehow it seemed like a good idea."

NELSON EDDY came to his teens in this fashion. I suppose during those pre-adolescent years he must have gone through the usual little-boy adorations for sundry fair-eyed pretties who switched their satin hair ribbons at him invitingly. Of course.

"Of course," smiles Nelson. "Tom Sawyer and you and I and every youngster. And each episode is in the same category with red apples on the teacher's desk and getting into fights behind the backyard fence and not knowing the arithmetic lesson."

An indication of nothing, in other words; and superfluous here. What's really important is that soon after he had been graduated from Grove Street Grammar School his parents took him into conference and told him of their decision to separate. He was to go with mother. They would make their way somehow.

Which meant that at fourteen Nelson faced the prospect of odd jobs and hard work and uncertainty—a grown man's lot, under ordinary circumstances. The things it might have done to him are boundless in number; but its actual effect, because Mrs. Eddy was the sort of woman she was, left no scar on his mind or soul. And the details of those next eventful years, in which the man you know today was molded into being, should be written in capital letters. They're that important to your appreciation of Nelson as he is and must ever be.

(To be continued)

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STA-RITE HAIR PINS - BOB PINS



4 Shades
Black
Brown
Blonde
Gray

Paula Stone
Featured Player
"In Secret Service"
Warner Bros.
Picture

All Aboard for Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

takes time. You've got to have tests and you've got to learn things. About your voice and your personality. You've got to learn how to walk and how to sit down and get up—"

Angie looked concerned. "Maybe it's this September heat that's got you honey. Gets folks, sometimes. Seems to me, ef I kin remember back, you learned how to set down and git up 'fore you learned to walk."

SALLY closed her eyes a minute, and the long lashes lay like little gold crescents against faintly flushed cheeks. "After you pass your screen tests and voice tests and all the rest of it, then knowing someone like Stanley Merrick ought to be pretty helpful." A quick vision of some future day in Hollywood flashed on the screen of her dreaming. Stanley Merrick standing up to a producer and three executives and bluntly declaring that while Lili Lane might be the biggest star on the lot she wasn't the girl for this new picture they were going to make. Yes, Stanley knew the girl for the story, a kid named Sally Byers. No, nobody'd ever heard of Sally. Not yet. Arguments growing hot and furious, personal and pointed. Stanley standing by his guns: "Give me Sally Byers and I'll make you a picture that will pack 'em in." Sally sighed, a nice satisfactory little sigh, and opened her eyes.

"Can't you see how it would be helpful, Angie?"

"Yas'm, honey. But I reckon all the young ones at the dance tonight gonna have the same idea."

"That's just it. They will." Sally sat up a little to explain her idea further. "There'll be a hundred languorous ladies at the dance tonight. A hundred Lili Lanes—she's the type Stanley Merrick always uses in his pictures. Only, Sally Byers isn't going to be a Lili Lane. She's going to be Sally Byers. Strictly feminine, but no glamour and no glitter. She's going to be like good old-fashioned bread and butter and a jelly after a diet of angel cake. Stanley Merrick is going to sit up and take notice and after a little he's going to begin to wonder if maybe glamour hasn't been a little overdone on the screen and that perhaps the public would enjoy the natural little heroine for a change, the good pal type who can appear in a sports costume instead of a negligée and still appeal to a man's basic emotions. He's going to begin to cast about for such a type. And then all I'll have to do is to make him realize that I'm it."

"Yas'm, that's all," said Angie, and disappeared into the little bathroom from whence presently came the sound of running water and the faint scent of pine bath crystals.

Sally went shopping. She found exactly the dress she wanted. Coppery taffeta like rustling autumn leaves, made with little puffed sleeves and a nice economy of material from shoulders to waist in back and a long full skirt. No frills or wispy capes, and yet an essentially feminine dress. She found tall-heeled gold sandals to wear with it, and when she got home Angie told her that the phone had been ringing and ringing and that Mr. Tom and Mr. Dick and Mr. Curly had been calling about the dance tonight.

It was ten-thirty and Sally was dancing with Chuck when she saw Stanley Merrick. She was laughing at something Chuck had said, her head back-flung, and as her glance went be-

yond his shoulder, there stood Stan in the wide doorway with the chairman of the dance committee. The chairman was beaming importantly and holding up a hand for silence and gesturing toward the microphone which had been installed for the evening. "Folks, this is our own Stanley Merrick. Stan, my boy, make yourself at home." Which Stan proceeded to do, by striding across to Chuck after the music had started up again and touching his shoulder and taking the girl in the coppery taffeta dress into his arms.

He was taller than Sally had remembered. Six feet two or three she guessed, and his shoulders were amazingly wide in his formal jacket and his eyes were a warm gray with fine little wrinkles around them as if he laughed a lot—or scowled a lot, you couldn't be sure which.

He said, "Nobody's told me your name, you know," and he held her close and almost expectantly as if he were quite sure that any moment now she'd go languid in his arms.

But she didn't. She let her lashes brush wide to meet his glance and she laughed and a lovely color flushed her cheeks. "My name's Sally Byers," she said. "You sent me a valentine once. It had plump cupids on it and red hearts and a lace paper frill."

"That kid!" he marvelled and laughed too. "You've grown up, Sally!"

Later, after he had danced with dozens of dreamy-eyed girls and listened to dozens of confidences about how much their friends told them they resembled Lili Lane, he managed a few minutes alone with Sally. He waited for her while she ran and got her wrap and they escaped from the ballroom by an inconspicuous side door which he had remembered, and walked together down to the end of a pathway where they found a white-painted bench set against the trunk of a broad old maple.

The night was hazy but the sky had cleared somewhat—with no rain as yet—and a lopsided orange moon hung suspended far out on one of the lower branches of the maple.

STAN produced cigarettes. His hand holding a light to Sally's was a fine, sturdy hand and a quick little eagerness went through her. It was almost as if he had touched her.

He didn't make any passes at her and he didn't seem to have any intentions of kissing her. It was a new experience for Sally. When Chuck or Curly or any of the others dragged you away from the dance floor, they had a definite purpose. Stan just sat there smoking, leaning forward a little with his elbows against his knees, like a man who for the first time in months finds himself with nothing to do but just to be himself for a little while.

He asked questions about places and people around Saybrook. "Do they still keep the Run dammed up for swimming?" he wanted to know. "Best pool I ever swam in, up there back of the mill."

She leaned back against her palms, and her taffeta skirt made a quaint rustling sound like dry leaves in the wind. "The dam and the swimming hole are still there," she said, "but no one goes up any more. Not since the Club went into debt for a pool with a tiled floor and padded spring boards."

He said, "Remember the dog-wagon out on the Pike at the cross-roads?"

"It's still there."

"Know what I'd like to do, Sally? Like to hop into a car and dash out there, the two of us, and sit up at the counter and eat bacon and tomato sandwiches and drink coffee out of thick mugs."

Sally didn't like bacon and tomato sandwiches. Drippy. But of course they wouldn't be going out to the dog-wagon anyhow. The guest of honor had to stick around.

She sat up a little. "How about breakfast?" she asked. "In the morning. I have a roadster. It's at the disposal of visiting firemen."

He turned his head and looked at her to see if she meant it, and what he saw apparently satisfied him. "Breakfast at the dog-wagon," he cheered. "Swell! Sally, you are a gal after my own heart."

But she wasn't after his heart at all. That, she assured herself, was silly. She was being agreeable merely to symbolize a type. The good pal type as opposed to the languorous lady group which wouldn't be awake at nine in the morning, let alone up and out at the cross-roads lunch wagon. And as she had told Angie, once he became aware of the species, he was going to be anxious to use the type in a picture. By that time Stanley Merrick and a girl named Sally Byers would be fast friends. Oh, everything was working out very, very well.

She said, "Bring your swimming suit. We'll go up to the Mill after breakfast."

THEY stood up then. Music blared from the ballroom, and they had to get back. The top of her curly head just came to his shoulder, and he tilted up her face with his fingers under her chin and grinned down at her and said, "You're a nice child, Sally," but he didn't kiss her.

The queerest little ache lay against the back of her throat. She half-reached out a hand and then stopped and drew it back and her nice little head came up proudly. "I know," she said. "A bread and butter and jelly sort of child."

"A—what?"

But she had turned and was running ahead up the path, the long full folds of her skirt brushing together with a sound like leaves scurrying before a wind.

Next morning she was up and bathed and dressed before Angie even got there to open the door carefully and stick her head in to see if she were awake. She wore a trim little brown sweater and skirt and a bright orange scarf looped under her chin and no hat, and she was pulling things out of drawers to find a swimming suit.

"Lawd, honey," said Angie, "you can't go swimmin' this mornin'. It's gonna rain."

But she had said that yesterday. And this morning the sun was shining, bright and fiercely hot. Sally giggled delightedly. "You're wasting your time here, Angie. You ought to be with the weather bureau."

"Just you wait, honey. When that rain commence, you gonna think it ain't never gonna stop."

Sally backed her roadster from the garage, took the corner at Apple Street on a yellow light, and found Stan sitting on the front steps of his mother's house. "Two minutes to nine," he remarked. "After dancing all night. Not bad." And his eyes were approving the orange scarf and the lipstick to match, and the way

the gold hair lay softly back from her temples.

He tossed swimming trunks into the car, and Sally slid over and let him take the wheel, not only because she knew that a man never chooses to be driven around by a girl but also for the obvious reason that she had to give all her attention now to approaches and responses and to the business of getting somewhere on her way to Hollywood. For Stan was leaving town on the two o'clock train this afternoon. In a little less than five hours. It was a very short space of time when your whole future depended upon what you accomplished therein.

Out at the dog-wagon they sat perched on tall stools and ate triangles of toast with ripe slices of tomato and crisp strips of bacon between, and drank rich steaming coffee from thick mugs. Stan called for second orders. And Sally, who seldom ate any breakfast except orange juice, wondered where she had gotten the idea that she didn't like bacon and tomato sandwiches. And then she saw the doughnuts, thick sugary ones in a bowl with a glass lid, and her eyes, meeting Stan's in the strip of mirror beyond the counter and the stacked up cups and plates, were warm and dark and shining. She didn't know when she had had so much fun. She didn't know when she'd seen anything that looked as good as those doughnuts. "Could we afford some, Mr. Merrick?"

They afforded two apiece, and then Sleepy Joe leaned against the counter and said the breakfast was on the house and did Stan remember the time that Saybrook High won the district football championship?

"AND everybody came out to the wagon to celebrate?" Did Stan remember! With this gay reminiscent mood upon them the time passed swiftly. Stan glanced at his watch and whistled. After eleven. Sally slid down off the stool and tucked a hand under Stan's elbow, and Stan told Sleepy Joe it had been a swell party. "When you come to Hollywood, look me up," said Stan and the screen door banged behind them.

Outside, the hot still air was vibrant with the hum of insects. Stan stepped up the car to seventy, and the ends of Sally's scarf were bright banners in the breeze. A bank of cloud edged up toward the sun. And presently something low and ominous like the rumble of thunder trailed the singing tires.

Stan pointed a calculating brow up toward the black cloud. "Looks like we're in for a shower, my gal."

"Ummm," said Sally, and a big drop of rain splashed against her nose.

"We'd better try to make it to the mill," Stan decided. "Just around this next corner, isn't it?"

He took the curve on two wheels, and the deluge was upon them. At the mill he grabbed Sally's wrist and they ran for it and lightning like bright knives sliced through the blackness ahead of them.

"Watch your step, kid." The mill was old and creaky and full of drafts, and water puring down the Run began to pound against the huge wheel which hadn't turned in years. They made their way down a ladder-like stairway, Stan going ahead along the damp moss-grown treads, and as he reached the bottom and turned to give Sally a hand, she slipped. Teetering a moment on the edge of nothing, reaching out blindly, she tried to find a support that wasn't there and landed in Stanley Merrick's arms.

It was entirely an accident.

But could you have held what followed as accidental? Stan Merrick's arms, having set

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take off your dress,
smell the fabric at
the armhole—that is
the way you smell
to others!**



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Sally on her feet, did not release her but drew her up close and eagerly against the sturdy pounding of his heart; and his mouth, finding hers, planted an impetuous kiss thereon. Maybe it wasn't just exactly the sort of kiss he would have directed for the screen, coming as it did on impulse and with no preliminary emotional build-up. Still, it had all the requisites of ardor. For Sally, shivering with cold and the sudden drenching and hating the jagged lavender lightning which cut into the clammy darkness and set in bold relief rafters and shutterless broken windows where bats clung, this same Sally felt all at once warm and sheltered and safe.

Maybe the wind and rain still tore around the corners of the building. Maybe the old mill wheel groaned and creaked under the force of the water pouring against the frame. Sally didn't hear it. She heard nothing now

"Maybe," said Stan, feeling of his pockets for cigarettes with the modern's casual acceptance of whatever situation he may find himself in, "maybe we'd better move to the ground floor—if any."

In a stone-paved room, in what evidently had been storage space at one time, they sat together on a bench contrived of a plank and two empty kegs and waited for the down-pour to lessen a little. "Damned draftiest place I ever saw," Stan complained, looking down at Sally who sat there with her fingers doubled into tight little fists and tried to keep her teeth from chattering. He put his coat around her shoulders. Sally sneezed. "Here I sit watching you catch pneumonia," he raged, "and there's nothing I can do for you."

Oh, but there was something he could do for her. Good heavens, she had practically forgotten why she was here at all. She tilted

get anywhere in Hollywood and I know that all the influence of all the producers and directors in the place won't do you any good if you can't put yourself across and I know—"

Abruptly he put her away and jerked to his feet. "You don't know anything about it," he roared. He began pacing up and down the short space of their dark prison. "You don't have the least little idea of what it's all about. It's the craziest, dizziest game in the world. You don't belong in it. You're not the type."

She was on her feet too. She was furious. "Not the—type?" she flamed. "I might have known you'd say that. You can't see that you are working yourself into a rut. You wouldn't of course understand that one of these days people are going to get tired of Lili Lane. Or—" She planted herself suddenly in his path, two red spots blazing high in her cheeks, "are you merely trying to tell me that you don't think I can act. Is that what you are trying to tell me?"

"I'm telling you that you don't belong in that mad scuffle out there, elbowing your way up through the mob. You aren't the—"

"The type?" she supplied frigidly.

He nodded. "Look, Sally, I'd tell you practically anything to keep you out of it."

SHE stuffed her hands down into the little brown pockets of her skirt. Waves of heat shimmered now where a few seconds ago there had been icebergs. "I understand," she said. "What you are trying to get across to me, Mr. Merrick, is that when I get to Hollywood, I needn't look for any help from you."

"You get the idea," he agreed, "exactly."

It was well past one o'clock when Sally finally eased her roadster into the home garage. She had a throbbing pain in the back of her head and she had also Stanley Merrick's swimming trunks which he had left in the car. She grabbed up the trunks with the intention of throwing them into a waste-basket, but instead she carried them up to her room and plunked them into a box and wedged it into the bottom of a deep press, piling other boxes on top. Why she did this, she didn't quite know. "If I die," she thought wryly between sneezes, "won't they be surprised to find a scandal in my closet. . . ."

Sally went to bed, and it was a week later before she began to notice things again. Such things as a white-capped nurse in the room and a lot of roses and old Dr. Teagarden coming in to listen to her heart. She asked who had sent the roses. Well, the white ones were from someone named Chuck and a person who signed himself Curly had sent the Johanna Hills and a boy named Tom had brought the deep red ones. Sally sighed and closed her eyes. Good old Chuck and Curly and Tom. And not even a snapdragon from Stanley Merrick.

But why should there be? Stan was back in Hollywood by this time making another picture which would be, no doubt, a hit. Stanley Merrick would be much too busy these days even to remember a crazy kid named Sally whom he had kissed in a storm.

She sat up in bed for an hour each afternoon, and her eyes were very dark and very big in her little white face. The beech tree outside the window was almost bare of leaves now. Dr. Teagarden said, "Sunshine. Out-of-doors. Southern California for you this winter, my girlie." So Sally asked for a map and decided on a place that appeared within commuting distance of Hollywood.

To black Angie who was flicking a dust cloth among the crystal bottles on the dressing



At the Breakfast Club party for the stars of silent days, William Farnum reminisces with Katherine Adams. They both played in "Riders of the Purple Sage"

except the eager pounding of her own heart and the new note of gentleness in the voice murmuring her name.

Given an auspicious shower and a wide masculine shoulder for background, Sally ordinarily could manage the moment to suit her purposes. Now she forgot that she had any purpose in life except this moment of being held in Stanley Merrick's arms. She forgot ulterior motives. Hollywood and its possibilities were entirely out of her thoughts.

"Little Sally—" he whispered.

And then thunderously, quite as if nature itself had determined to take a hand in the picture, there was a fierce booming as the old wheel let loose, and a splintering of wood and a groaning of timber. The wheel collapsed in the force of the rushing water, taking a part of one side of the building with it. Stan, taking a quick step backward, dragged Sally with him, and they stood there looking down into the yawning space below.

back her head a little and the gold curls brushed his shoulder and her voice was soft and appealing and urgent.

"Stan," she said, "tell me about Hollywood."

"It's a town," he replied vaguely, as if his mind were on a pair of warm orange lips rather than back in the picture capital. "It's like any other town. You get tired of it."

"Oh, but I'm sure I'll never get tired of it."

His attention sat up a little. "What?" he demanded.

I DIDN'T tell you, Stan," she said as if she had been saving it for a surprise. "I'm going to Hollywood. I've been wanting to such a long time and now I'm going. And please—" she begged, sensing his sudden and violent disapproval and reaching up to press slender fingers against his lips that had set in a stern line, "please don't explode, darling, till I tell you. I know you've got to have the goods to

table she confided that she was going to elbow her way to the top.

"Yas'm," said Angie. "The top of what, honey?"

"The picture industry. Where Stanley Merrick is. And some day when I've made a name for myself, they'll want Stanley Merrick to direct a picture I'm going to make and I'll tell them I can't work with Stanley Merrick. I'll tell them he—represses me."

"Yas'm," gulped Angie, and glimpsing the stricken face against the pillow, murmured "poor baby," and went down the hall to put fresh water on the roses.

Two hot tears slid from beneath the gold lashes. What was triumph when it was compounded of such bitterness? She was in love with big tall stubborn Stan Merrick, and so what?

Nothing. A machine projecting blank film upon the screen of your heart, that was what it was to be in love with someone who could kiss you and then go away and forget you.

There were footsteps just beyond the doorway.

Sally turned her head a little.

In the doorway stood Stanley Merrick.

"Stan—" she whispered, and she wanted to jump out of bed and rush across the room and fling herself into his arms. But she didn't, of course.

"Stop crying," he ordered. "You'll have your temperature up again."

"**A**LWAYS the director, aren't you, Mr. Merrick?" She looked very sweet and stubborn in her frilly pink shoulder jacket, her short gold hair hooked softly behind her ears.

He said, "I didn't know you had been ill, Sally. I came—"

"I know. You came for your swimming suit."

"Oh, yes," he said. He pressed a hand down into a coat pocket as with a sudden uncertainty. "One thousand three hundred and thirty-seven miles to get a swimming suit. I flew. I've just joined a swimming class and I had to have a suit."

"Of course," she said, and in spite of her determination some more tears welled up and made the gold lashes wet.

Stan Merrick strode purposefully across the room and sat down against the edge of the bed. "Look, Sally. Stop crying. I've been making arrangements for you, sweet. Interviews, tests, try-outs. The moguls are sitting on the edges of their chairs waiting to sign you up. I told them what a swell little kid you were—"

"You said I couldn't act."

"I said I'd keep you out of Hollywood if I could. How can a man make love to a girl on a screen? Do you think a man wants to share the only girl in the world with a clamoring public? Do you?"

Sally sat up. Her eyes were wide. "I hope not," she said gravely, and flung her arms around Stanley Merrick's neck.

Out in the hall, the white-capped nurse and black Angie approached the open bedroom door from opposite directions. The nurse glancing into the room and glimpsing the idea that her patient was quite on the road to recovery, kept moving on down the hall with the tact that belongs with the profession. She stood by a window looking out into the autumn afternoon. "It looks," she said, matter-of-factly making conversation, "a little like rain."

But Angie stood rooted in the bedroom doorway. Jubilation glowed above the bowl of roses in her arms. "Lawd," she said, "it looks to me like a weddin'."

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Has a Movie Mother Any Private Rights?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

HAS a mother who works, who for that work must lead a public life, any right to a life of her own? How is she to fit together her motherhood, her womanhood, and her professional career?

And who is to be the judge of her fitness as a mother? Is a man like Harry Bannister the one?

Let's look for a moment at this Ann Harding, whose clear, sweet beauty has won our hearts, whose steady eyes have looked at us from the screen, whose every movement and word show refinement and character.

She is the Colonel's daughter. Born and reared in army camps. Used to the hardships, the movement, the inconvenience of an army

couple. I remember them very well, at parties and at the studios. I do not know what Harry Bannister thinks now about those days—looking back his vision may be clouded by his loss, by self-justification, even by that malice which such separations sometimes seem to bring. But I do know that in those days he and all the world regarded Ann Harding as a perfect wife. In fact, a great many people in Hollywood thought Ann Harding several kinds of a fool because of her rather tiresome devotion to her husband.

She was the worst dressed woman I ever saw in my life, and she used to sit around at parties and smile at her husband. Apparently she had no mind of her own at all.



Despite his heavy schedule at the studio, the genial Pat O'Brien manages to thoroughly enjoy domesticity with Mrs. O'Brien. His next is "China Clipper," in which he again plays the kindly but hard-boiled manager of an airline

officer's family. Through her character runs that vein of steel that such training must give. I think of Ann Harding as sweet, but I never think of her as soft.

When she went on the stage her father disapproved. Ladies, he said, didn't act. But there was a vitality in his daughter that seemed to need an outlet. Social life alone didn't answer.

Restlessness possessed her and so—she went on the stage. Fought her way up alone, without money and without favor.

She married Harry Bannister. He was an actor of the more florid school, big and heavily handsome and she loved him. Moreover, he was her first love.

Originally they came to Hollywood because Bannister was playing in a show and his wife did not want to leave him.

While they were there she was offered the lead in "Paris Bound," and the one part made her.

Do you remember her in it? The gay, gallant, real girl against the background of a dissipated, unreal society? I've never forgotten her.

For a long time we knew them as an ideal

In time it became pretty well agreed that Bannister was running her life and her career, and some of the studios objected to his interference in loud voices. Mr. Bannister hadn't done very well in Hollywood. It was plain enough that the beautiful new home, the charming tennis court and swimming pool, the playground for Jane, all the luxury and beauty with which the child was surrounded must be coming from Ann's salary.

BUT this unfortunate couple said it more plainly than I ever can, and now their words must have special value and significance.

When their separation startled Hollywood and film fans equally, they issued one of the most astounding statements ever to appear in print.

It appeared in the newspapers on March 24th, 1932, and read: "We, Harry Bannister and Ann Harding Bannister, are getting a divorce because during our three years in the motion picture industry we have been placed in a position that is untenable.

"Due to Harry's constant and generous effort to forward my interests, often at the expense of his own, he is gradually losing his

identity, becoming a background for my activities and being looked upon as Ann Harding's husband.

"We have decided that the only way for Harry to re-establish himself in his profession is to cut the Gordian knot, to set forth on his own, quite apart from me and win his way back to the standing he enjoyed in the theater before this unfortunate situation in pictures has a chance to reach us and destroy the love and respect we have for each other."

Now that, in all fairness, is as fine and gallant a statement as a woman could make.

Ann Harding went on working as few people realize a screen star has to work—went on giving something fine and lovely to all the people who went to see her pictures. Went on being a great success, because she had something real to offer.

Harry Bannister, free of the chains of being "Ann Harding's husband," free of having to give his all to the making of her career, still didn't seem to click anywhere.

In time, began the terrific bombardment against Miss Harding concerning her child. Under it, the clear spirit that had pervaded her work flagged and failed. We all saw it. Under it, her box-office appeal, touched by these amazing accusations, began to go down hill.

She labored under the horror of the fact that the man to whom she had been married, who knew her human frailties but who also knew her generosity, bravery and kindness, could, in open court, declare her unfit to bring up their child.

It was a spiritual horror that nearly killed her. For a time she went under.

She spent long weeks in a hospital; longer weeks trying to find herself again in the quiet and beauty of the Hawaiian Isles.

IN time, fighting desperately for her child and for her own peace of mind, she had to go into court and declare that these brutal attacks and insults had been preceded by demands for money from Harry Bannister, demands that she pay him money or else he would take her child from her and ruin her career.

She had to state that she had already made a huge property settlement upon him.

And at last, she had to run away from the home she loves, the land which gave her birth and for which her father fought.

Here is the great and vital point of the Bannister-Harding case: Divorced from Bannister, a free woman, working hard, devoting her love and the chief part of her attention to her child, supporting that child and giving her the best home and education possible, Ann Harding remains a woman.

A woman working under great stress in a community that has had to make laws for itself. Like most professional women, Ann Harding thinks less of sex than other women. She must.

We all find that true—we women who work as equals with men. Sometimes I think we have found something higher than our more fortunate sisters.

We have found a companionship, an equality with men, that protected and cherished women never know.

Women like Ann Harding who work day and night with men, with directors, actors, writers, producers, never think one way or the

other about sex. Unless they are in love, all men look alike to them.

Ann Harding made a swift vacation trip with an actor named Kirkland. On that trip they had the bad luck to be shipwrecked and to watch from an overturned boat while a man was killed. So the thing made the front pages.

I know perfectly well that Ann thought no more of the proprieties involved in that trip than she would have if she had been making the trip with her own sister. But perhaps in the eyes of a conventional society, she may have done indiscreet things—she may even have done things condemned by society.

Ann Harding *didn't* want to marry again. I know that because she once told me so.

She felt, as we often feel, that her job and her child were all she could handle. You can drive two horses but you cannot drive three. A husband was something she didn't want to add to her problems—her problems of self-support, of work, of giving her best to little Jane.

I have had women like Ann Harding tell me they never went to bed without feeling they had neglected something of importance—that either their work or their children or their husband had suffered neglect. It is too much for us sometimes.

And so it may be that Ann Harding has lived as thousands of other women have lived: seeking love, needing it, yet in the end denying it for her child and her work. That happens. In books and stories and pictures it makes for great drama.

OF these things I do not know. But this I do know. That Ann Harding loves her baby better than anything on earth. That she has worked to give that child everything. That she has given that little girl love, devotion, careful training, everything that any child could have. That, to the best of her honest ability, she has trained that child to meet life as life is today.

If she's an unfit mother—there are no fit mothers. And understanding her, remembering all she has meant to us, I think we owe her our understanding, our loyalty and our love.



20th Century Fox thought Pauline Frederick was so good, they kept her on salary for months, doing nothing, to be sure of having her in "Ramona"

THIS LETTER from a Linit enthusiast will interest every fastidious girl and woman in America:

"Frequently I am faced with the problem of going out to evening social functions with little time to rest beforehand. However, I usually allow myself an hour in which to bathe and dress and so I decide to indulge in a little rejuvenating beauty treatment, in which Linit plays a dual role. First, I make a thin paste of Linit, mixed with orange water. This is generously spread over the face, neck and shoulders. Meanwhile, the bath water is running and to this I add a half package or more of Linit. While I lie in the soothing bath of milky Linit water, I feel the beauty masque of Linit slowly lift the tired facial muscles. Then, a cool shower removes the masque easily and I step out of the tub refreshed and eager to face the long evening."



FOR FINE LAUNDERING

Don't overlook the directions on the Linit package...recommending Linit for starching. Linit makes even ordinary cotton fabrics look and feel like linen.



Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

had whooping cough, nor mumps, nor chicken pox, nor scarlet fever . . ."

"Has she had measles?"

"Yes, a year or two ago," remembered Mrs. Temple.

So, as the fates decreed, it was measles the little stand-in had caught. And Shirley was safe.

PROVIDENCE has been hard at work these days in Hollywood, it turns out. Besides shielding Shirley it foiled death when Betty Furness turned over in her car—she had a huge bundle of dresses in the seat beside her and fell on them, coming out with hardly a scratch. And then Director Roy Del Ruth's wife did pile into a lamp-post with her Duesenberg and will live, which anybody who saw the smash will tell you is one of those miracle things.

THEY just couldn't seem to get the scene, for some reason or other. Every time Gary Cooper and Madelaine Carroll would get halfway through the bedroom shot, Gary (who never falters) would snicker and blow up on his lines. Finally they asked what was wrong.

"It's those snores," Gary said. "I get to a certain place and there comes this rasping noise and I blow. Can't help it."

And when they had turned the stage upside down, they finally found the monkey-trainer—fast asleep behind a crate. Vociferously asleep. . . .

THERE'S the amusing story of Porter Hall, character actor from the New York stage, who was shot "dead" in a scene one afternoon and then didn't show up for work the next morning.

"But," he protested when they called him, "in a play you're through when you die. How was I to know you wanted me any more?"

ANYWAY, that picture starring Julie Hayden and Mary Boland has a water-front sequence, with piles of clams and lobsters and oysters to be photographed. And the clams didn't show in the rushes, so they decided to put make-up on them.

That took a couple of hours, and it was a hot day—so when the painters were through no one could find the cast. They'd gone on strike, and refused to return unless clothes-pins were supplied for outraged noses.

A pretty kettle of fish, all right—but Mary had a conference with the supervisor, and all was fixed. They declammed the clams, and embalmed the lobsters and oysters, and a little ventilator was fixed over the reeking heap. Only lost two days, after all.

THAT man in the pet-shop is still recounting his interview with Jean Howard, who came in to buy a cage.

"A nice large one," she said, with descriptive waggles of her hands. "Close-knit wires and very light. It's for 'Butch.'"

"Butch," said the pet-man.

"Mm-hm. My butterfly."

WHEN they told Nat Pendleton (*Sandow* in "Ziegfeld") that he had to play strong-man in another picture, he called up a few wrestling partners and started training on a little pier in front of his beach house. This went on for several days until at last, unable to stand the strain any longer, the tiny pier gave way—and dumped the muscle-men splash into the briny!

IT'S got so the inmates of M-G-M wait each week for Bob Montgomery's visits. He is even hailed by an office boy forerunner who calls, "Hey, here he is," and out of offices and conference rooms pour actors, writers, pro-

ducers and directors all intent on one thing. And that is to examine Bob's newest tweed suit.

It seems Bob brought back reams of the swankiest tweed cloth yet seen, from England. And just as he has it made up, he appears for inspection. I don't mind saying Bob's glamorous tweeds have created no end of green-eyed envy in the hearts of male Hollywood.

WE are sorry to relate the latest news concerning Margaret Sullavan's broken arm is discouraging, indeed. When the X-rays revealed the bone had not set properly, Margaret took herself off to New York to consult specialists. They, too, were dissatisfied, and with her arm rebroken and still in a cast after several months, she went home to her people in Norfolk, Virginia.

Hollywood is sorry to hear of Maggie's tough luck and wish her well.

DIRECTOR Gregory La Cava is thoughtful, to say the least. When he and Carole Lombard and Bill Powell decided to celebrate the completion of their picture, "My Man Godfrey," La Cava chartered busses to take home the boys who seemed a bit on the groggy side.

With the keys of their cars safely put away by the director, there was nothing left to do but go home in the waiting busses.

Not a bad hint to far-seeing hostesses, eh?

WHILE Margaret Sullavan was away, Henry Fonda displayed a marked interest in his new leading lady, Doris Nolan. The two are playing in "Reno In The Fall," and the scenes both before and behind the camera look more like "Paris In The Spring."

Good thing you're home, Maggie. Henry has that certain something in his eye!

At Last! The Heart-Stirring Love Story of Myrna Loy

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

extent of risking an important and different rôle to her keeping. He said he actually saw her in the same sort of rôles Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford portrayed before the camera!

It is little wonder that Myrna's interest was piqued by the young producer, and in order to understand the basis of their mutual attraction and friendship it is necessary to retrace the interesting career of Arthur Hornblow, Jr., and discover the type of person it has made of him.

He is a brilliant man and he brings a background of ability and achievement to his work in Hollywood that did not have its inception in the Coal and Bin business, or even the Coats and Pants business. He is the son and namesake of the founder and veteran editor of *Theatre Magazine*. He was born in New York, March 15th, 1893.

Brought up in a literary world against the backdrop of the theater, he began his career as a writer early in life authoring dramatic sketches for vaudeville and fast-fiction for the more popular pulp magazines. When his education was completed at Dartmouth College he became a special feature writer, con-

tributing to the *New York Times*, *The World*, *The Sun* and the "class" magazines. In the beginning of his career it was his intention to enter the practice of criminal law, a profession his "actor-personality" would have proved admirably adapted to. But immediately after young Hornblow was admitted to the bar in New York state, the war broke out.

For two years he served as a first lieutenant in the counter-espionage section of the army in France after preliminary training in the Secret Service School of the British Army in Havre.

AFTER the war, he returned to America, somehow forgot his legal ambitions and turned to the theater again. He achieved his first recognition with a series of adaptations from the French, and ultimately joined the Charles Frohman Company as an assistant producing director. Even with his active stage work, however, he maintained his writing activities, achieving no little fame as *Theatre Magazine's* critic-in-chief under the title, "Mr. Hornblow Goes To The Theater."

In 1926 he adapted "The Captive" from the French, and the ballyhoo attracted by this play brought him to the attention of Samuel Goldwyn, who immediately signed him to a writing contract for pictures. But his talent as a producer was too marked to be long ignored and before he had been six months in Hollywood he was Goldwyn's right hand production man. As chief production executive for Goldwyn, Hornblow produced "Whoopee," "Condemned," "Raffles," "Street Scene," "Kid From Spain," "Arrowsmith" and "Roman Scandals."

Their long association came to a close in 1933 with Goldwyn making no secret of the fact he had offered his associate a substantial percentage of his profits to remain, but recognized the younger man's decision to strike out on his own was in keeping with his ability. Since that time Hornblow has been an associate producer at Paramount, and in spite of his direct guidance of Myrna's career, she has been borrowed from M-G-M for but one of his pictures "Wings In The Dark," which starred Myrna and featured Cary Grant.

Hornblow is a brilliant conversationalist, drawing on his repertoire of fascinating experiences to enthrall groups of listeners at a time. He has opened to Myrna the fascination of good books, good paintings, good music. Her interest in music and the dramatic stage is equal to her interest in motion pictures, and precious little of her time is spent in "shop talk," or idle interest in the latest gossip rumors.

They spend typical evenings together with Myrna walking up and down the floor, the newest Broadway success in her hand, reading the rôle of the chief feminine character as though she were portraying it.

William Powell once said that the secret of Myrna's fine screen portrayals is that she constantly "thinks" her characterizations. There is far more to her work than the mere accident of an adaptable camera personality and a provocative appearance. Whether Hollywood realizes it or not, she is truly grounded in the rudiments and the technique of her profession.

IT is one of the real dreams of Arthur Hornblow's life to some day present the beautiful girl who has won his heart in one of his own shows on Broadway.

He is her greatest booster, her most ardent admirer, and he believes Hollywood is only the starting place toward the goal Myrna will eventually achieve in the dramatic world.

Personally, we agree with the more or less prejudiced Mr. Hornblow. But even if it weren't true, this much is certain: with the faith and confidence and encouragement of the man she loves constantly behind her for inspiration, there is no professional barricade Myrna would not scale with her bare hands to make that confidence come true!

Myrna has found happiness and peace, at last—and the happy climax to her love story is bound to open unguessed-at triumphs in the life and career of the lovely person the movie world knows as "the most delightful wife on the screen."

SCRIPT GIRLS PREFER HUSBANDS

is the title of a soul-stirring new serial by S. Gordon Gurwit, starting in September PHOTOPLAY.

It reveals the romantic life of a lovely script girl in Hollywood—a beauty contest winner who also wins the love of two famous directors.

Don't miss this thrilling tale as told by an author who understands human nature as few writers do, and who knows his Hollywood from "A" to "Z."

In September PHOTOPLAY out August 10th.



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The Fairbanks' Social War Is On!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23]

gang over to his house by the beach for the finishing up touches—and the party went!

No sitting back for Doug, and waiting for Hollywood to seek him out. The bull was taken by the horns (you know how Doug is for action), and already Hollywood is including the Fairbanks in their guests lists *in return*. Thus has Doug flung the first grenade in the opposing camp.

BUT Mary Pickford still holds several trumps up her little sleeve, fear not.

The studio in which Doug works and will spend three-fourths of his time in the future making "Marco Polo," is closed to his new wife. Mary, as president of the United Artists corporation and co-producer of Lasky-Pickford pictures, holds forth in full sway there. And unless Mary chooses, Lady Ashley will be completely shut off from that source of her husband's life and company. So far, Mary chooses just that.

At exactly five forty-five of a recent Tuesday evening, a long, black limousine was seen to linger in the seclusion of a side street near United Artists studio.

At six o'clock, the exact moment Mary was making one of her weekly broadcasts from Pickfair, the car crept out of hiding and shot through the studio gates. Doug and Lady Ashley had chosen this moment to visit the studio when Mary's absence was guaranteed.

He was like a kid in his eagerness to show his wife his workshop. The fact that right next to his own bungalow stood one marked "Mary Pickford" was ignored. The windows of Sam Goldwyn's establishment and the Pickford-Lasky corporation were filled with everyone from stenographers to executives, all anxious to see Doug's new wife. And they stared eagerly because they knew full well they'd never get another chance to see her until six o'clock of a Tuesday evening rolled around again. Unless, as I say, Mary lets down the bars herself.

Another favorite spot closed to Doug and his bride is the lovely hilltop mansion Mary and Douglas built together. In that home stands a certain room, Doug's own, filled with the trophies he has gathered unto himself during various hunting and exploring expeditions. Priceless treasures line its walls. It's natural Doug should wish to show this room to his wife and yet by the terms of his agreement with Mary he closed those doors himself. When the property settlement was made Mary was given Pickfair and Douglas the beach house in which he now lives.

Hollywood has seen many an odd threesome in its child-like struggle for sanity but never such a one as this with its melodramatic situations, its silent, poignant struggles and its dreadful chains that bind all three lives together. So long as Mary and Doug remain business partners and co-owners of a Hollywood studio this tenseness is bound to continue.

The quaint, almost old-fashioned ideals that make Mary Pickford the woman of importance she is and endear her to all the world, prevent her from accepting the usual Hollywood standards of the forgive-and-forget-and-let's-be-happy attitude that surrounds other divorce triangles out this way. What would seem a simple problem to most of Hollywood is a deadly serious and vitally important affair to Mary Pickford. There can be no laughing off

of past hurts and exchange of easy banter for Mary Pickford. It isn't possible to her nature, as you can well understand.

All of which makes it the deadly serious combat it is. Where will it end, one wonders.

One thing is sure. Douglas Fairbanks has come back with less cockiness, with more humble gratitude for friendliness, and with more seriousness of purpose than he has had at any time since his invasion of English society. Fairbanks, as one friend suggested, is learning that old friends are best friends and that one's native land is not a matter of geographical boundaries so much as a disease in one's blood that cannot be counteracted by Oxford accents and one-eyed spectacles.

So Doug has come back home. And, for the most part, home is glad to see him. The beach house, although decorated by Miss Pickford not so long ago, is, naturally enough, being

Those Who Wish They Hadn't Posed

For the pictures on pages 42 and 43, are, from left to right:

Carole Lombard
Myrna Loy
Joan Crawford
Ginger Rogers
Mae West

done over. Doug and Sylvia will make this their future home, traveling to China at some distant date for authentic background shots for Doug's next production, "Marco Polo."

Whispers concerning that production grow daily in Hollywood. An announcement appearing in a local paper and later verified by his associates, stated it had been postponed until late fall. It seems that while Doug and his fiancée, Lady Ashley, were flitting from St. Moritz to far flung islands, Hollywood had been doing some stepping herself. Methods for the making of movies had advanced so far in the time Douglas had been away that he felt a careful brushing up was necessary before undertaking so elaborate a production.

"**O**H, well," some people say, "before this feud can gain much headway, Doug's marriage may be over. She's younger, you know, by a good ten years."

But most of Hollywood has other ideas. Lady Ashley is everything Mary Pickford isn't and a couple of vice versas, it is pointed out.

"When Mary Pickford took her place at the head of the table as President of United Artists, she signed her death warrant to marriage," a close associate of Mary's said. "No man likes to feel himself subjugated to a woman no matter what the circumstances, so when Mary's word became law, her marriage became secondary."

"I've worked and fought my way through since I've been twelve and *I know business*," Mary told a friend recently. Mary has lived and breathed motion pictures the greater part of her life.

Lady Ashley has no desire for a career in

pictures and displays not the slightest interest in them except as they touch her husband's life. When Doug plans his next movie, right or wrong he can expect nothing but blind belief from the present Mrs. Fairbanks. When Douglas Fairbanks made a movie in the past, the production was highlighted with hard-headed arguments and commonsense advice from the then Mrs. Fairbanks.

The comparison stands for itself.

Sylvia Ashley has a long slim face and an ultra sophisticated air. She has none of the naive girlish charm that is felt about Mary Pickford. She wears her hair, blonde, in a devastating sweep over one eye. No curls are in evidence.

On one very white hand as she talks she dangles a tiny Scotty with a huge plaid bow. Mary's plaything is usually a contract to enrich the Pickford coffers by so much.

Again, the contrast stands for itself.

Sylvia's complete capitulation to Hollywood is only a forerunner (as someone said) to Hollywood's complete capitulation to Sylvia. She loves its fog, its long distances, its beaches. It all reminds her of home.

In contrast again to Mary, she not only knows the social game but enjoys it. It's no secret that Mary Pickford was never happy in the social whirl.

Mary has intelligence and breeding and charm. Her friends are devoted to her and a great loyal public is still hers. But her most beloved interest is still in her career, whether it be producing, acting on the radio, or her new and very successful career of writing.

Doug and Sylvia prefer play.

A spectator tells of seeing Fairbanks and Sylvia walking up and down, and up and down before several automobile agencies, for all the world like two kids before a candy shop. At last they entered one and Doug said, "I want that car with a specially built body for my wife."

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS could never have bought anything for Mary Pickford that she couldn't have bought for herself. His present wife allows him the masculine satisfaction of giving. Yes, it has all the earmarks of lasting. A bit longer than usual, at least.

One thing is certain. The Fairbanks clan has accepted the new Mrs. Fairbanks with open arms. At the airport, Doug's brother and his four charming nieces greeted the former Lady Ashley, who has incurred so much unfavorable publicity, with open arms. Seeing them waiting there, she hesitated and almost drew back. Her dread of their manner of welcome was obvious to all.

When they advanced and tenderly embraced her, Hollywood definitely knew that Mary Pickford had been replaced in the affections of the Fairbanks clan.

"Lady Ashley," said a friend who knew her abroad, "will charm, flatter and control Hollywood in less time than you can sign a movie contract. She will hold the village in the hollow of her hand unless Mary Pickford puts up the battle of her life."

And Hollywood bets dollars to doughnuts Mary will fight.

So the feud of all time rolls merrily on and the maneuvers promise Hollywood the most excitement it has had in many a long, long year.

Some Call It Love

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

to the latest movies together, to study and see what the leaders in their profession were doing. They stood in line at the modestly priced restaurants, even after Bob had scored such a personal hit in "Society Doctor."

If they had been left alone for a little while, if they had been allowed to remain on the fringes of professional Hollywood just a bit longer, they might have been able to work out their problems. The ending might have been as sweet as the beginning! But Bob's fame was growing by leaps and bounds. His popularity was so sudden that it was miles ahead of Bob's wildest dreams. Wherever they went, they were trailed by cameramen. Magazines and newspapers carried vividly-captioned pictures of them together as "Hollywood's newest engaged couple." Into the midst of what was a very lovely romance, Bob's dizzy *CAREER* asserted itself with almost frightening importance.

Everything they said or did was magnified out of all proportion by a world-wide public and a neon-lighted Hollywood that seemed insatiable for details of Taylor's private life. Almost overnight this handsome boy had developed from a "student actor" to a million-dollar investment—admittedly the most important box-office personality since Gable. And industries with million dollar investments on their hands are seldom careless with them.

ONE widely read commentator of movie doings printed the story that Taylor had become so important to his producing company that a high official of the studio had written a non-marriage clause into his contract. I doubt very much if that story was true. Bob himself denied the rumor to me. But certainly no one can blame a studio for taking a lively, personal interest in the conduct and future plans of a newly-discovered gold nugget. Publicity was turned on full force. At various times rumors were manufactured to show that he was "that way" about Jean Parker, Janet Gaynor, Virginia Bruce or any other actress with whom he was seen. These stories were supposedly good for his career.

You can understand Bob's point of view, can't you? It was only natural that this inexperienced college kid—new to the tricks of the trade and anxious above everything to become a real factor in the movie world—should seek the advice of men much smarter in the ways of Hollywood careers than he could possibly be in his two short years.

Yet who can blame lovely Irene Hervey if her patience became strained, then exhausted at the avalanche of engagements to other girls, affirmed and denied, the disturbing rumors of "other interests" in Bob's life? It would have been a confusing and difficult time for wiser hearts than Bob's and Irene's to weather. But for two very young, very inexperienced people in love, it was a situation impossible to handle.

They broke up. Soon after, Irene became engaged to Allan Jones. And don't make the mistake of considering this a "rebound romance"; it wasn't. It was the real thing. And it definitely turned the page and closed the last chapter on what might have been a possible reconciliation between Bob and Irene.

Bob emerged from this experience a wiser if more disillusioned boy. He told me one afternoon, soon after the break with Irene:

Especially in Summer

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The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton to prevent chafing and irritation. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is free to absorb.



KOTEX CAN'T FAIL

Kotex has a special "Equalizer" center whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 TIMES more absorbent than cotton.

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The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no tell-tale wrinkles.

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WONDERSOFT KOTEX A SANITARY NAPKIN
made from Cellucotton (not cotton)

"If this year in Hollywood has taught me nothing else it has proved that it is impossible for me to think of both marriage and a career for a long time yet. Years, in fact. I'm too new to all this! It has come on me too fast. I haven't had a chance to get the right perspective on myself or what has happened to me. My sense of values is topsy-turvy. How can I hope to bring any reality, any lasting

have laughed had you suggested that it was "heart trouble" that made Bob drive thirty miles to Barbara's location to eat dinner out of a lunch box with her rather than dining in the comfort of his own home.

They were so far from matrimony (to hear either of them tell it) that Bob ordered the architect to change the plans for his little bachelor house to one containing three bed-

ringing practically every hour of the day, only to have a rather breathless and excited voice on the other end of the wire say, "Hello!" and then forget what else he had called up about—if anything.

Just before he left for his first New York vacation, Bob said to me:

"I hope all this tempest in a teapot about Barbara and me won't break up the swell friendship we've found in one another. I know how Barbara stands on marriage. She doesn't want it for a long time. Freedom is the important thing in her life right now. As for me, I have far too healthy a respect for marriage not to bring more to it than I have to offer at the present. I want to get all the adventure, travel and restlessness out of my system before I attempt to settle down as a married man. I want to acquire enough experience so that I *know* myself. I think I should before I attempt to understand and sympathize with the problems of another person. Every chance I get between pictures, I want to take a trip—want to get far away from Hollywood. My first jaunt will be to Honolulu."

YET the very first chance he got to take that Honolulu trip he chose to remain close enough to Hollywood so that he could co-star in a picture with Barbara Stanwyck!

They admit that they fought against making the picture together. Oh, sure! For two people who seem so dead set against falling in love, what do you suppose their reason was? They were afraid they would quarrel during the making of the picture and thus end the most *platonic* friendship in Hollywood.

Oh, they are very wise and callous and sure of themselves—these two who have had so many laughs over the idea that they might get married!

They're so sure of what they want from life: their freedom to live, to travel, to broaden themselves.

Marriage for Bob and Barbara? It is to laugh they say.

Wouldn't it be funny if love had the last laugh, after all?

What are the words to that song Marlene Dietrich used to sing?

Falling in love again . . .

Never wanted to . . .

What am I to do . . . can't help it



Some call it love. Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor call it friendship. They are talking about what at the Hollywood airport? Bob N. Y., bound

happiness to marriage with anyone when I am so at sea concerning myself?" He even went so far as to say that he would never marry until he was through tussling with a camera career.

AND then he met Barbara Stanwyck! They liked each other from the moment they met. They would, naturally. In a town not overly blessed with sincerity and common sense, they share a mutual and healthy regard for these virtues.

There is no girl in Hollywood with a more direct, straight-from-the-shoulder viewpoint on life than Barbara. And there is no other actor in Hollywood who fools himself less than Bob Taylor.

The following night, they went to a preview together. And a few nights later they went dancing at the *Trocadero*.

They were still calling one another Mr. Taylor and Miss Stanwyck when their first "engagement" rumor was flashed over the radio. They got a laugh out of that. Of all the people in Hollywood who were *not* engaged, Taylor and Stanwyck were two cinches! But they kept seeing each other.

Why should they let a few silly rumors spoil their new-found friendship and the fun they had discovered they shared together? Let Hollywood and the public believe what they would. They *knew* they weren't in love—and that was the important thing.

They were so convinced of it that the "dates" they had been having once or twice a week became an every-evening event. They were so obviously not in love that they would

rooms and three baths—"because it will be easier to sell if it should ever become necessary."

Two months ago, when the plans were first made, Bob hadn't an idea in the world that he would ever sell his bachelor paradise. At that time he wanted: ". . . just a huge living room, dining room, kitchen and one large bedroom."

And you can take it from both of them it was only friendship that kept Barbara's telephone



Cary Grant and Mary Brian, still "twosoming" it everywhere, despite their denials of a romance have fun at the Grove with Hal Roach and Wendy Barrie

Fruit Whip a la Mother Goose

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77]

be in military school uniforms, and Darryl Zanuck's young daughters, both fetchingly costumed in very simple but very beautiful little hand-made dresses of white lawn.

At intervals along each table were long box-like arrangements of pansies, sweet peas and baby fern. Between each floral display were crystal bowls laden with tempting seasonal fruit. In addition to the usual fancy balloons, whistles, squawkers, horns, clappers, and decorated cardboard hats at each place stood cunning toy dogs of pink, blue or yellow plush.

The food for the party was simple enough to agree with youthful digestive systems yet made festive by decoration. The chief course was sandwiches, cut exactly the same as for Shirley's smaller parties, but with a range of fillings which included ham, cheese, chicken, deviled egg, and peanut butter and jelly. With them were served cups of hot chocolate or tall glasses of rich, cold milk.

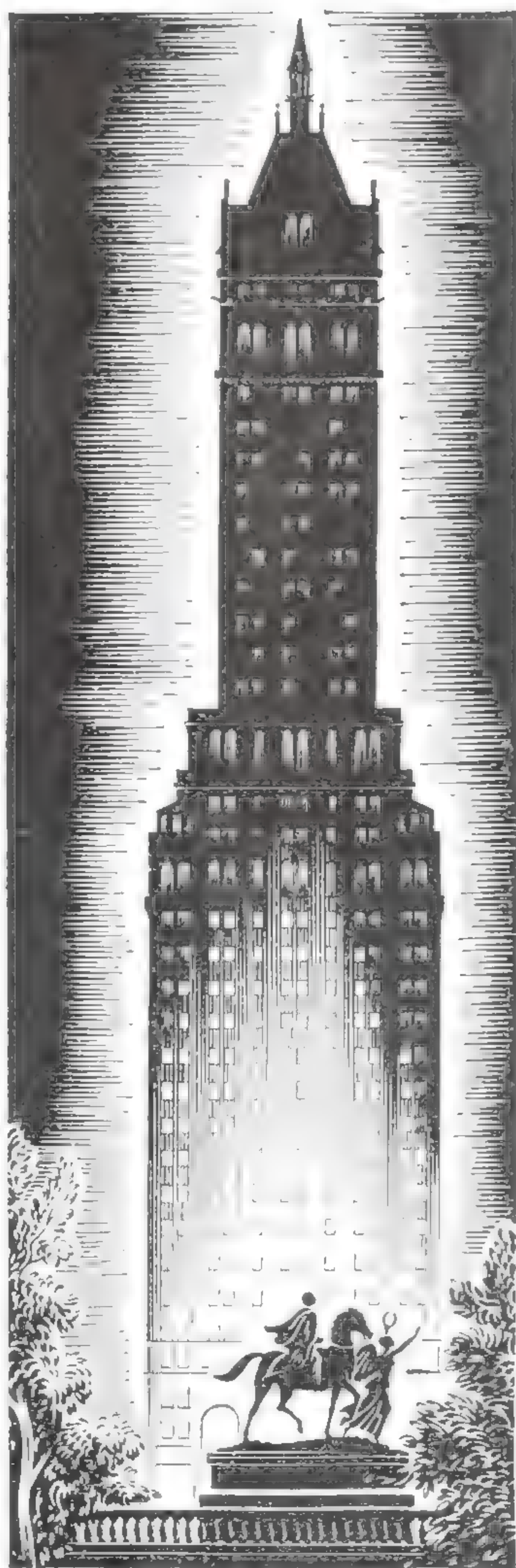
The *piece de resistance* of the feast was, of course, the huge birthday cake which was a masterpiece of catering art. Some three feet in diameter, it was made of not too rich golden cake and iced with white frosting elaborately decorated in tiny pink and silver candy balls and adorned with huge bows of pink candy. As a souvenir of the party, incidentally, each guest was given a small cake which was a perfect replica of the big one upon leaving. Slices of brick ice cream and the fresh fruit concluded the "eats" part of the party.

Then came the "doings." An orchestra, costumed as clowns, played and sang nursery rhymes. Next came a magician who mystified all with his rope and card tricks. Trained dogs and trained pigs then went through their amusing antics and finally the high spot of the party—a Punch and Judy version of the fairy tale "Little Snow White."

Glamorous Joan in a Gorgeous New Dress

The most beautiful full-color picture we have ever published of the most glamorous girl on the screen, Joan Crawford, looking her most ravishing, in a dinner gown of vivid red. Also be sure to get the next issue in order to make your Fall fashion selections. They may be purchased in department stores in most of the larger centers—see the list on page 111 of this issue.

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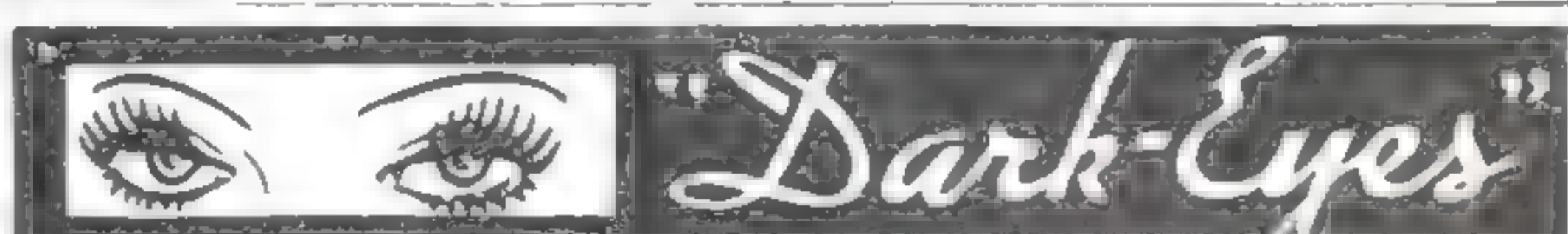
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Lovely Anita Louise

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

just before the birth of her baby, Ann knew that her love story was not "forever and forever." When love fled, they had no common ground. They came from different worlds. They did not speak the same language now that their hearts were apart.

Suddenly Ann was alone—for a little while.

They said at the hospital they'd never seen a lovelier baby. From the very start she was white-and-pink-and-gold. One lovely name would not do for such an atom of perfection. So Ann christened her the two loveliest names she had ever heard: Anita Louise.

Struggle, strangeness, privation and loneliness are not too difficult if one is proud. At first, it was almost unbearably lonely and confused for the girl who had known nothing but shelter and protection all her life. Her problems were complicated by the fact that her knowledge of English was so limited. To this day the soft burr of her native tongue clings to her speech. But she had two great incentives: first, there was her baby; second, there was necessity—for both of them!

The salary from the position she finally obtained with an interior decorating firm was not large, but it was adequate. It meant a place of their own and someone to look after the baby.

The creed of Ann Beresford's entire life was to surround her daughter with beauty. They were never able to pay much rent for living quarters, but Ann, with buckets of white paint to cover dark walls, and with her knowledge of crisscross net curtains at the windows and the wholesale prices she could obtain through the shop, could turn the most mediocre boarding house rooms into charming quarters.

ANITA Louise began to grow up into a world that was white and clean and scrupulously attractive. She did not know the luxury her mother had known in youth, but she learned something more important—the art of making living charming.

Anita, with her long blonde hair almost to her waist, tied back from her lovely face by blue satin hair ribbons, was a talented little girl. She danced and sang and played the piano and the harp and the recreational hours spent with children of her own age were care-free and happy. One day a director from an Eastern motion picture company came to the school where Anita studied to see some of the children sign and dance. He wanted several little girls to play "angels" in a movie sequence he was making. It was inevitable he should single out the most angelic of them all.

That was the beginning of Anita's career as a professional child working about the motion picture companies in New York. She was no Shirley Temple of over-night stardom. But between her seventh and her tenth years, she became known as a charming child actress.

Anita worked hard and applied herself diligently at her studies in music and dramatic art. Though Ann spared her all she could, the little girl learned early that it was a difficult and precarious path they trod. It seemed as though she and her mother were one against the world.

But if there was any shabbiness, or artificiality or ugly competition back of the scenes of this make-believe world, it was lost on the child who began to be known simply as "Anita Louise." Always between Anita and stark reality was the figure of Ann.

Anita never drudged from studio to studio, one of those leg-weary little victims of overly ambitious mothers. It was Ann who took Anita's photographs and tests to the various casting directors, and Anita was seldom brought to the studio unless a definite engagement was in the offing. Beside her bleached and painted and too-sophisticated little rivals she must have stood out like a fresh flower in comparison. Anita's hair was never bleached, or twisted into tight curls, and only soap and water freshness shone from her lovely face.

When she worked, Ann was constantly with her. And when she wasn't working every dime her talent earned was poured back into her musical and dramatic education. When Anita would protest her mother was spending too much money on her personal advancement,

PHOTOPLAY'S SILVER ANNIVERSARY NUMBER

Next month PHOTOPLAY will celebrate its twenty-fifth Birthday—its three-hundredth month of uninterrupted service to the films and fandom.

Great strides have taken place in the picture world during this quarter Century. PHOTOPLAY has reflected them for you faithfully. As the motion pictures have improved; so, we believe, has PHOTOPLAY become more vigorous, more beautiful, more vital. We believe we now may say—more truthfully than ever before—that PHOTOPLAY is really the ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES.

Watch for the many innovations and extra features—the colorful pictures and chronicles of early film history—that will be featured in the September issue, in commemoration of PHOTOPLAY'S SILVER ANNIVERSARY.

Ann would say: "What is spent today is like money in the bank tomorrow."

Even the people who knew them "when" never quite knew the struggle they went through as Anita grew from a child to a gloriously slender golden girl approaching her 'teens. They were very proud, these two; when they followed the movies to Hollywood there was no way for anyone to guess that the smartly dressed blonde woman who acted as her daughter's "agent" was so footsore and weary from walking the rounds from studio to studio she could hardly keep on her feet! Their savings just barely managed to carry them from picture to picture until the time when it seemed there was suddenly nothing for them to do but to wait for time to catch up with Anita's great ambition.

For the first time in her life Ann Beresford found it hard to keep up the make-believe game she played with her daughter that "everything

was all right." But Anita knew their problem better than her mother suspected. She knew Ann's devotion had brought her along as far as it could. Now it was up to her to really help carry the burden.

It was Anita who made the decision that if she could no longer obtain work in the movies during "the awkward age," she could at least try to get work on the stage; and it was Anita who came home to the surprised Ann one day and told her she had found stage work in one of the shows Henry Duffy was presenting at the El Capitan Theater.

There was only one big drawback. There would be two weeks of rehearsals without pay!

Every day Anita and Ann walked *ten miles* to the theater from their apartment on the other side of town because they were too proud to ask for an advance on Anita's salary and they did not have the necessary bus and carfare! When it is a choice of dividing one's money into eating or walking—walking is a much healthier pursuit.

THAT engagement in the Henry Duffy show was the end of the story *behind* Anita and the beginning of her known career. Hollywood audiences, seeing the beauty of this child, murmured her name, and the legend of her loveliness brought her into studio prominence again.

It was not a sudden jump into the spotlight, but a sure one beginning with an RKO-Radio contract and carrying on through three years into leading-ladyships in such pictures as "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Here's To Romance." Now she is under contract to Warner Brothers.

Not since Claire Windsor has sheer beauty heralded such an interesting career as Anita's, though she is disappointed with reviews that mention her loveliness before her work—if it is possible for Anita to be disappointed with anything at this stage of her new success.

When I first heard this story behind Anita's career and her unspoiled beauty, I wondered if it were possible that a devoted mother might have spared her daughter too much? I thought of the bleak, bitter childhood of a girl like Joan Crawford and the dramatic personality those days had built toward. Had her persistent devotion perhaps cheated Anita out of realities she should have faced?

But it was Anita, not her mother, who answered that question for me. She looked very serious and very young as she said:

"I am grateful for the protection and devotion my mother gave me! No child is cheated who is spared the shabbiness of life in girlhood. Childhood is not the time to face disillusionments or disappointments. The scars they leave are too deep. I hope I have always understood, even if I have not *experienced* every step along the way.

"Now that I am on the threshold of my own life and the management of my own career, because mother wants it that way, I am glad that her protection has left me with only eagerness and happiness at the prospect of my work and that I am not bored, or tired or satiated with a career before I actually begin on my own—as so many child performers are."

And Ann Beresford said: "I think I have taught my daughter that there is real contentment and happiness in the work she loves so much."

Seeing Anita . . . who can doubt it?

The Tempestuous Life Story of Luise Rainer

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75]

such a little book as they call a prospectus?' She gave me such a little book as told you all about that Dumont school and what it had done for people. And then on a piece of paper she wrote down my name and address.

"I thought my address she wanted to mail me advertising. And so on my long way home I said to myself how stupid I had acted and how on another day when I should feel more brave I must do it all over again and find the words to explain to that girl at the typewriter how I wanted to join that school.

"But many days they passed while I am talking to myself and telling myself how this is my chance and I must take it and asking myself what I can do and where I can go if I miss this chance. And finally a letter comes with the name of that school on the envelope. In it somebody I do not know writes to say the next morning I must go there for a try-out."

THE girl in Louise Dumont's office had seen a legion of stage-struck girls, many of them prettier than Luise Rainer undoubtedly. And as for talent, she had worked in that theater-school for years and so she had some reason to be bored by girls who fancied themselves the undiscovered stars of the future. But she also had seen enough girls to know Luise had something most people do not have. She had felt it tremble in Luise's movements. She had heard it whisper in her voice. She had seen it questing in her eyes. She had told Louise Dumont about her. And knowing how sated with beauty and budding talent this receptionist was Louise Dumont had commissioned her secretary to write that letter.

Before Luise grasped all her correspondent had to say the letters began doing a dervish before her eyes. She had to go to her room and, schooling herself to be calm, read a few words at a time; the letters wouldn't remain still for her to read any more than that.

"She's a strange girl," Luise's grandmother wrote to her father that same day. "After flying downstairs from her room to throw her arms around me and turn me in a crazy dance, telling me how much she loved me and how grateful she was to me for having her stay with me in the city, she tore upstairs again and spent the rest of the day in her room with her door closed. And tonight at dinner I know she didn't know what she ate."

Behind the closed door of her room Luise that day had studied the rôle she planned to use in her try-out the next morning. Had her grandmother paused at her door and listened she would have heard her reciting Strindberg, announcing, "I will bathe myself in your blood!" And she might have been a little alarmed.

"When I walked the next morning to that school," Luise says, laughing at herself, "if the earth had come up and closed around me I wouldn't have been aware of it. It was in my mind I was living. The houses and the trees and the people on the streets I did not see. I saw only my own fantasies."

In the Dumont theater the stairs which led from the door to the stage were high and steep and narrow. Luise shuddered inwardly at the sound of her heels against them, every step. She kept waiting for someone to peer over a landing, to call "Who is it?" But she saw no

one at all until she reached the stage level. There a girl came out of the shadows and indicated an old kitchen chair on which she was to sit down and wait.

Then it was Luise's turn. She stepped around some dusty scenery and she was on the stage. Lying below and before her was the auditorium with its shadows blurred by a few dim figures. One of the figures spoke:

"Begin, please!"

Luise waited for one moment, for a feeling for the rôle she was about to play to come alive inside her. Standing there she hypnotized herself into a feeling for her part. Once she had done this she escaped that theater. She was in the setting Strindberg described as the background for that scene.

It was the voices that called her back to earth. A man stood in the orchestra pit, leaning against the apron of the stage.

"That was very nice," he told her. Then, "What have you done before, Miss Rainer?"

"Me?" Luise's eyes lay still and tragic in her white face. "But I never have been in the theater."

He smiled patiently. "We have ways of discovering what you have done, you know," he told her.

She repeated, "I never have been in the theater."

"Ask her to do something else," called a woman's voice.

"Could I," Luise asked, offering the book of the play from which she had memorized a second scene, "could I have someone, please, to give me the cues?"

"So," the man said, "how do you know to ask for cues if you haven't been in the theater?"

Luise laughed. "Everyone knows that," she told him.

As she did the second scene there was silence. It was interrupted only once, by an excited whisper that came from Louise Dumont herself. When Luise finished she came up from the back of the theater and put her arms about her. "You have great talent," she said. "You have great talent."

THEY entered Luise in their theater at once, gave her a two-year contract, and stipulated she would receive twenty dollars a week. They might have paid her more than that and they told her so, honestly. They paid her only that much to keep her down to earth, so she wouldn't be able to do anything but work and learn all the things which an actress must know. She had emotion. That they granted. But technique, they explained, was something else again, something which had to be learned through study and instruction, observation and experience. When Luise had signed her contract she telephoned her parents. She told them she would not be coming home. They were upset. They protested. They pleaded. But Luise's voice came back to them over the wire firmly yet happier than they ever could remember it sounding before. And it may have been this which finally decided them.

Luise found a room in a house near the school. It was only half as large as it might have been because of the deep slope of the eaves. But it cost very little, as little as she could afford to pay.

"Living there under the roof," she says,

"I buy them because they
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"cooking on a gas burner, sewing my own clothes, saving for a long time to buy curtains to hang at the windows and some pots of flowers, I was happy, truly happy.

"Oh, it was good that I should live that way on such a little for so long. Because never since have I been afraid. Of anything. Because of then I know such simple circumstances I can be happy."

Luise's first appearance was in a leading rôle. It so happened one of the first productions staged after she became affiliated with the school offered a leading rôle which required more emotion than technique. After that, however, she played many small parts. She was a maid. A child. And she played women two and three times her own years.

The busier they kept Luise the more content she was. But during the weeks when her rôles were small, again driven by her restlessness—a psychic prairie fire—she would work feverishly at writing or music or dancing or painting. She would sleep only a few hours at night and she wouldn't always eat.

"Darling," Louise Dumont scolded her one day, "you must not try to do so much. You must just be an actress."

THIS influenced Luise. For the woman who was helping her find her way in the theater was her idol. She would do everything Louise Dumont told her to do and nothing Louise Dumont told her not to do.

"Swish-sh-sh-h," she says, "like that the restlessness used to come out of me as I worked in that theater. Like air rushing out of a tire that has been pumped too full."

From the day of Luise's try-out those associated with the school speculated about her future. In guarded whispers when Louise Dumont was around. For she was afraid Luise might become over-confident, not work as hard, and thus develop into less of an artist than she had it in her to be. Inevitably, though those prophecies which were whispered in the school, found their way into other theatrical circles. And it wasn't long after that when it wasn't only in Luise's irregular letters that the Rainers had news of her. More and more frequently there would be items about her in the theatrical columns.

Max Reinhardt sought her. She played with his company in the dramas of Shakespeare, Ibsen and Pirandello. In Vienna the public took her to its heart. Critics called her the wonder-child of the drama.

Soon she was a star. She played mature rôles. Deval's "Mademoiselle," Dreiser's "American Tragedy," Wasserman's "Lukardis," Pirandello's "Six Characters in Search of an Author." And then Paris and London, too, came to acclaim her as one of the greatest emotional actresses of the day.

Hollywood sent emissaries. She received them politely but no, thanking them for their flattery and their fine offers, she assured them it was right there in Vienna in her own beautiful little house that she was going to stay. She was happy there, she told them, and when you are happy—unless you are a great fool—you do not go away.

If you've seen the "Great Ziegfeld" you know pretty much what Luise's life was like at this time for it was not dissimilar to the background she knew in that picture in her rôle of *Anna Held*. Very charming gentlemen sent orchids to her dressing-room, managers trailed her; her endorsement was sought for advertisements; representatives of newspapers and magazines called to interview her. There were hours of rehearsals. There were fittings. She sat while artists painted her and photog-

raphers photographed her. There were nervous first-nights and, long afterwards, the sentimental sadness which always fills a theater when a curtain rings down on a play for the last time. Afternoons she drove or worked with her music teacher, except when there were matinees.

As a little girl when a certain few grown-ups visited at her house Luise had been pleased and excited. She had sat quietly in a corner of the parlor hanging on every word uttered. Those people made you laugh and they made you think. She considered them special people. Their words really went inside of you to stir feelings and thoughts you hadn't known you had. All the other relatives and friends who came to call she had merely accepted, thinking little about them. If possible she



A far cry from the awkward girl who made her début in Vienna is the sophisticated alluring Luise Rainer of today, but the amazing childlike naivete is still as appealing as ever

had escaped to her own room on the long Sundays when they sat talking after a heavy dinner and the room became clouded with smoke from the men's cigars. For their words only brushed faintly against your mind, like little birds in flight.

NOW all of Luise's close friends were like those few special people she had known when she was young. They would gather evenings after the theater at her house. And they would sit long over the supper table, jurists, physicians, writers and theater people mostly. Often beyond the curtains drawn across her windows dawn would spill a pale light in the sky before they would break up. And listening to the things they had to say and sharing in the conversation she used up nervous energy beyond that consumed by her work. Doing this to a large extent she escaped the unhappy restlessness which had possessed her

always when she had been younger and had no outlet of any kind. But I'm sure even then she knew some bad times and occasionally behaved in the manner which earlier had caused her father to call her "The Black One."

Beyond everything else in Luise's life then there was one man. She loved him. So you can imagine how it was with her. How she never picked up her telephone without hoping it would be his voice that would come over the wire. How she could tell when he was about to enter her drawing-room, because she was sensitive to his ring at the door. How she carried the dear inflections of his voice in her heart. And how all the other people, even those she liked best, were simply part of a background against which he lived and moved.

This man had a name which counted for a great deal in the world. Therefore, now that he is dead, Luise will not talk of him. She has gone to great lengths not to have his name linked with her name. She doesn't want his memory kept alive in any quarter where it does not live, because of the great things he did himself, because he once was important in her life and she is now a motion picture star.

While she was playing in Vienna in "Six Characters in Search of an Author" both Rufus LeMaire and Clarence Brown, the director, saw her and returned to America to proclaim her. Again emissaries were sent to talk with her, this time from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Now she listened to them, consented to a screen test, and finally signed the flattering contract which brought her to the United States.

This time it was different. The one who really counted was gone. She no longer was happy. And unless you are a great fool when you are unhappy and you can get away you go.

I CAN see her, a hurt child, making a brave effort to live even though life had little value, slight meaning. Congratulating herself when working feverishly in the theater for a whole day she would lose that loneliness which used to rise from her heart until she feared sometimes it must smother her. But knowing all the time that it would come again, as it always did, when she had to stop work and lie down alone in the dark for the duration of the night.

At this time there was, of course, pain for her in everything, in such little routine things as her house-man planting spring hyacinths in the window-boxes, and even in the scrape of his shovel as he cleaned away the first fall of snow.

"When you grow up," Luise told me that day we sat together in her little house deep in the canyon, "and such things happen to you so that inside for you life always must be sad, then you need to work for money so the shell of life, it can be pleasant.

"Still those things that happen to you to make you sad, I think you live long enough to be grateful for them. It is through unhappiness you learn, that perceptions they grow keener, that you get into sympathetic touch with all the people."

It is two years now since she arrived in America on the *Ile de France*, visited in New York for a few days, and then took the train for California.

"In the night during the four days on the train I couldn't sleep," she told me. "I kept my shade raised. I lifted my Scottie up to the window to show him all the things. I said, 'Look, Johnny! Look!' And he looked, always Johnny he looked."

When Luise and Johnny arrived in California she got a little car and went driving around to find a house. The scarred hills thrown against the sky were strange to her.

She could not live among them. But finally she drove down through a canyon to the sea. This was familiar. This might have been the same sea she had known ever since she was a little girl. So it was there she took her house.

It was understood she would have six months to learn English. But she promised herself she would know enough in those six months to play her first rôle or she would return home. She had a teacher to work with her every day, but it was by listening that she insists she learned most.

Fortunately she didn't go home. As you know two months after she landed in Hollywood she was put in the rôle Myrna Loy originally was scheduled to play with Bill Powell in "Escapade."

Following the release of that picture Luise wasn't as happy as would have been expected. In fact, she says, "Following a success always I am most sad. I know how much of the thing that was in my mind escaped me."

In any event now she was a Hollywood star. But she continued to follow her own ways, to run around with her black hair blowing topsy turvy, wearing either a sailor-suit dress or her favorite tailored dark blue pajamas. And the holiday she embarked upon was in no wise star stuff. She drove to Mexico in her car. Sometimes she slept at night in a grove of trees. And when the ocean looked inviting she camped on its shore for a few days. Sometimes she lived with working girls. She had long conversations with the boys who filled her tank at gas stations. Rainy nights she put up in auto camps.

Then suddenly she grew tired of this nomadic existence and growing restless she left her car and hurried back to Hollywood by plane. She urged the studio to put her to work at once. That they were able to locate her car and have it shipped back was a miracle for when she asked them to do this she had only the vaguest notion where she had left it.

It was, as you know, in the colorful rôle of *Anna Held* in "The Great Ziegfeld," playing opposite Bill Powell again, that Luise was

next cast. And now she has completed the leading rôle opposite Paul Muni in Pearl Buck's "The Good Earth." Those who have seen previews of this picture do not spare the word genius.

The stories about the frankness and complete honesty with which Luise talks to the men who sit in the executive offices, who hold her career in their hands, are as amusing as they are numerous. When her pictures are run after they have left the cutting-room she is not inhibited about saying what she thinks. She objects vehemently to this being taken out and that being left in. She has no fear.

"AND why not should I say the things I feel?" she asked me, mixing up the sequence of her words the way she does when she grows intense. "It is the things I try hard to do right that they cut up any way. So! If they grow cross with me and tell me I cannot work any more for them . . ." She shrugged. "I'm not afraid. All I care for is to express what I feel, to give back to people the images and feelings which people and things they give me. And now that I have had the outlet of acting I can afford to acquire the tecknick—no, tech-nique—I would need to express all that in another way, dancing maybe. Or writing. Or painting." She laughed. "To be called The Most Glamorous or The Most Wonderful, about that kind of reputation and career I do not care at all."

As I said when I began Luise's story the things she feels and the things she says and the things she does aren't Hollywood born. They aren't any part of the circus of being a motion picture star. Even when she was a very little girl, as you have seen, it was the same. She never has been one to fit neatly into any pattern, not even the flamboyant, dramatic pattern of Hollywood.

All of which makes her one of the most colorful personalities in the film colony today and, I have no doubt, one of the greatest actresses.

The End.



Mr. and Mrs. (Bette Davis) Harmon Nelson seem to be giving their undivided attention to the pursuit of—corn on the cob



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We Cover the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

the highly decorative Marlene Dietrich. Here they are shooting the Robert Hitchens novel in Technicolor under the banner of Selznick International Pictures. The International part is no mere label in this film for the set is a League of Nations.

Here you find Dietrich (German), Charles Boyer (French), Basil Rathbone (English), director Richard Boleslawski (Polish), Tilly Losch (Austrian), and Joseph Schildkraut (I don't know what).

In the dazzling scene we watch, the lithe Tilly Losch is leading a group of cafe entertainers through a torrid dance routine. This is the interior of an Algerian night-spot and

stands behind the camera and holds a piece of lattice in front of a spotlight in order to throw an artistic shadow across Dietrich's face. Then another grip stands in front of a light and waves his arms so that it will seem like the moving shadows of the dancers, whom Dietrich is supposed to be watching.

All this preparation takes almost an hour, then cameraman Hal Rosson, one-time Mr. Jean Harlow, beckons to Dietrich. She wears a loose grey gown with a pale green hooded cape. Behind the camera she has placed a large dressing-table mirror so that she can watch herself as she acts. She falls naturally into a graceful posture and the scene begins.

tours of his face, Boyer is a crack all-round athlete. He spent most of his boyhood nursing broken bones received from playing French football.

SPEAKING of broken bones, Warners had a scene in "The Charge of the Light Brigade" which they were so sure would result in injuries that they held it until the last day of the picture. This is the famous charge where six-hundred cavalry men ride "into the valley of death." It is honestly one of the most exciting spectacles ever set before a camera.

To see this, you get up early on a cold California morning and drive some forty miles out in San Fernando valley. Here, in a hidden ranch is the historic setting. It is mined with high explosives over which the horsemen must make their hazardous way. By the time you get to the location, the sun is high, beating down heavily on the sweltering cowboys adorned in full uniform.

The six hundred of them are outlined on the horizon a quarter of a mile away. They await the signal to charge from director Michael Curtiz. This scene can be shot only once. It is now or never. A siren blows, a flag waves and the riders, their ribboned lances high in the air, come charging down the slope. A couple of horses fall in the scramble. They are not seriously hurt, but a rider breaks a leg.

As the horses thunder along the level stretch, the planted bombs fill the air with roars. There are cameras placed all over the hillsides to get the action in one take. The most interesting camera angle is shot from an automobile that rides parallel to the horses. The car moves in a thousand foot long ditch, making this the longest "dolly" shot on record.

After the bedlam of this take, the horses and the men are checked for injuries. Then there is a hurried consultation with the camera and sound. Everyone is relieved when it is found that nothing went wrong.

THE other horsey picture of the month is Paramount's "The Texas Ranger," which eulogizes those G-Men of the frontier days. Just back from a month's location in Texas, the company is finishing up with a few interiors.

We watched one with Benny Bartlett, the obstreperous young heckler, Jack Oakie, Fred MacMurray and the newly-married Jean Parker. MacMurray and Oakie, up to the necks in guns and chaps, tell Bartlett to be sure and study his lessons. After this bit of sound, if unpleasant, advice, they make for the door, but before they get there, Jean wafts into the scene. She is all crinolined out in a bustled outfit. But there is nothing demure about her action, for she throws a few harsh words at the affable Mr. MacMurray who slams the door as he leaves.

This is one of the quietest scenes in the wildly woolly story. The gun-shooting was all done on location. But even this comparatively peaceful interlude is given interest by Vidor's swift direction. When it is over Jack Oakie sits in front of a mirror and admires the beard which he has grown for the rôle.

This rest period is a big moment for a bit player. He stands self-consciously nervous in front of Vidor, who is sizing him up for a part. A curious thing about the way actors are



Just like any other young couple who are "that way" about each other, blonde Toby Wing and Tom Brown enjoy their pop at the Rollerdrome

while all the dancing girls stand about twiddling their tums a fight begins. There is a wild melee, and when the Arabic shouting dies down, it turns out that Henry Brandon has been stabbed. It seems he has been trifling with Tilly's affections.

Like all color sets, the lighting here is subdued and comes from yellowish lamps that throw a beam somewhat like sunlight. An odd thing on this set is the smoke pots which are to lend murkiness to this crowded cafe. The smoke is perfumed, heavy and quite oriental.

When the set is cleared of the dancing girls, there is a close-up of Dietrich. As much time is taken for this as for the big crowd scene. First, a stand-in takes the place so that the complicated lighting can be arranged. Dietrich is to be sitting on a bench next to a grey wall. A painter daubs the wall so that it will pick up no high lights. Then a grip

You notice that director Boleslawski is not around, and here's the inside story why he isn't: Dietrich wants to play this scene with stylized restraint, but Boleslawski, considering that there is a killing and some fiery dancing going on, thinks that Marlene should move her head about. Dietrich wants to move only her eyes. So, while the camera is shooting, Rosson says, "Miss Dietrich, if you'll move your head a bit, I think I can get a better light on your eyes." She falls for the ruse and moves her head never realizing that this will be used as a reaction.

WHILE all this is going on, the quietly contained Charles Boyer goes amiably about his business on the sidelines. He seems less touched by Hollywood than any other actor. He doesn't even want to be famous as a personality. He wants to be known only through his rôles. For all the sensitive con-

chosen for rôles is that they are seldom picked by their personal appearance. They must bring a photograph. Even though this actor is costumed as he will (or hopes to) appear in the film, Vidor spends more time scrutinizing the still than he does the man. There is a conference with the cameraman and then the decision is made. P.S.—The man got the job.

WHILE things move quietly on "The Texas Ranger" set, there is no end of drama on the next stage where Lewis Milestone is directing the lovely Madeleine Carroll and Gary Cooper. This is one of the big scenes from the Chinese melodrama, "Chinese Gold." It is Miss Carroll's room in a Shanghai hotel, and Cooper, who has just killed her father, is trying to keep Miss Carroll from phoning the police. Porter Hall, who was killed yesterday, is sitting by the camera, as alive as anything.

Cooper, towering above the blonde English star, has his hand wrapped in a handkerchief. Between shots, the prop man colors the improvised bandage with studio "blood."

Milestone shoots very slowly and between set-ups there are social gatherings on the set. While we were there, the players were congratulating visitor Jack Mulhall, the ex-star who has been given the leading rôle in a series to be made at an independent studio. Another visitor was Richard Wallace, the director who was almost killed in a plane crash on the way east to film some scenes at Annapolis.

One of the games they play on this set, in fact the game which has swept all Hollywood, is "Handies." Now that the races at Santa Anita are gone till next winter, this game is the current time-killer. It is played, as you probably know, by making symbols with the hand. Some are unprintable, but pretty nearly all of them are side-splitting. You should see James Stewart do Absent-Minded Indian Looking In The Sun.

NO matter how many nutty games Hollywood takes up, it will be difficult to top the crazy antics on the "Lady, Take Care" set. This film is a scrubbed Hays' office version of that salty stage hit, "Sailor, Beware." We arrived in time for the first day's shooting while everyone was still full of pep and practical jokes.

The set is the deck of an American warship and Buster Crabbe is a Marine who is taking quite a roasting from a bunch of gobs. One of the gobs is a gangling, red-headed man named Wesley Barry. You might remember him as the bare-footed kid in Mary Pickford's "Freckles." The other gobs are Jack Chapin, who is Paramount's latest discovery, and his brother-in-law, Benny Baker.

Moon-faced Benny Baker began his theatrical life as a stooge for the Broadway wise-cracker, Lou Holtz. Now that he is famous in his own right, Benny has a stooge. Which goes to show how a person can get ahead in this world. Benny's stooge is an ex-baker named Joe, who can speak no English except a few memorized scenes from Shakespeare and Lincoln's Gettysburg Address.

When director Ted Reed told the cast that he wanted some good American youth types for sailor backgrounds, Benny introduced Joe. To prove himself a local boy, Joe recited his version of the Gettysburg Address, the only American thing he knows. Now it is a standard gag around the set that everyone must talk to Benny through his stooge. Even the director gives Benny instructions via the English mangling Joe.

The first day of production on a picture is

mostly spent taking stills for theater lobbies. But none of these stills will be as laughable as the things that go on between shots.

FINDING this no place for serious studio observation, we moved out to another stage where Ann Sothern and frisky Francis Lederer are co-starring. Their picture will be called "The Count of Arizona" or "My American Wife." The front office can't decide which title they like better. We like "My American Arizona."

The story features a new twist on the usual story about the American heiress who marries a foreign nobleman. The nobleman turns out to be no hand-kissing sponger, but a hard-working business man who helps build his wife's fortune.

The set is Ann Sothern's home. She sits on the staircase while below her the house is littered with trunks and valises, as she is supposed to be leaving. In reality, Ann has just come back from New York. Because of the trunks, we can't get close enough to ask her about her trip, so she shouts across the room to us. We shout back. She tells us about just missing a plane that crashed and about seeing her boss, PHOTOPLAY's editor, in New York.

Appearing with Ann in this picture is Billie Burke, now a good deal richer from the "Great Ziegfeld" revenue.

When the lights go on the scene begins. It is an excellent example of complicated timing that will seem simple on the screen. A maid walks up to Ann. A woman downstairs calls to her, and two van-men come in to move the trunks. It shows you what care and skill go into even the most routine sequences. At the end of the take, Ann comes downstairs and goes out of the house. Since we wanted to see how Jesse Lasky and Mary Pickford were getting along as producers we left, too.

At the United Artists lot, the second Pickford-Lasky production is in full swing. It is taken from a slyly burlesqued story by Wallace Smith, that tells of a singer who is kidnapped by a music-loving Mexican bandit.

Leo Carrillo is the gangster and Nino Martini is the singer. They are standing in the courtyard of Carrillo's hacienda. In the background is a cute baby burro, some goats and viciously armed bandits. Martini wants to know why he has been captured. And Carrillo waving a revolver, says he wants music.

"But I don't want to be with a bandit gang," Martini protests.

This doesn't stop Carrillo. He tells Martini he can be a Corporal, a Captain, even a General if he'll stay with the gang and sing.

"I don't want to sing just for a gang," Martini insists. "I want to sing for the whole world. On the stage, in the movies, in opera. Even on the radio."

With that, Carrillo has an idea. He will hold up a radio station and turn it over to Martini. So the boys leave for the dirty work.

This is a very humorous scene as Carrillo plays it. And it is given an added touch by the Americanisms that sneak into the talk. For the bandit has seen the gangster films and wants to copy the Chicago high-pressure methods.

Rouben Mamoulian, who directs "The Gay Desperado," waves a little baton, like an orchestra leader. The players watch him for signals. There is a little goat on the set and when Mamoulian shakes the stick at the actors, the goat nods his head up and down. He is Hollywood's first "Yes Goat."



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The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

PAROLE!—Universal

MORE propaganda, but done so well you won't mind. Louis Friedlander's direction makes a vigorous story out of simple parole-system expose, and newcomers Henry Hunter and Ann Preston should catch your immediate interest. Story revolves around several paroled convicts who use the current situation to awful advantage. It's timely.

AND SUDDEN DEATH—Paramount

BUILT out of a title, the idea behind an essay, and popular interest in the traffic death toll, this fails because of flimsy story. Randolph Scott is the handsome policeman who reforms Frances Drake, speed-demon; suspense is exceptional and the many shattering crashes will put you in a frenzy of safe driving for several days.

EDUCATING FATHER—20th Century-Fox

AN innocuous little picture of somebody's home town and the Jones family, with several thrills and nice photography. The story meanders about the affairs of a country druggist who tries to keep his air-minded son interested in the gaseous concoctions of his soda fountain. Dixie Dunbar is good, the rest fair.

☆ THE KING STEPS OUT—Columbia

GRACE MOORE returns as a high-spirited country Princess who traces down Emperor-of-Austria Franchot Tone in the accepted musical comedy fashion. The entire picture is charming, brilliant with romance and wit and Miss Moore's unforgettable voice; Walter Connolly is excellent. You will recapture an illusion or two.

☆ SECRET AGENT—GB

THIS is a powerful and dramatic spy story with none of the usual flag waving; the theme being rather that the espionage business is often a bungling and ruthless type of murder.

Sent to apprehend a German spy, British agent *Ashenden* finds he has been furnished with a wife, Madeleine Carroll, who has a persistent American admirer, Robert Young. Convinced they have the man they want, Peter Lorre, their assistant, casually pushes him over a cliff. Finding they made a mistake, their disillusionment mounts to bitterness and they determine to resign. Learning of another clue, *Ashenden* continues his task, whereupon, his pseudo-wife runs away with Robert Young.

What happens to the real spy is built up with the help of splendid photography into a hugely dramatic climax.

All four principals are extremely competent, and the picture is directed with sophistication and finesse by Alfred Hitchcock of "39 Steps" fame. It is definitely adult entertainment.

☆ SPENDTHRIFT—Wanger-Paramount

GRAND fun based on the platitude that the rich have their troubles. Henry Fonda is a penniless millionaire sportsman who marries conniving Mary Brian, discovers his mistake and attractive Pat Paterson at the same time. George Barbier makes a superlative grouch and the horse races are honeys.

HIGH TENSION—20th Century Fox

A SWAGGERING he-man Brian Donlevy who knows his job but not his women transforms his piano-playing pal, Norman Foster, into a first class sea-diving engineer. Donlevy's courtship of Glenda Farrell, his rowdy battles, his daring and bragging, make this hotsy totsy entertainment from start to finish. Helen Wood is distinctive as secretary.

WOMEN ARE TROUBLE—MGM

OUT of a grey-haired story Stuart Erwin and Paul Kelly have pulled this neat comedy by special effort, and Errol Taggart has helped with brilliant direction. Pace throughout is a breathless gallop, with Kitty McHugh convincing as one of the gunmen's molls and Florence Rice authentically a cub reporter.



The Carrillos, en masse, take to the bounding main in their yacht, "Thetis," Daughter Edith and Mrs. Carrillo help Leo who is skipper

☆ HEARTS DIVIDED—Warner Brothers

ROMANCE, humor and drama abound in this lavishly produced story of young *Jerome Napoleon*, played by Dick Powell, who comes to America as a goodwill ambassador and falls in love with an American girl, Marion Davies. Edward Everett Horton, Charles Ruggles and Arthur Treacher supply the comedy; Claude Rains the high spot as *Napoleon*.

THE LAST OUTLAW—Radio

WITH its tongue in its cheek, this story of an old time safe-cracker who helps track down a young bandit, Tom Tyler, is snappy, amusing entertainment and sets a high in Westerns. Hoot Gibson, a young rancher in love with Margaret Callahan, and sheriff Henry Walthall bring fun, romance and drama to the climax.

What Men Don't Know About Themselves

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54]

but where the atmosphere is far less hectic.

She nearly threw the locals into hysterics once by taking a vacation in auto camps up and down the California coast line.

When she married it was no front-page "playboy," nor back scene executive (or any one else who could "help her career along" as we put it delicately). The gentleman of her choice was a boyhood beau, Harmon O. Nelson, an orchestra leader whom Bette calls "Ham." Hollywood shook its head several times over that marriage, and rumored it wouldn't last six months. Just to add to her long record of being different, Bette's has developed into one of the happiest marriages in the film colony.

Yet this symbol of the Free Spirit, this girl who personifies feminine independence as completely as any one personality in our glamorous midst, kept up her high batting average of the unusual when she made the statement that opens this story.

When the most independent-minded girl in Hollywood claims that men are making an unnecessary fuss about Woman's independence, that is something!

COMING from any one but Bette, it might have sounded suspiciously like an "effective" remark. Only Bette doesn't dress, or look, or talk for effectiveness. The frank directness of her mind is reflected in her type of clean loveliness. She is more like the girl in "Petrified Forest" than anything else you have seen her do on the screen.

This day she wore a simple navy dress trimmed with red buttons. A wide, navy hat, far back from her face gave it even more of a direct, open look.

She said: "It is difficult to discuss men as a group, because they do not generalize as easily as women. I believe there are more individualists among men than among women. That is because men have dared to lead their own lives through all the years that women have been hemmed in by conventions. For that reason, personal honesty comes to men more naturally. They don't bother to play-act, nor disguise their true feelings as women do. So they are more individual. But there is one grievance they share as a group—and that is the plaint against the Free Woman!"

"Aren't men being a little stubborn about this point, exaggerating the great changes it has made in *their* lives? Of course, I'm not holding that women have not come out of the kitchens into wider, happier and more interesting lives. They had to! They had to if they were going to keep pace in the same world with men. They have made themselves more vital and more interesting. A great many of them have found work that has brought great happiness in real self-expression. But the woman doesn't live who can truthfully look herself in the mirror and say that her work, her profession, her career, or what ever fancy name you want to put on it, comes before the right man! Very young women may think that success is all they want or need from life, but a few years in actual contact with the world takes that out of them. The most tragic word in the world to a woman is *Alone!*"

"Why should men get such mental indigestion over the fact that women have cheated them of nothing, and really added more interest and color to their lives together by her in-

dependence, though I hate that word. Self-expression is so much better. If men would only admit it, I think, in time, they would have come to hate the colorless bunnies who remained in the background of their lives, never voicing an opinion except over the apple *strudel*, or the merits of the new cook.

"Men may not realize that they are secretly proud of their women who have achieved—but I believe in their hearts they are. It adds so much more glory to their conquest. There is subtle flattery in the conquest of a clever woman that mere alliance with a dull one can never hold.

"Of course, a man has to know his woman! I would be the first to deny that women are not inclined to let their success go to their heads a little, if not to their hearts! I know, because I went through that stage myself. There was a time when I might have ruined my married happiness completely because of a little trait I was developing of ordering my particular world to revolve around *me!* As Bette Davis, of the movie star Davises, I had ideas! But 'Ham' took all that out of me in short order. He didn't quarrel. He didn't even complain. He just went ahead and planned our lives around both of us without paying any attention to me.

"If men would only realize that even women who are doing things on their own, do not want to intimidate men—no matter what they may do or say. Spoiled women, like spoiled children, will try to get away with things—even when they hope they won't.

"Men should boss women more! This is particularly true of American men. Women adore feeling they are possessed, that they belong to a dominant male. As I see it, the great danger in Woman's new place in the scheme of things, is not nearly so menacing to women in that they will upset the apple cart by wearing the pants—as it is that men are going to let them get away with it! All men need to do is to quit pouting over their lack of dominance, and begin to assert it more. The women won't mind. They'll love it."

AFTER they had cleared away the salads and we had settled down to cigarettes and iced tea, Bette went on: "Perhaps most of the important delusions from which men suffer may be summed up in their almost childlike confidence in *symbols*. Though men may heatedly deny they are unduly impressed by labels, names and reputations, they are, completely! They even judge clothes by how much they cost. And if the world marks a woman 'Clever,' men are afraid of her. Let it mark her 'Good,' and they respect her. Mark her 'Bad,' and she's just another one of those women. Mark her an innocent child who doesn't know her way around, and they'll believe that without bothering to look behind the label and find out if it is true, or if it is really a Gold Digger pulling the strings.

"Men are almost unnecessarily sentimental about ideas revolving around such words as Home, Fireside, Little Feet, and Four Walls—even though they won't put down the evening paper to make any, or all of it, more enjoyable.

"It is sad, but true, that while women never tire of the game of continual romance, men do! Their love may be as strong as a woman's—after all, love has inspired men to write the great music and books, and paint the great

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pictures of the ages—but after it has been crowned by its ultimate objective, matrimony, they are content to leave it there and pass on the moonlight and the red, red roses to the newcomers in the field.

"There is too much to be said on this subject to be tackled in one short article. But whether men know it or not, or whether they are ever going to do anything about it, the fact remains that women never really forgive them for growing dull in love! The Good Provider and the Model Husband might be completely shocked out of their complacency if they really knew the thoughts going on in the back of the mind of their reconciled, but bored, wives! Such little things make women happy! The indulgent husband who places a diamond bracelet on his wife's wrist every anniversary should take time out to remember that a compliment on a new dress, an unexpected little dinner for two, a surprise bouquet of flowers for no particular reason, spread out over the other 364 days in the year, are not only cheaper demonstrations of his affection, but much more effective ones.

Details are such important things in love stories. It is too bad men will not take just a little more time for them.

"The only thing more unforgivable to a wife than the sad knowledge that her husband has become dull to her, is the even more terrible realization that he is dull to other women! Women may pretend, and even feel great jealousy for men who are attractive to other women, but in their hearts they really love it. Married men should take particular note of that hint! That I'm-all-spoken-for-and-settled-down-and-married-look is the duller thing that can happen to a man!"

FOR a girl who didn't believe men could be "generalized," Bette seemed to have done very well in hitting on the common male idiosyncrasies.

"I hope all this hasn't sounded critical, or carping," Bette laughed, "because, honestly, I don't feel that way toward men at all. I like men. I like the way they think, and talk, and the direct way they do things without subterfuge, and above all else, their lack of pettiness.

"This is purely a personal reaction, but I particularly like homely men. Come to think of it, I don't know whether that is such a personal reaction, or not. I've heard many women say the same thing. I think men far overestimate the value of superficial "good looks" as a bait for women. Certainly the Handsome Hero type has never appealed to me. Men who are too sure of themselves, too sure of their appeal with their there-little-girl-I'm-doing-you-a-big-favor attitude, their obvious flattery, their routine speeches rate exactly zero in my estimation. If I have any particular pet peeve among the males, it is just that: the man who does everything just a little too smoothly. And if I have any particular favorite type, it is the 'good guy' who goes along doing his level best, blundering now and then, as men should, or how else could women love them so much, getting more of his share of laughs out of life, knowing his own mind and sticking to it!"

And if that doesn't sound like a perfect description of Mr. Harmon O. Nelson from Mrs. Harmon O. Nelson, I'll put in with you. At least there is *one* man among us who should know all about himself, and what his wife thinks of him, and if it doesn't rate "a compliment on a new dress, or an unexpected little dinner for two, or a surprise bouquet of flowers for no reason at all"—then "Ham" has missed the point!

What Women Don't Know About Themselves

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

about women is gospel. However, I have always objected to fooling myself. So I shall be frank and admit that while I am not necessarily right about women, I am definitely opinionated about them!

"And I believe they are the strongest and the weakest, the wisest and the most foolish, the tenderest and the most dangerous creatures in the world!"

IF that is an anomaly—it must stand. Women should rule the world through men; that is their greatest power! They are fundamentally the more intelligent sex because they know things intuitively that men must stumble through experiences and books to learn. They are the more energetic sex because they are the very life-giving spark, itself. Nature has endowed them with more beauty, more deep wisdom, more understanding than men. All this is their great strength. But remember, I remarked women should rule the world *through men*, and the fact that they no longer wish to is their greatest weakness! Because, while Nature gave woman the intelligence and the spirit of the ruling power, she gave man the body for it! Queens may promote wars—but men must fight them!

"This age-old battle between the sexes should not be a battle at all, but a perfect co-ordination of the physical masculine force directed and guided by the feminine mental force. It was meant to be that way. And at times, through history, it has been that way with Man dressing the front of the world's stage and Woman pulling the strings of the Drama. But when Modern Woman chose to abandon her authority it was the greatest folly ever committed by either sex because equality has destroyed Woman's greatest hold on man, belief in her superiority, and it has bred restlessness, resentment and confusion between the sexes!"

I said: "Then you believe that Men are jealous of Women because they have successfully poached on masculine preserves,"—getting very feministic about it.

"No," he smiled broadly, holding a match to a cigarette he had been tapping gently on a table beside him, "I do not mean that at all, though it brings up an important item which women refuse to believe:

"Men are not nearly as jealous of women's careers as women insist they are!" Why should men be jealous when masculine dominance in world affairs has never been more powerful than it is today with dictators to the right of us and dictators to the left of us. Figured in terms of percentages the great books are being written by men, the great pictures are being painted by men, the truly fine poetry is masculine—and with war so desperately imminent, the very times are masculine! Of course, many women might not agree with this. But what men actually are resenting is that women insist on having their cake, or their career if you like, and eating it, too!

"The majority of women are wholly illogical about their equality! They claim they want to march step by step with men, yet they insist that men continue to treat them with gallantry, devotion and protection. They want all the advantages of self-sufficiency and all the pro-

tection that goes with frailty. The result has been that men have become confused and irritated.

"For instance, men sincerely want to be gallant and chivalrous. But to arise to one's feet when a woman approaches your table in a café, and then to be pushed back into one's chair; to run ahead to open a door only to find the lady has turned the knob for herself; to reach for a luncheon check and then to be told 'not to be silly'; to send lovely roses and then be chided for 'extravagance' is thoroughly disconcerting and confusing. I have never believed that men appreciate too much practicality in women.

"And yet, when a man, taking his cue from this 'palship' in their relations, offers a woman *friendship*—she is insulted! She wants love with a capital L, done up in pink and blue ribbons charged with excitement and based on the most obvious sex-appeal. Is it any wonder that men feel a little resentful and a little cheated — and that women continue to be vaguely unhappy?"

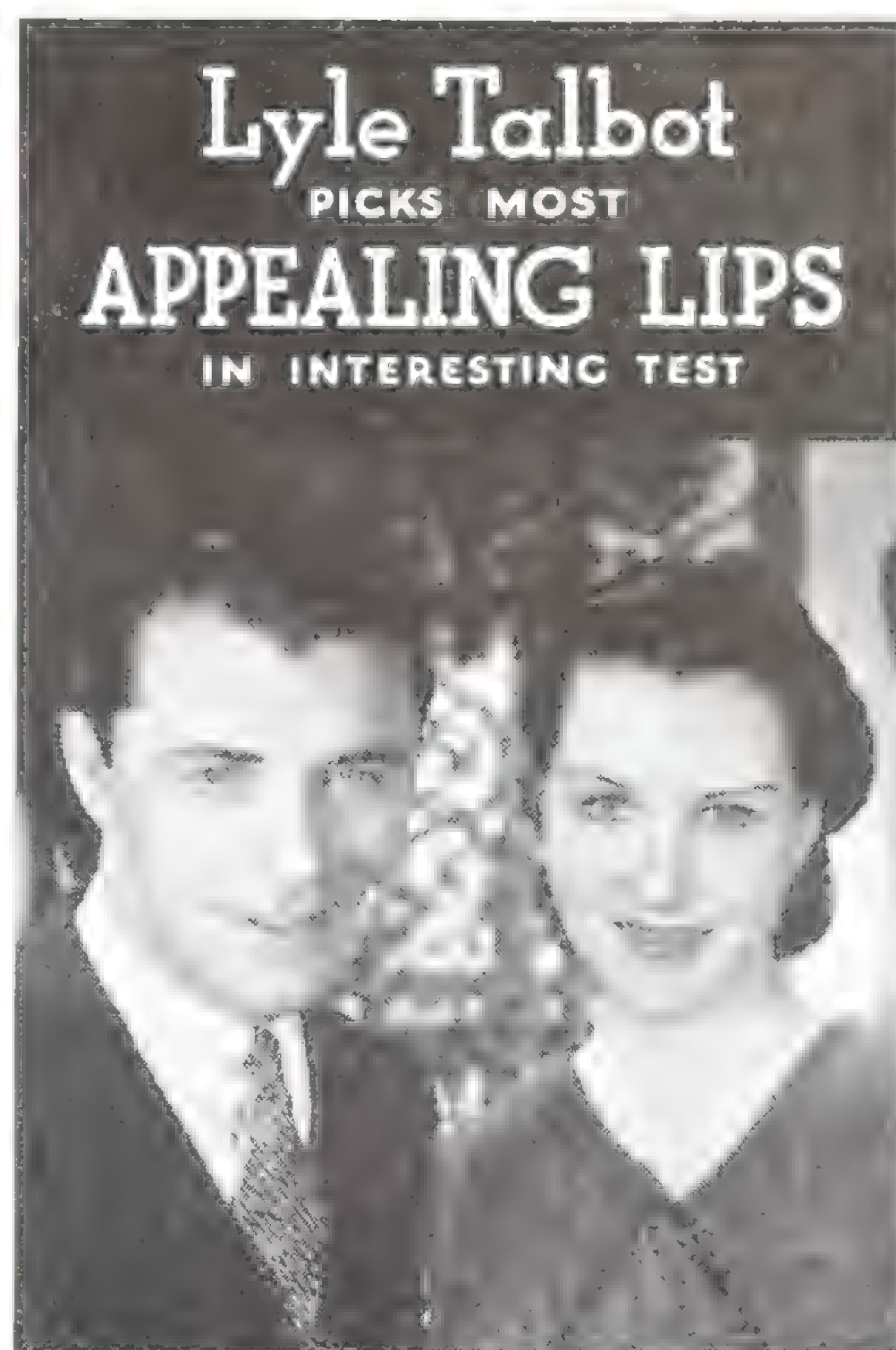
"I think this is the second most important truth which women find it difficult to admit: They are subconsciously unhappy and restless and dissatisfied with their present state in the scheme of things! Even the most successful, the most talented and the most powerful among them. Perhaps I should say these women, particularly. And if women will only be honest with themselves, how could it be otherwise? First, they have tampered with, and reversed the fundamental relationship between the sexes. And then they have attempted to replace too many important and basic things in their lives with substitutes they do not want, really.

"I cannot believe that any woman is truly happy who has no outlet for her strong maternal instinct. If you can believe what you read in the faces of successful women everywhere, careers are a poor substitute for maternal expression. Careers may be glamorous, they may be profitable, they can even be beautiful—but they cannot be mothered! Children, and *men* can!"

I suggested that he seemed to be completely ignoring women who have made a success of marriage and motherhood and a thriving career at the same time,—a woman like Norma Shearer for instance.

HE shook his head: "I do not believe it is possible to generalize about women and their problems as a sex through actress-examples," he continued briskly, "It is not a fair nor a representative point. In the first place the actress group is very small, very limited. In the second place acting and writing are two careers in which women not only retain their charm and femininity but find them enhanced. Acting is truly a woman's profession, the most becoming she can assume.

"Please do not misunderstand. I do not underestimate the fine courage behind the success Miss Shearer has made of her professional life as a star and her private life as Mrs. Irving Thalberg. She is in every way an exceptional woman. In fact, I have such great respect for what she has attained, and such admiration



Lyle Talbot
PICKS MOST
APPEALING LIPS
IN INTERESTING TEST

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Tangee lips
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DOES BOTH JOBS

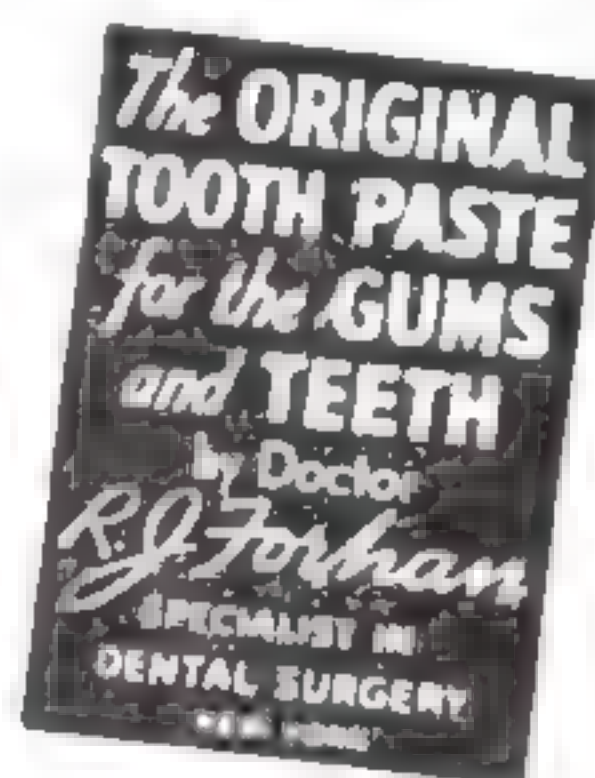
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for her understanding of Life and Men and Women, I have little doubt but that she would retain the values she has today if she were a woman doctor or a woman lawyer. There are great secrets behind the success of women like Norma Shearer that too few women realize.

"One of them is, that no matter how clever a woman is in business or her profession, she should maintain the illusion of femininity and romance. Men are often proud of women who have lives and interests of their own. But they do not want the details of her cleverness hurled at them in terms of percentages, export rates, box-office figures nor anything else that hints of mathematics."

So far Rathbone had spoken only in terms of generalizations. I wondered if there were any little purely personal observations he found in women as a sex that pleased him—or even equally personal grudges he might harbor against them.

"Yes" he laughed, "One of each! They aren't terribly important to any one but myself. In fact, they're wholly trivial. But the fact remains, *I do not like to watch women eat!* Eating is the most uncivilized communion of our daily life, anyway. And it has always struck me as extremely unfortunate that the minute a man becomes interested in a woman he is expected to invite her to share a meal with him.

Potential lovers could not see themselves in a more unflattering light than with their jaws moving continually, sipping soup or "chomping" celery! I think meals are occasions we should share only with our oldest and deepest friends who can forgive us anything!

"I warned you these personalities were trivial. But just as keenly as I hate to watch a woman eat, I adore to watch her in the setting of her own home, performing the most domestic of tasks—yes, even setting her own dinner table or arranging the flowers for it. Women are never so beautiful or so individual as they are against the background of their own possessions. Not all women, of course, can have beautiful homes. But all women can acquire things which belong to them alone, which reflect their taste."

It was time for me to start making my departure. An assistant had appeared twice at the door with reminders that work would start shortly on "the back lot." The very tall and very British Mr. Rathbone held open the door (I wouldn't have reached for the knob for anything). We shook hands. He smiled: "Now that I have unburdened myself of my private opinions about women, I'm not even going to do the usual thing and apologize for them. The men will not mind—and the women probably will not believe them!"

On the Spot News

BABIES, JUST BABIES:

Norman Foster's and Sally Blane's hoped for little Elmer turned out to be a seven pound girl. They love her anyway.

The Alan Dineharts are taking bows for the new son and heir.

Little Linda Woods has come to stay at Donald Wood's home. She's welcome.

A neat little production in the form of a new son for producer David Selznick. In color, too. A luscious strawberry pink.

AILING:

Getting all hot and bothered and things put Donald Ogden Stewart into a sanitarium. Writing funny scripts plays heck with the nerves, eh Donald Ogden?

Ruth Chatterton denies she took flu because Sam Goldwyn sneezed at her through the phone. Sam gets blamed for everything. Ruthie would have gotten it anyway on account of night flying without her ear-lugs.

Mrs. Adolphe Menjou is back in the hospital. The former Veree Teasdale deserves better luck.

Pandemonium has practically ceased at the Chester Morris house. Mrs. Morris is recovering from her operation, the two children are fast losing that measles glow and even the lump on Chester's jaw is behaving. The tooth is out. So was Chester for two whole weeks.

LOOK WHO'S HERE DEPARTMENT:

Eddie Cantor arrived in sunny Cal. one day and grabbed up Ida the next for a boat ride to Honolulu. It's their twenty-second honeymoon. Nice people, Ida and Eddie.

James Montgomery Flagg has all the beauties sitting at his feet. He's doing their likenesses for PHOTOPLAY covers.

Ramon Novarro is home from his hissing in

London. He has forgiven all and looks grand.

Robert Taylor is back minus one shoe, twelve dozen handkerchiefs. Bobbie has been getting himself lady-mobbed in New York.

AH OH, NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY:

Hollywood wives are locking their good-looking husbands in clothes closets these nights. Sally Rand and her bubbles are in town.

DROP US A POSTAL CARD:

Spencer Tracy and his wife trek to Honolulu for vacation. Joan Bennett invades England. Ditto Irene Dunne. Frances Marion, writer, goes all the way round the world. Eddie Robinson off for London. And much to Ida Lupino's sorrow, so is Louis Hayward.

Somewhere in the wilds of the Northwest where the deer and the antelope play are the Fredric Marches. Getting away from it all.

SUMMER FASHIONS AND SUMMER NOT:

Nelson Eddy is sporting a dark gray Tux with black braid. Makes it easier to escape from pursuing females. The gray confuses 'em. With this he wears Jeanette MacDonald, on his arm.

THE CURTAIN FALLS:

To Jobyna Howland, blonde comedienne, farewell and God speed you in your final journey to far-off location.

Hollywood mourns the death of a great star of silent days, Henry B. Walthall, whose gentle dignity and innate kindness endeared him to all who knew him. He was the oldest actor in years of service in the films, and will be remembered best as the *Little Colonel* in "The Birth of a Nation," which brought him fame.

Announcement

A number of HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS appearing in the September issue of PHOTOPLAY will be available to readers at these stores

STATE	STORE	STATE	STORE
ALABAMA		NEW YORK	
Birmingham	Burger-Phillips Co.	Binghamton	Martin Coy
Montgomery	Al Levy Co.	Buffalo	L. L. Berger
ARKANSAS		Forrest Hills	Dora Atkins Shop
Little Rock	The M. M. Cohn Co.	Larchmont	Silvia Cluxton
CALIFORNIA		Rochester	B. Forman Co.
Los Angeles	Bullocks Wilshire	Syracuse	Flah & Company
Sacramento	Bon Marche	Syracuse	W. I. Addis Co.
Santa Barbara	Jack Rose	Utica	Robert Fraser Inc.
San Francisco	Ransohoff's		
COLORADO		OHIO	
Denver	Neusteter Co.	Canton	Lefkovits'
CONNECTICUT		Cincinnati	Kline's Inc.
New Haven	L. R. Brooks	Cleveland	May Company
Waterbury	Freedman's, Inc.	Springfield	Edward Wren Store
GEORGIA		Toledo	LaSalle & Koch
Atlanta	J. Regenstein Co.		
Augusta	Goldberg's	OKLAHOMA	
Columbus	Kayser-Lillienthal	Ardmore	Westheimer & Daube
INDIANA		Oklahoma City	John A. Brown Co.
Indianapolis	L. S. Ayres & Co.	Tulsa	Brown-Dunkin Co.
KANSAS		OREGON	
Wichita	Geo. Innes Co.	Portland	Meier & Frank Co.
LOUISIANA		PENNSYLVANIA	
New Orleans	Keller Zander, Inc.	Allentown	The Adams Co.
MARYLAND		Bradford	E. Callahan Shop
Baltimore	Bonwit Lennon Co.	Easton	Gier's
MASSACHUSETTS		Jenkintown	Elkins Park Shop
Boston	E. T. Slattery & Co.	Philadelphia	Bonwit Teller
Brockton	Cohen's 5th Ave.	Pittsburgh	Kaufman's
Salem	Royal Skirt Co.	Pottsville	Goldy's
MICHIGAN		Reading	Jeanette
Detroit	B. Siegel Co.	Warren	MacLaren-Siegfried
MINNESOTA		Wilkes-Barre	Beverly
Duluth	M. C. Albenberg Co.	TENNESSEE	
Minneapolis	Young-Quinlan Co.	Knoxville	House of Ragsdale
MISSOURI		Nashville	Loveman, Berger & Teitelbaum
Kansas City	Rothschild & Sons	TEXAS	
St. Louis	M. J. Steinberg Company	Beaumont	The Fashion
NEVADA		Dallas	A. Harris Co.
Reno	Gray Reid Wright Co.	El Paso	Felix Brunschweig Co.
NEW JERSEY		Houston	The Smart Shop
Elizabeth	Samuel Fishman Inc.	Longview	Martin's
Englewood	Olive Anderson	San Antonio	Canadian Fur Company
Upper Montclair	C. C. Chapman Co.	VIRGINIA	
Paterson	Meyer Levine	Richmond	Meyer Greentree's
		WEST VIRGINIA	
		Charleston	Mildred's Inc.
		Wheeling	Stone & Thomas
		WASHINGTON	
		Tacoma	S. A. Andrews Co.
		WISCONSIN	
		Milwaukee	Hixon's

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE'S RETAIL STORE DIRECTORY

Whenever you go shopping consult this list of reliable stores, offering faithful copies of PHOTOPLAY HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS and NATIONALLY KNOWN MERCHANDISE, such as advertised in this issue of PHOTOPLAY. If this list does not include a store in your home city, write the nearest store for complete HOLLYWOOD CINEMA FASHION information. And when you shop, please mention PHOTOPLAY Magazine.



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Why Gary's Gone Rural Again

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

by it's numerous cares and obligations.

The net result is found in the quiet routine of the Cooper household that duplicates in so many ways the sturdy normalities of the big red brick house in Helena.

The day starts promptly at eight o'clock because there are so many chores to do. After breakfast Gary disappears in his machine shop, installed in a space originally planned for a playroom. With the aid of a highly professional electric sharpener he gets his gardening tools ready for the daily battle with weeds and devil grass. There is a gardener on the place but both the Coopers have taken over the complete responsibility of weeds and bugs in order to keep their four acres of flowers, lawn and vegetables in the garden prize-winning class.

At one o'clock there is time out for lunch and then Gary returns to the machine shop to tune up his carpenter's tools, the current odd job being additions to the dog kennel. Gary is planning to raise Sealyham terriers.

At four o'clock the Coopers put down their hoes and hammers, get into fresh shorts and shirts and go hiking into the hills and poppy-carpeted canyons near their home.

Now and then when the weather is especially fine they play hookey. Bathing suits, lunch and the current pair of Sealyham pups are

stowed into the car and off they drive fifty miles up the coast to a certain secluded cove on a strip of fine white beach. They swim, build a big fire for warmth and a hot lunch, sun themselves thoroughly and swim again.

Folks drop in now and then for dinner and a game of bridge, but the Cooper curfew never varies from the established hour of eleven-thirty.

"And this isn't a health measure," Gary assured me, "you just can't keep your eyes open after fourteen hours of physical work and fresh air."

When Gary is working on a picture, Veronica takes over the weed and bug battle single handed, with some direction and assistance from the master of the house when he returns from work at night.

There are Saturday night movies, books, backgammon and the Amateur Gardener's Planting Manual. There are Gary's drawing boards, sketching pencils, paints and brushes in a little studio loft next to the machine shop.

Gary's black tie and white tie are still freshly pressed and ready for duty, but banished now to his studio dressing room closet. There doesn't seem to be an available hook for them at home, what with boots and dungarees, sweaters and flannels taking up all the space.

Boos and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7]

WHY DO THEY?

Why do they waste Gene Raymond in modern wise-cracking stories? They don't suit him any more than the rôle of a burlesque queen would suit Garbo. His best picture to date was "Zoo in Budapest." Why can't they find him another story of that type? Or why not plant his blonde beauty in a costume picture? He would make a perfect Ivanhoe, Sir Galahad or General LaFayette.

RUTH KING, Cranford, N. J.

MIRIAM IS AFIRE

At last I understand that phrase "a bundle of charm" . . . it's Miriam Hopkins personified . . . and no bulky bundle either—rather a nicely streamlined one. She is afire with verve and energy. Even in graver moments, she seems to be contemplating some new, exhilarating move. There is a wealth of comedy and drama in that one small person. Miriam doesn't need a glamorous background; she furnishes the glamour.

MARGARET HAGEN, Roland, Iowa

A COMER

A new star on the horizon! Young, boyish, good looking, with attractive expressive eyes. When he's serious he melts your heart; when he's funny, you adore him. He is sincere and eager—a comer if there ever was one—Ross Alexander.

MRS. BEN JENKINS, Terre Haute, Ind.

WITHOUT FURTHER ADO

Without further ado, my personal nomination for the best acting this year goes to Gary Cooper. In "Desire" and "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" he has stamped himself the most natural actor on the screen. He has the ability to make one feel himself in the person of Gary Cooper. It's not so much what he does, as the way he does it that makes him so popular.

ROBERT KUDERER, Norwood, Ohio

AUSTRALIANS VS. AMERICANS

Both offshoots of the same parent stem, Australians are very like Americans. This notion is supported by a similarity of taste in pictures and players. Generally, the pictures Americans like, we like (though we have not America's mania for jazz, dancing, and crudely sentimental songs; few of us can stand crooners).

In general, again, Australians admire the stars you admire. We have the same differences of opinion over Miss Garbo; she is either wonderful or woeful. We do not tolerate male conceit, cocksureness, and boasting so readily as Americans. James Cagney and Pat O'Brien, for instance, are less popular than Gary Cooper and Ricardo Cortez.

American pictures are great workers for international peace. And this is no simple-minded idea. Who would want to fight against the nation that gave the world Charles Chaplin, Margaret Sullavan, "The Thin Man" and "Duck Soup"?

H. R. UNDERWOOD, South Australia

Keep Cool at 98°

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

And the best one I know is a huge cocktail mixed in a tub. A big order, but you take it externally, not internally.

A tepid bath. There is nothing more refreshing in summer. Not hot, not cold. The former is enervating and the latter, while it may cool you for the moment, will start the blood to circulating, making you warmer than ever by the time you are ready to dress. Besides, to some of you it may be a shock to which your systems do not react properly.

So, tepid it is, with a cool, foamy lather of soap, a few drops of bath oil or cologne (scent to taste) or bath salts. Pine essence in the water will relieve tension and restore vitality.

If you are addicted to sparkling waters, Arline Judge told me of a powder that fizzes and foams, perfumes, softens and tints the water a delightful aquamarine, sea green or rose. Imagine such beauty in a bath!

Perhaps hard water is one of your tribulations. It needn't be. Besides the bath salts, oils and essences which you will find scented with the fragrance you prefer . . . and your scents must never conflict . . . other water softeners are soda, tincture of benzoin and starch, which make your skin and the water velvety smooth. Or if, like Cleopatra, you wish a milk bath, that, too, in powder form, is now yours.

A terry cloth sachet, filled with sweet-smelling herbs and castile soap creates the desired lather and scrubbing device for charming Helen Wood. However, you may prefer a loofah sponge. But whether or no, a bath brush you must have. It keeps the skin smooth as silk and your back free of blemishes. But more on that subject next time.

Don't rush through your bath. Dawdle if you can. It will relax you. Then rinse thoroughly and pat your body dry.

Like a gentle benediction, dewy and fresh, spray a cool scented mist of cologne or eau de toilette over your body. Be lavish with a soft-as-down dusting powder before you dress for the evening, but first lie down and rest for twenty minutes and you will have received the cooling beneficence of the bath.

How are your skin and hair standing the Summer? If you are concerned about sunburn, freckles or tan, make-up that will stay in place in spite of heat, the names of the cooling requisites of the bath, please send to Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City, a large, stamped, self-addressed envelope for leaflet, "Means to Midsummer Magic."

All Hollywood's Playing This Game

ONE of Hollywood's more entertaining stars gave a party the other night, and from the beginning it had all the earmarks of being a flop. Nobody felt like bridge, it was too cold for a swim, and the star's grandmother was stubbornly playing solitaire on the ping-pong table.

Finally, when despair was darkening the actress' pretty face, the old lady looked up from her cards and said—on a staccato note—"Guggenheim!"

There was a cold silence.

"I used to play it when I was fifteen," the granddame said. "My aunt taught it to me. You sit around in a circle and take turns suggesting classifications—that is, someone says 'Names of automobiles,' and the next person says 'Fowls of the air,' and then someone else thinks of 'countries.' You do that until you have five."

"Now Gran'ma, please," wailed the hostess.

"Then you choose a word of five letters—any word in which the same letter doesn't occur twice," continued the old lady im-

perturbably. "And you each take a sheet of paper and rule it into a checkerboard. Five spaces at the top and five at the side—"

"Grandma!"

"—And vertically down the left side you write that word, one letter for each space. Say the word is 'cards.' And across the top you put your classifications, one grouping for each space. So then for ten minutes you try to find a word to fit each square in the checkerboard. Opposite 'C' goes 'Catbird' for the fowl, 'Cadillac' for the auto, 'Chili' for the country, etcetera. And when the ten minutes are up you read what you've got aloud.

"If you're the only one who has a certain word you get four credits for it; if someone else has it you each get two credits; if more than two have thought of that word, each gets only one credit. And you add up your score."

"Well, let's try it," said a guest. . . .

They played Guggenheim until four in the morning!

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Boos and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112]

BRAVO, BRIAN

Here's a boost for Brian Donlevy, who steals hearts as easily as he steals pictures. What a menace! One of the toughest eggs ever to leer from the screen, yet he brings more than a hint of satire to his rôles. In the final scene of "Another Face," where the killer realizes he is cornered, his remarkable change from sheer comedy to melodrama was splendid. Neither shall I ever forget his *Spike* in "Mary Burns, Fugitive," or *Knuckles* in "Barbary Coast," both small parts but the highlights of the picture by reason of Brian's remarkable ability. Bravo Brian! Yours will be a big name very soon.

FREDA WAKELING, London, England

GARY LIKE WILL

If anyone could take the place of our beloved Will Rogers in pictures, there is no doubt that Gary Cooper would be the one. His performance in "Mr. Deeds" will long be remembered. Like Mr. Rogers, his acting is so natural and unaffected that one feels as though they were living every scene with him.

I am a steady movie-goer, but I can't remember when I have seen a picture as all around enjoyable as "Mr. Deeds Goes To Town."

Give us more wholesome entertainment like this for the entire family.

MARJORIE BENSON, St. Louis, Mo.

GARBO'S NEW ROLE

Garbo will play "Camille!" The announcement gave a thrill to those who love the drama and revere the old traditions of the rapidly dying stage.

Sarah Bernhardt first created this part, and the characterization was one of the most brilliant successes of her long, distinguished career. Duse, Ethel Barrymore, Eva LaGallienne and countless others on the stage have offered interpretations of the Parisian courtesan.

On the screen it was Clara Kimball Young who first gave us "Camille." She was followed by the famous Nazimova and later by Norma Talmadge.

Now it's Garbo's turn to take the curtain. She has inherited a rôle hallowed by the years. She must match talents with the world's greatest actresses. Confidently we await Garbo's test—confidently because we know that with this portrayal she will gather new laurels and will breathe fresh life into the part of *Marguerite Gauthier*, "La Dame aux Camélias."

GUSTAVE RASCH, New Orleans, La.

A GREAT RELIEF

Our Juvenile Court is interested in the welfare of underprivileged children and tries to help them by rehabilitation. We find that moving pictures are their most outstanding and enjoyable recreation. In Our County Home we have fifty boys. When famous juvenile stars are shown such as Shirley Temple, Freddie Bartholomew, and Jackie Cooper, and some adult pictures such as "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," "Freckles," and "Laddie,"

the Honorable Judge of the Circuit Court makes it possible for these children to see them. We find these wonderful pictures give great relief to the unhappy mind.

LANZEL DEGGINER, Probation Officer,
St. Joseph, Mo.

SHOUTS FOR "SHOW BOAT"

Adulation, applause and confetti for the season's most magnificent film—"Show Boat." As exciting as the grab bag at our first lawn party, a merry succession of thrills.

A peek into its depths reveals a breathless combination of charm and talent—lovely Irene Dunne, more fascinating than ever in a delightfully animated rôle; a voice to create dreams, that of Allan Jones; Helen Morgan, who thrills without a vestige of piano perching; Charles Winniger whose comedy portrayal should make movie history; and Jerome Kern's haunting melodies done in four-star style.

MRS. W. P. CHAPMAN,
Atlanta, Ga.

EQUAL HONORS FOR JANE

After systematically avoiding all child actors, I finally discovered one that went right to my heart. Jane Withers, of course! That round faced little imp with her snub nose and fine expressive mouth climbed right out of the rather ordinary picture, "Paddy O'Day," and became a real live Irish youngster before my eyes.

Why do we hear so little of her? She certainly deserves at least equal honors with Shirley Temple, for although Jane may not be as pretty, she has a piquant charm and really nice voice that are in my opinion as important, and she certainly has real acting ability with a rare quality of naturalness seldom found in picture children. I would like to see her receive the appreciation she so honestly deserves.

RUTH EATON,
Marysville, Calif.

BAD CHARACTERS ARE IMPORTANT

We spend most of our lives in the company of good people, don't we? Our parents are good. Our children are good. Our friends are good.

Even in the movies the heroes and heroines are mostly good. The villain oftentimes becomes good, too, in the final fadeout.

Why don't we have more pictures of bold, bad people? There is a great lure in their lives, for theirs are uncommon, unique and absorbingly different from the lives we lead and the lives of those we know.

Bad characters are important not only in that they are diverting, but because they also serve by way of contrast to our own good graces and virtues.

Weren't you movie fans thrilled when you saw Jimmy Cagney in his hard-boiled-devil-may-care rôles, fighting and shooting his way through the whole length of the picture; Bette Davis in her man-wrecking portrayals, and Edward G. Robinson as the tough hombre of the underworld?

J. PERALTA,
Manila, P. I.

Brief Reviews of Current Photoplays

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5]

ROAD GANG—Warners.—Good performances by Donald Woods, Kay Linaker, Henry O'Neill, and Joseph King fail to raise this grim, depressing story of a writer who exposes the crookedness of a state political dictator. Pretty brutal. (May)

ROBIN HOOD OF EL DORADO, THE—M-G-M.—Fine direction and superb cast in a thrilling, but too romantic tale of the bandit Juana Murrieta, the Robin Hood of early California history. Warner Baxter handles the desperado's rôle well. (May)

★ **SHOWBOAT**—Universal.—The perennially charming Mississippi river story, superlatively produced and studded with stars. Irene Dunne simply enchanting as Magnolia; Paul Robeson magnificent; Alan Jones, Helen Morgan, Charles Winninger, Helen Westley, all contribute their best. On your "must see" list. (July)

SILLY BILLIES — RKO-Radio. — Old Home Week for Wheeler and Woolsey, who are covered wagoners this time. Old stuff, but funny. Dorothy Lee is Wheeler's heart trouble. (May)

SINGING COMEDY, THE—Republic.—An up to date Western with an extra kick in the way of television. Gene Autry gathers his pals together for a radio program to get money for an operation on his bosses' daughter. Lots of exciting gun play when Lon Chaney, Jr., musses up the works. (July)

★ **SINS OF MAN**—20th Century-Fox.—Sordid and dreary but tremendously dramatic. Jean Hersholt is superb as a modern Job whose faith in Providence is finally justified. Don Amanche, a new-comer, who plays both sons, is a real find. Be sure and see it. (July)

★ **SMALL TOWN GIRL**—M-G-M.—Janet Gaynor magnificent in this beautifully directed story of a small town girl married to a sophisticate who doesn't want her. Robert Taylor takes honors too, and noteworthy acting is contributed by a fine cast. (June)

★ **SONS O' GUNS**—Warners.—A riotous comedy with a flock of laughs. Joe E. Brown at his funny best as a pacifist becoming involved in a spy ring. He has girl trouble with Joan Blondell, Beverly Roberts and Wini Shaw. Mad and amusing. (July)

SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR — RKO-Radio.—Average entertainment with Richard Dix as a criminal mouth-piece turned G-Man to revenge his murdered brother. He rounds up a gang of gold thieves, gets Margaret Callahan. Erik Rhodes helps. (July)

SPEED—M-G-M.—Love makes the wheels go 'round in this tale of a youth who seeks to prove his carburetor invention at Indianapolis. James Stewart is warmly human; Wendy Barrie is his heartbeat; Ted Healy is funny. Exciting races. (July)

★ **SUTTER'S GOLD** — Universal. — Drama, comedy, romance and tragedy combine in this colorful epic of the discovery of gold in California. Edward Arnold as Sutter; Lee Tracy as his friend, are splendid; Binnie Barnes and Katherine Alexander carry romance into Sutter's life admirably. (June)

★ **13 HOURS BY AIR**—Paramount.—A melodramatic story of the transcontinental air service with a fine cast. Fred MacMurray is pilot; Joan Bennett, Brian Donlevy, Alan Baxter, Fred Keating and ZaSu Pitts are the passengers who furnish thrilling suspense. Excellent direction. (May)

THE COUNTRY BEYOND—20th Century-Fox.—Insurpassable pictorial beauty and the dog Buck's cleverness help a weak story in which two Canadian Mounties, Paul Kelly and Robert Kent, solve a murder which entangles Rochelle Hudson and Alan Hale, her fur-trapper father. (June)

★ **THE COUNTRY DOCTOR**—20th Century-Fox.—The famous Dionne quintuplets' debut as actresses. Superb story, direction and cast, which includes Jean Hersholt as the doctor, Dorothy Peterson as nurse, John Qualen as the father, and Slim Summerville. On your "must see" list. (May)

THE DESERT PHANTOM—Supreme.—Above the average sage-brush drama with plenty of mystery revolving around an unnamed sharpshooter who tries to force Sheila Manners to sell her ranch. Johnny Mack Brown, surprisingly good, comes to her assistance. (June)

THE FIRST BABY—20th Century-Fox.—Life like and appealing story of a young couple who encounter in-law trouble. Johnny Downs as the husband, Majorie Gateson as his selfish mother-in-law, and Jane Darwell as his mother are outstanding in a fine cast. (June)

THE GIRL FROM MANDALAY—Republic.—Uninteresting and somewhat morbid tale of a British plantation owner's (Conrad Nagel) tiresomely noble efforts to regenerate his faithless wife (Kay Linaker). (June)

★ **THE GREAT ZIEGFELD**—M-G-M.—Completely enthralling picturization of the life of Ziegfeld combining delicious music, lavish spectacle, drama and humor. Bill Powell, Myrna Loy, Luise Rainer are only a few of the superb cast. Don't let anything keep you away. (June)

★ **THE MOON'S OUR HOME**—Paramount.—Comedy, drama and emotional appeal in a gay and stirring love story. Margaret Sullavan, a spoiled movie queen, and Henry Fonda, a spoiled writer, fall in love unaware of each other's identity. Magnificently cast. You must go. (May)

★ **THE SINGING KID**—Warners.—Al Jolson with never a better voice in a story of a singer and his troubles with two-timing Claire Dodd, a crooked lawyer, Lyle Talbot, Sybil Jason, the little fixer, and Beverly Roberts, the heart. Plenty of exhilarating frills, too, including the Yacht Club Boys and Cab Calloway. (May)

THE SKY PARADE—Paramount.—A slow, disappointing film version of the radio serial, "The Adventures of Jimmy Allen." Jimmy Allen plays his original rôle none too well, and William Gargan, Katherine DeMille and Kent Taylor try hard. (June)

THE WITNESS CHAIR—RKO-Radio.—There's good entertainment in this tense murder and courtroom drama built around a woman's great love. Ann Harding is emotional with reserve and William Benedict is enjoyable. (June)

★ **THESE THREE** — Sam Goldwyn-United Artists.—A powerful dramatic theme showing how a child's malicious lie can destroy three innocent people. Joe McCrea, Miriam Hopkins and Merle Oberon splendid and two little girls, Bonita Granville and Marcia Mae Jones, win stellar honors. Outstanding direction. (May)

★ **THINGS TO COME**—London Films-United Artists.—Perfect technically and interesting from a story standpoint is H. G. Wells' tale of our world over run by war collapsing into barbarism, redeemed by science and exploring the planets. Well worth while. (June)

THREE ON THE TRAIL—Sherman-Paramount.—Another Hopalong Cassidy story with better than usual suspense. Bill Boyd, likable as ever in the title rôle, chases Onslow Stevens, perfect as the villain. (June)

THREE WISE GUYS — M-G-M. — Pleasant little story of playboy Robert Young's attempt to support his wife, Betty Furness, a reformed crook. Bruce Cabot and Raymond Walburn are effective. (July)

TILL WE MEET AGAIN—Paramount.—Here's the perfect answer to those who like adventure. Herbert Marshall and Gertrude Michael pit their brains against one another in rival spy organizations and plenty of excitement ensues. Rod La Roque wins honors in a minor rôle. (June)

★ **TOO MANY PARENTS** — Paramount.—Don't miss this excellent picture of juvenile life in a military academy full of entertainment and heart interest. All the cast which includes George Ernest, Billy Lee and Carl (Alfalfa) Switzer, is effective. (May)

TWO AGAINST THE WORLD—Warners.—An acquitted murderess is put on trial twenty years later by a muck raking newspaper. Bad material, poor direction, uninspired dialogue, mediocre performances. We spare the cast. (July)

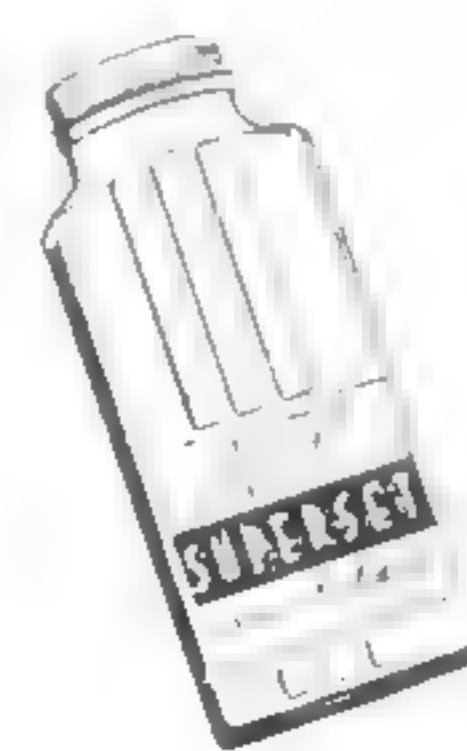
★ **TWO IN REVOLT**—RKO-Radio.—A nice outdoor story of friendship between a horse and dog. John Arledge trains the horse and wins the boss' daughter, Louise Latimer. Children will love the new Rin-Tin-Tin. (May)

★ **UNDER TWO FLAGS**—20th Century-Fox.—Breath-taking spectacle of adventure, love and jealousy in the Foreign Legion with Claudette Colbert, Ronald Colman, Victor McLaglen and Rosalind Russell. Go to see this positively. (July)



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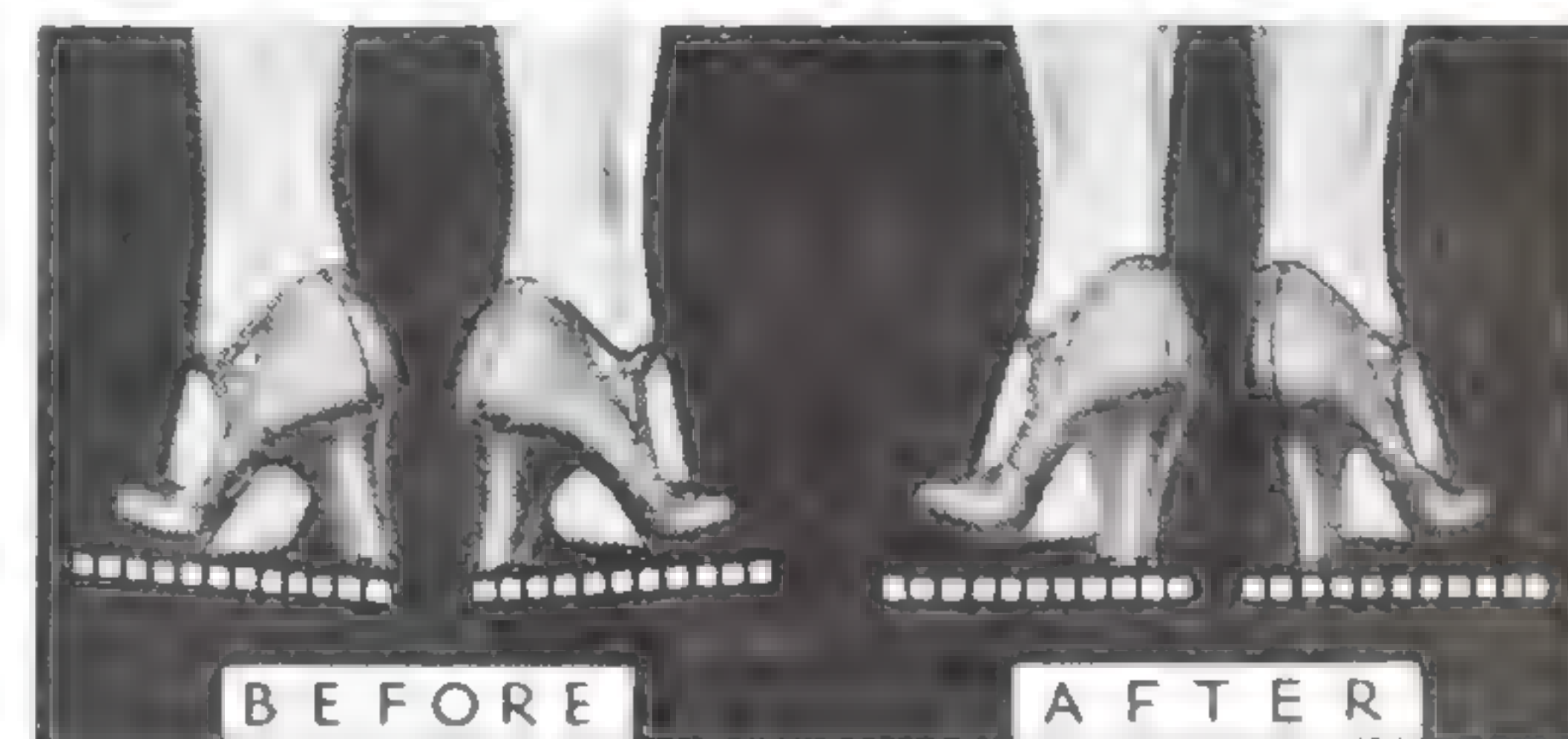
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and
Keeps Them Off

PULVEX

FLEA POWDER

Casts of Current Photoplays

"AND SUDDEN DEATH" — PARAMOUNT. — From the story by Theodore Reeves and Madeleine Ruthven. Screen play by Joseph Moncure March. Directed by Charles Barton. The cast: *Lieutenant James Knox*, Randolph Scott; *Betty Winslow*, Frances Drake; *Jackie Winslow*, Tom Brown; *Bobby Sanborn*, Billy Lee; *Steve Bartlett*, Fuzzy Knight; *"Bangs"*, Terry Walker; *District Attorney*, Porter Hall; *Mike Andrews*, Charles Quigley; *Sergeant Sanborn*, Joseph Sawyer; *Counsel for the Defense*, Oscar Apfel; *Dodie Sloan*, Maidel Turner; *Archie Sloan*, Charlie Arnt; *Mr. Tweets*, Jimmy Conlin; *J. R. Winslow*, John Hyams; *Meggs*, Herbert Evans; *Sergeant Malone*, Don Rowan; *Nurse*, Wilma Francis.

"BUNKER BEAN" — RKO-RADIO. — From the play by Lee Wilson Dodd. Based on the novel by Harry Leon Wilson. Screen Play by Edmund North, James Gow, and Dorothy Yost. Directed by William Hamilton and Edward Killy. The cast: *Bunker Bean*, Owen Davis, Jr.; *Mary Kent*, Louise Latimer; *J. C. Kent*, Robert McWade; *Grandmother*, Jessie Ralph; *Miss Kelly*, Lucille Ball; *Prof. Balthazer*, Berton Churchill; *Mr. Glab*, Edward Nugent; *Mrs. Kent*, Hedda Hopper; *Mr. Meyerhauser*, Ferdinand Gottschalk; *Buller*, Leonard Carey; *A. C. Jones*, Russell Hicks; *Mr. Barnes*, Pierre Watkin; *Mr. Metzger*, Richard Abbott; *Countess*, Sibyl Harris.

"COUNTERFEIT" — COLUMBIA. — Story by William Rankin. Screen play by William Rankin and Bruce Manning. Directed by Erle C. Kenton. The cast: *John Joseph Madden*, Chester Morris; *Aimee Maxwell*, Margot Grahame; *Capper Stevens*, Lloyd Nolan; *Verna Maxwell*, Marian Marsh; *Tom Perkins*, Claude Gillingwater; *Angel White*, George McKay; *Pete Dailey*, John Gallaudet; *Gus*, Gene Morgan; *Matt McDonald*, Pierre Watkins; *Dint Coleman*, Marc Lawrence.

"EARLY TO BED" — PARAMOUNT. — From the story by Lucien Littlefield and Chandler Sprague. Screen play by Arthur Kober. Directed by Norman McLeod. The cast: *Tessie Weeks*, Mary Boland; *Chester Beatty*, Charlie Ruggles; *Horace Stanton*, George Barbier; *Grace Stanton*, Gail Patrick; *Burgess Frisbie*, Robert McWade; *Mr. O'Leary*, Lucien Littlefield; *Doctor Vernon*, Colin Tapley; *Smithers*, Arthur Hoyt; *Mrs. Duval*, Helen Flint; *Miss Benson*, Rae Daggett; *Rex Daniels*, Sidney Blackmer; *Burger*, Billy Gilbert; *Miss Barton*, Sarah Edwards.

"EARTHWORM TRACTORS" — WARNERS. — From the Saturday Evening Post story by William Hazlett Upson. Screen play by Richard Macauley, Joe Traub and Hugh Cummings. Directed by Raymond Enright. The cast: *Alexander Bolts*, Joe E. Brown; *Mabel Johnson*, June Travis; *Sam Johnson*, Guy Kibbee; *Sally Blair*, Carol Hughes; *Mr. Blair*, Olin Howland; *Mrs. Blair*, Sara Edwards; *Emmet McManus*, Dick Foran; *H. J. Russell*, Charles Wilson; *Mr. Henderson*, Joseph Crehan; *George Healey*, Gene Lockhart; *Mr. Jackson*, William Davidson; *Taxicab Driver*, Irving Bacon; *The Doctor*, Stuart Holmes.

"EDUCATING FATHER" — 20TH CENTURY-FOX. — Original screen play by Katharine Kavanaugh, Edward T. Lowe and John Patrick. Directed by James Tinling. The cast: *John Jones*, Jed Prouty; *Bonnie Jones*, Shirley Deane; *Millicent*, Dixie Dunbar; *Mrs. John Jones*, Spring Byington; *Jack Jones*, Kenneth Howell; *Lucy Jones*, June Carlson; *Roger Jones*, George Ernest; *Granny Jones*, Florence Roberts; *Bobby Jones*, William Mahan; *Sheriff Hart*, Francis Ford; *Jim Courtney*, Charles Tannen; *Dick Harris*, J. Anthony Hughes; *Eddie Gordon*, David Newell; *Jess Boynton*, Clarence H. Wilson; *Fred Humphrey*, Jonathan Hale; *Dr. Willoughby*, Erville Alderson.

"FURY" — M-G-M. — Based on a story by Norman Krasna. Screen play by Bartlett Cormack and Fritz Lang. Directed by Fritz Lang. The cast: *Katherine Grant*, Sylvia Sydney; *Joe Wilson*, Spencer Tracy; *District Attorney*, Walter Abel; *Kirby Dawson*, Bruce Cabot; *Sheriff*, Edward Ellis; *"Bugs" Meyers*, Walter Brennan; *Tom*, George Walcott; *Charlie*, Frank Albertson; *Durkin*, Arthur Stone; *Fred Garrett*, Morgan Wallace; *Milton Jackson*, George Chandler; *Stranger*, Roger Gray; *Vickery*, Edwin Maxwell; *Governor*, Howard Hickman; *Defense Attorney*, Jonathan Hale; *Edna Hooper*, Leila Bennett; *Mrs. Whipple*, Ester Dale; *Franchette*, Helen Flint.

"GIRL OF THE OZARKS" — PARAMOUNT. — Based on a story by Maurine Babb, John Bright and Robert Tasker. Screen play by Stuart Anthony and Michael L. Simmons. Directed by William Shea. The cast: *Edie Moseley*, Virginia Weidler; *Granny*, Henrietta Crossman; *Tom Bolton*, Leif Erikson; *Gail Rogers*, Elizabeth Russell; *Maw Moseley*, Janet Young; *Bascomb Rogers*, Russell Simpson; *Miss Trent*, Nora Cecil; *Claire Rogers*, Lois Kent; *Lem, the Sheriff*, Louis Mason; *Buck Wilder*, Arthur Aylesworth.

"GREEN PASTURES, THE" — WARNERS. — From the fable by Marc Connelly. Suggested by Roark Bradford's Southern Sketches, "Ol' Man Adam An' His Chillun'." Directed by Marc Connelly and William Keighley. The cast: *De Lawd*, Rex Ingram; *Gabriel*, Oscar Polk; *Noah*, Eddie Anderson; *Moses*, Frank Wilson; *Mr. Deshee*, George Reed; *Archangel*, Abraham Gleaves; *Adam*, Rex Ingram; *Eve*, Myrtle Anderson; *Cain*, Al Stokes; *Zeba*, Edna M. Harris; *Cain the Sixth*, James Fuller; *High*

Priest, George Randel; *Noah's Wife*, Ida Forsythe; *Shem*, Ray Martin; *Flatfoot*, Chas. Andrews; *Ham*, Dudley Dickerson; *Japheth*, Jimmy Burress; *Abraham*, William Cumby; *Isaac*, George Reed; *Jacob*, Ivory Williams; *Aaron*, David Bethea; *Pharaoh*, Ernest Whitman; *Head Magician*, William Cumby; *Joshua*, Reginald Fenderson; *Master of Ceremonies*, Slim Thompson; *King of Babylon*, William Cumby; *Prophet*, Clinton Rosamond; *Hedzel*, Rex Ingram. And the Hall Johnson Choir conducted by Hall Johnson.

"HEARTS DIVIDED" — WARNERS. — From the play "Glorious Betsy" by Rida Johnson Young. Screen play by Casey Robinson. Directed by Frank Borzage. The cast: *Betsy*, Marion Davies; *John Horton*, Edward Everett Horton; *Henry Ruggles*, Charles Ruggles; *Richon*, Walter Kingsford; *Aunt Ellen*, Clara Blandick; *Isham*, John Larkin; *President Jefferson*, George Irving; *Pippin*, Phillip Hurlie; *Capt. Jerome Bonaparte*, Dick Powell; *Sir Harry Treacher*, Arthur Treacher; *Charles Patterson*, Henry Stephenson; *Du Fresne*, Etienne Girardot; *Gabriel*, Freddie Archibald; *Napoleon*, Claude Rains; *Innkeeper*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Colored servant*, Sam McDaniels; and the Hall Johnson Choir.

"HEARTS IN BONDAGE" — REPUBLIC. — From the story by Wallace MacDonald. Screen play by Bernard Schubert and Olive Cooper. Adapted by Karl Brown. Directed by Lew Ayres. The cast: *Kenneth*, James Dunn; *Raymond*, David Manners; *Constance*, Mae Clarke; *Julie*, Charlotte Henry; *Buchanan*, Henry B. Walthall; *Captain Gilman*, Oscar Apfel; *Warden*, Clay Clement; *President Lincoln*, Frank McGlynn, Sr.; *Effie*, Ben Alexander; *Commandore Jordan*, George Irving; *Mammy*, Etta McDaniels; *Gates Jones*, Lane Chandler; *Rammer*, Smiley Burnette; *Gunner*, Frankie Marvin; *Paddy*, J. M. Kerrigan.

"HIGH TENSION" — 20TH CENTURY-FOX. — From an original story by J. Robert Bren and Norman Houston. Screen play by Louis Breslow, Edward Liscu, John Patrick. Directed by Allan Dwan. The cast: *Steve Reardon*, Brian Donlevy; *Edith McNeil*, Glenda Farrell; *Eddie Mitchell*, Norman Foster; *Brenda Burke*, Helen Wood; *Willard Stone*, Robert McWade; *Noble Harrison*, Theodore Von Eltz; *S. Willoughby Tuttle*, Romaine Callender; *Kelly Madden*, Joseph Sawyer; *Hattie*, Hattie McDaniel; *Chuck*, Murray Alper.

"KING STEPS OUT, THE" — COLUMBIA. — Story by Gustav Holm, Ernst Decsey, Hubert Marischka, Ernst Marischka. Screen play by Sidney Buckman. Directed by Josef von Sternberg. The cast: *Cissy*, Grace Moore; *Francis Josef*, Franchot Tone; *Maximilian*, Walter Connolly; *von Kempen*, Raymond Walburn; *Palfi*, Victor Jory; *Sofia*, Elisabeth Risdon; *Louise*, Nana Bryant; *Helena*, Frieda Inescourt; *Major*, Thurston Hall; *Pretzelberger*, Herman Bing; *Herlicka*, George Hassell; *Chief of Secret Police*, John Arthur.

"LAST OUTLAW, THE" — RKO-RADIO. — Screen play by John Twist and Jack Townley from a story suggested by E. Murray Campbell. Directed by Christy Cabanne. The cast: *Dean Payton*, Harry Carey; *Chuck Wilson*, Hoot Gibson; *Sally Mason*, Margaret Callahan; *Al Goss*, Tom Tyler; *Bill Yates*, Henry B. Walthall; *Joe*, Ray Mayer; *Jess*, Harry Jans; *Dr. Mason*, Frank M. Thomas; *Billings*, Russell Hopton; *Tom*, Frank Jenks; *Billings' secretary*, Maxine Jennings; *Larry Dixon*, Fred Scott.

"LOVE BEGINS AT TWENTY" — FIRST NATIONAL. — From the play by Martin Flavin. Screen play by Tom Reed and Dalton Trumbo. Directed by Frank McDonald. The cast: *Jerry Wayne*, Warren Hull; *Lois Gillingwater*, Patricia Ellis; *Horatio Gillingwater*, Hugh Herbert; *Evalina*, Dorothy Vaughan; *Alice*, Mary Treen; *Jake Buckley*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Jonathan Ramp*, Clarence Wilson; *Mugsy O'Banion*, Robert Gleckler.

"MY MAN GODFREY" — UNIVERSAL. — From the novel by Eric Hatch. Screen play by Eric Hatch and Morrie Ryskind. Directed by Gregory La Cava. The cast: *Godfrey Parke*, William Powell; *Irene Bullock*, Carole Lombard; *Angelica Bullock*, Alice Brady; *Alexander Bullock*, Eugene Pallette; *Cornelia Bullock*, Gail Patrick; *Carlo*, Mischa Auer; *Tommy Gray*, Alan Mowbray; *Molly*, Jean Dixon; *Faithful George*, Robert Light; *Mike*, Pat Flaherty; *Ian Rumble*, Grady Sutton.

"NAVY BORN" — REPUBLIC. — Original story by Mildred Cram. Screen play by Albert De Mond and Olive Cooper. Adapted by Marcus Goodrich. Directed by Nate Watt. The cast: *Robert "Red" Furness*, William Gargan; *Bernice Farrington*, Claire Dodd; *Admiral Kingslon*, George Irving; *Aunt "Minnie" Furness*, Georgia Caine; *Lt. Tex Jones*, Addison Randall; *Lt. Steve Bassett*, Douglas Fowley; *Lt. Bill Lyons*, William Newell; *Mrs. Farrington*, Claudia Coleman; *Nurse Gordon*, Myra Marsh; *Commander Saunders*, Larry Steers; *Capt. Seeley*, Hooper Atchley; *Pat Strickland*, Douglas Wood; *"The Admiral" (Baby)*, M. Louis Wastal; *Daphne Ross*, Dorothy Tree; *Radio Operator*, Charles Marsh.

"NOBODY'S FOOL" — UNIVERSAL. — From the story by Frank M. Dazey. Screen play by Ralph Block and Ben Markson. Directed by Arthur Greville Collins. The cast: *Will Wright*, Edward Everett

Horton; *Ruby Miller*, Glenda Farrell; *Dizzy Rantz*, Cesar Romero; *Jake Cavendish*, Frank Conroy; *John "The Fixer" Belmore*, Clay Clement; *Sour Puss*, Warren Hymer; *Doc MacCollins*, Henry Hunter; *Mary Jones*, Florence Roberts; *Tom*, Ed Gargan; *"Red" Halsey*, Diana Gibson; *George Baxter*, Pierre Watkin; *Sharkey*, Robert Middlemass; *District Attorney*, Ivan Miller; *Information Clerk*, Marie Shelton; *Master of Ceremonies*, John King; *Purdie*, George Irving.

"PALM SPRINGS"—WALTER WANGER-PARAMOUNT.—From an original story by Myles Connolly. Adapted by Joseph Fields. Directed by Aubrey Scotto. The cast: *Joan Smyth*, Frances Langford; *Slim*, Smith Ballew; *Captain Smyth*, Sir Guy Standing; *Starkey*, Ernest Cossart; *Aunt Letty*, Spring Byington; *George Britell*, David Niven; *Morgan*, E. E. Clive; *Oscar*, Sterling Holloway; *Bud*, Grady Sutton; *Mrs. Baxter*, Mabel Turner; *Leonard*, David Worth; *Students*, Ann Doran, Margaret LaMarr, Mary Bovard; *Teacher*, Grace Goodall; *Miss Pinchon*, Sarah Edwards.

"PAROLE"—UNIVERSAL.—From a story idea suggested by Robert Dillon and Kay Morris. Story and screenplay by Kubec Glasmon, Joel Sayre and Horace McCoy. Directed by Louis Landers. The cast: *Russ Whalen*, Henry Hunter; *Frances Crawford*, Ann Preston; *Richard Mallard*, Alan Dinehart; *Bobby Noah Beery, Jr.*; *Marty Crawford*, Grant Mitchell; *Okay Smith*, Alan Baxter; *Borchard*, Alan Hale; *Joyce*, Bernadene Hayes; *Rex Gavin*, Berton Churchill; *Driscoll*, Charles Richman; *The Governor*, John Milner; *Bigbee*, Selmer Jackson; *Gregory*, Cliff Jones; *Dummy*, Frank Mills; *Zingo*, Anthony Quinn; *The Warden*, Wallis Clark; *District Attorney*, Edward Keane; *Parole Board Chairman*, Douglas Wood; *John*, Christian Rub; *Chief of Police*, John Kennedy; *Patton*, Frank McGlynn.

"POPPY"—PARAMOUNT.—Based on a play by Dorothy Donnelly. Screen play by Waldemar Young and Virginia Van Upp. Directed by A. Edward Sutherland. The cast: *Prof. Eustace McGargle*, W. C. Fields; *Poppy*, Rochelle Hudson; *Billy Farnsworth*, Richard Cromwell; *Countess Maggi Tubbs DePuzzi*, Catharine Doucet; *Attorney Whiffen*, Lynne Overman; *Mayor Farnsworth*, Granville Bates; *Sarah Tucker*, Maude Eburne; *Egmont*, Bill Wolfe; *Constable Bowman*, Adrian Morris; *Frances Parker*, Rosalind Keith; *Carnival Manager*, Ralph Remley.

"PRIVATE NUMBER"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Based on a play by Cleves Kinkead. Screen play by Gene Markey and William Conselman. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: *Richard Winfield*, Robert Taylor; *Ellen Neal*, Loretta Young; *Wroxton*, Basil Rathbone; *Gracie*, Patsy Kelly; *Smiley Watson*, Joe Lewis; *Mrs. Winfield*, Marjorie Gateson; *Perry Winfield*, Paul Harvey; *Mrs. Meecham*, Jane Darwell; *Rawlings*, Paul Stanton; *Slapp*, John Miljan; *Coakley*, Monroe Owsley; *Frederick*, Billy Bevan; *Graham*, Frank Dawson; *Judge*, George Irving; *Grandma Gammon*, May Beatty; *Foolman*, Alex Pollard; *Gus Rilo-vitch*, Jack Pennick; *John*, John Van Eyck; *Joe*, Kane Richmond; *Hazel*, Lilyan Irene; *Olga*, Maxine Hicks; *Teena*, Betty Morris; *Maud*, Lillian Worth; *Violet*, Ann Howard; *Hamlet (dog)*, Prince.

"ROAD TO GLORY, THE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Joel Sayre and William Faulkner. Directed by Howard Hawks. The cast: *Lieu-*

tenant Michel Denet, Fredric March; *Captain Paul La Roche*, Warner Baxter; *Papa La Roche*, Lionel Barrymore; *Monique*, June Lang; *Bouffion*, Gregory Ratoff; *Regnier*, Victor Kilian; *Relief Captain*, Paul Stanton; *Dufloss*, John Qualen; *Lieutenant Tannen*, Julius Tannen; *Major*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Rigaud*, Paul Fix; *Ledoux*, Leonid Kinskey; *Courier*, Jacques Lory; *Doctor*, Jacques Vanaire; *Nurse*, Edythe Raynore; *Old Soldier*, George Warrington.

"SECRET AGENT"—GB.—From the play by Campbell Dixon, based on the novel "Ashenden" by W. Somerset Maugham. Screen play by Charles Bennett. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock. The cast: *Elsa*, Madeleine Carroll; *The General*, Peter Lorre; *Ashenden*, John Gielgud; *Marvin*, Robert Young; *Caypor*, Percy Marmont; *Mrs. Caypor*, Florence Kahn; *R. Charles Carson*; *Lilli*, Lilli Palmer.

"SPENDTHRIFT"—WANGER-PARAMOUNT.—Original story by Eric Hatch. Screen play by Raoul Walsh and Bert Hanlan. Directed by Raoul Walsh. The cast: *Townsend Middleton*, Henry Fonda; *Boots O'Connell*, Pat Paterson; *Sally Barnaby*, Mary Brian; *Topsy*, June Brewster; *Uncle Morton Middleton*, George Barbier; *Beuhl*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Colonel Barnaby*, Spencer Charters; *Popsy*, Richard Carle; *O'Connell*, J. M. Kerrigan; *Bill*, Edward Brophy; *Enrico*, Jerry Mandy; *Hilda*, Greta Meyer; *Valet*, Miki Morita; *Ransom*, Robert Strange.

"TROUBLE FOR TWO"—M-G-M.—From the story "The Suicide Club" by Robert Louis Stevenson. Screen play by Manuel Seff and Edward E. Paramore, Jr. Directed by J. Walter Ruben. The cast: *Florizel*, Robert Montgomery; *Miss Vandeleur*, Rosalind Russell; *Colonel Geraldine*, Frank Morgan; *President of Club*, Reginald Owen; *Young Man with Cream Tarts*, Louis Hayward; *Florizel (as a child)*, David Holt; *Brenda (as a child)*, Virginia Weidler; *King*, E. E. Clive; *Malthus*, Walter Kingsford; *Collins*, Ivan Simpson; *Major O'Rook*, Tom Moore; *Fat Man*, Robert Greig; *Ambassador*, Guy Bates Post; *Sergei*, Pedro de Cordoba; *Captain Rich*, Leland Hodgson.

"WHITE ANGEL, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Suggested by Lytton Strachey's essay. Screen play by Mordaunt Shairp. Directed by William Dieterle. The cast: *Florence Nightingale*, Kay Francis; *Charles Cooper*, Donald Woods; *Mrs. Nightingale*, Georgia Caine; *Mr. Nightingale*, Charles Croker-King; *Lord Raglan*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Sister Colombo*, Eily Malyon; *Minna*, Barbara Leonard; *Nightingale's butler*, Vesey O'Davern; *Mrs. Herbert*, Phoebe Foster; *Dr. Hunt*, Donald Crisp; *Storekeeper*, Harry Cording; *Fuller*, Ian Hunter; *Dr. West*, Nigel Bruce; *Ella Stephens*, Ara Gerald; *Parthenope*, Lillian Cooper; *Soyer*, Ferdinand Munier; *Mrs. Waters*, Tempe Pigott; *Fleider*, Egon Brecher; *Sir Herbert*, George Curzon; *Tommy*, Billy Mauch; *Dr. Scott*, Henry O'Neill.

"WOMEN ARE TROUBLE"—M-G-M.—Adapted by Richard Blake from an original story by George Harman Cox. Screen play by Michael Fessier. Directed by Errol Taggart. The cast: *Casey*, Stuart Erwin; *Ruth*, Florence Rice; *Blaine*, Paul Kelly; *Frances*, Margaret Irving; *Gleason*, John Harrington; *Inspector*, Cy Kendall; *Bauman*, Harold Huber; *Bulch*, Wally Maher; *Mrs. Marty*, Kitty McHugh; *Marty*, Raymond Hatton; *Clara*, Florence Lake.



The camera snaps Bob Montgomery, Freddie March, Sheila Barrett, Broadway comedienne, Chester Morris and Charles Butterworth at the Clover Club. It was Freddie's last appearance before he left to hide out in the mountains

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HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

Paramount Studios

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Benny Baker	John Howard
Smith Ballew	Marsha Hunt
George Barbier	Dean Jagger
Paul Barrett	Roscoe Karns
Bennie Bartlett	Rosalind Keith
Irene Bennett	Marten Lamont
Louise Bennett	Billy Lee
Mary Boland	Baby LeRoy
Veda Ann Borg	Carole Lombard
Grace Bradley	Nick Lukats
Olympe Bradna	Ida Lupino
Tom Brown	Fred MacMurray
Burns and Allen	Sally Martin
Claudette Colbert	Gertrude Michael
Gary Cooper	Ray Milland
Ernest Cossart	John Morley
Larry Crabbe	Jack Oakie
Bing Crosby	Lynne Overman
Robert Cummings	Gail Patrick
Louis DaPron	Elizabeth Patterson
Jill Deen	Jeanne Perkins
Katherine DeMille	Charles Quigley
Marlene Dietrich	George Raft
Johnny Downs	Jane Rhodes
Frances Drake	Charlie Ruggles
Mary Ellis	Elizabeth Russell
Glenn Erikson	Randolph Scott
Ann Evers	Gail Sheridan
Frances Farmer	Alison Skipworth
W. C. Fields	Sir Guy Standing
Robert Fiske	Mildred Stone
Frank Forest	Louise Stuart
Wilma Francis	Gladys Swarthout
William Frawley	Akim Tamiroff
Cary Grant	Colin Tapley
Porter Hall	Kent Taylor
John Halliday	Terry Walker
Julie Haydon	Virginia Weidler
Betty Holt	Mae West
David Holt	Eleanore Whitney

20th-Century-Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Astrid Allwyn	Wilfred Lawson
Mona Barrie	William Mahan
Warner Baxter	Fredric March
Lynn Bari	John J. McGuire
Mary Blackwood	Paul MeVey
Esther Brodoleit	Victor McLaglen
Thomas Beck	Sonya Mitchell
John Boles	Gavin Muir
J. Edward Bromberg	Warner Oland
Spring Byington	Paxton Sisters
Delma Byron	Muriel Robert
Irvin S. Cobb	Florence Roberts
Ronald Colman	Gilbert Roland
John Carradine	Maxine Reiner
Julie Cabanne	Charles A. Sellen
June Carlson	Paul Stanton
Julie Carter	Slim Summerville
Jane Darwell	Geneva Sawyer
Dorothy Dearing	Simone Simon
Shirley Deane	William Stelling
Frances Dee	June Storey
Alan Dinehart	Gloria Stuart
Brian Donlevy	Fred Sylva
Dixie Dunbar	Julius Tannen
George Ernest	Charles Tannen
Stepin Fetchit	Arthur Treacher
Francis Ford	Shirley Temple
Alice Faye	Lawrence Tibbett
Virginia Field	Edward Trevor
Pauline Frederick	Claire Trevor
Janet Gaynor	Anita Thompson
Sara Haden	Jane Withers
Jack Haley	Helen Wood
Phillipa Hilber	Marion Weldon
Kenneth Howell	Fred Wallace
Rochelle Hudson	Michael Whalen
Arline Judge	Charles Winninger
Keye Luke	Loretta Young
June Lang	

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Robert Allen	Beth Marion
Richard Arlen	Marian Marsh
Jean Arthur	Ken Maynard
Mary Astor	George McKay
Lew Ayres	Thomas Mitchell
George Bancroft	Henry Mollison
Michael Bartlett	Grace Moore
Ralph Bellamy	Gene Morgan
Wyrley Birch	Lloyd Nolan
Nana Bryant	Cecilia Parker
Leo Carrillo	Joan Perry
Andy Clyde	Arthur Rankin
Monty Collins	Florence Rice
Walter Connolly	Elisabeth Risdon
Jean Dixon	Lionel Stander
Melvyn Douglas	Charles Starrett
Douglas Dumbrille	Three Stooges
Bill Gargan	Martha Tippetts
Edith Fellows	Raymond Walburn
Thurston Hall	Fay Wray
Victor Kilian	

Walter Wanger Productions, General Service Studio, 1040 North Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood

Alan Baxter	Henry Fonda
Joan Bennett	Frances Langford
Charles Boyer	Walter Pidgeon
Madeline Carroll	Sylvia Sidney
Peggy Conklin	

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower Street

Walter Abel	Katharine Hepburn
Heather Angel	Harriet Hoctor
John Arledge	Harry Jans
Fred Astaire	Maxine Jennings
Lucille Ball	Louise Latimer
John Beal	Molly Lamont
Willie Best	Herbert Marshall
Eric Blore	Tony Martin
Helen Broderick	Ray Mayer
Margaret Callahan	Burgess Meredith
John Carroll	Victor Moore
Anita Colby	Moroni Olsen
Richard Dix	Helen Parrish
Alan Curtis	Joe Penner
Owen Davis, Jr.	Lily Pons
Joan Davis	Jessie Ralph
Maureen Delany	Gene Raymond
Robert Donat	Erik Rhodes
Doris Dudley	Ginger Rogers
Preston Foster	Francis Sage
Helen Gahagan	Anne Shirley
James Gleason	Ann Sothorn
Betty Grable	Barbara Stanwyck
Margot Grahame	Fred Stone
Harriet Hilliard	Helen Westley
Jane Hamilton	Wheeler and Woolsey
Ann Harding	Patricia Wilder

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Billie Burke	Elissa Landi
Eddie Cantor	Francis Lederer
Charles Chaplin	Tilly Losch
Ruth Chatterton	Nino Martini
Dolores Del Rio	Joel McCrea
Douglas Fairbanks	David Niven
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.	Merle Oberon
Paulette Goddard	Mary Pickford
Miriam Hopkins	Frank Shields
Walter Huston	Douglas Walton

Pioneer Pictures, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Charles Collins	Steffi Duna
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Republic Pictures, 4024 Radford Ave.

Gene Autry	Roger Pryor
Lew Ayres	Barbara Pepper
Smiley Burnette	Phil Regan
Mae Clarke	Ann Rutherford
Donald Cook	Evelyn Venable
Charlotte Henry	John Wayne

CULVER CITY, CALIF.

Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase	Patty Doris May
James Finlayson	George McFarland
Oliver Hardy	(Spanky)
Darla Hood	Our Gang
Patsy Kelly	Carl Switzer (Alfalfa)
Stan Laurel	William Thomas
Rosina Lawrence	(Buckwheat)
Eugene (Porky) Lee	

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Brian Aherne	Robert Greig
Elizabeth Allan	Edmund Gwenn
Lionel Barrymore	Jean Harlow
John Barrymore	Louis Hayward
Freddie Bartholomew	Ted Healy
Robert Benchley	Louise Henry
Wallace Beery	William Henry
Lorraine Bridges	Jean Hersholt
Virginia Bruce	Irene Hervey
John Buckler	Allan Jones
Charles Butterworth	June Knight
Bruce Cabot	Frances Langford
Joseph Calleia	Francine Larrimore
Mary Carlisle	Charles Laughton
Jean Chatburn	Eric Linden
Mamo Clark	Robert Livingston
Melville Cooper	Myrna Loy
Joan Crawford	Ann Loring
Henry Daniell	Marx Brothers
Dudley Digges	Jeanette MacDonald
Buddy Ebsen	Una Merkel
Nelson Eddy	Robert Montgomery
Stuart Erwin	Frank Morgan
Madge Evans	Stanley Morner
Betty Furness	Chester Morris
Clark Gable	George Murphy
Greta Garbo	Edward Norris
Judy Garland	Edna May Oliver
Igor Gorin	Maureen O'Sullivan
	Reginald Owen

Cecelia Parker
Jean Parker
Nat Pendleton
William Powell
Eleanor Powell
Juanita Quigley
Luise Rainer
Duncan Renaldo
May Robson
Mickey Rooney
Shirley Ross
Rosalind Russell
Ernestine Schumann-Heink

Ruth Selwyn
Norma Shearer
Harry Stockwell
Lewis Stone
Harvey Stephens
James Stewart
William Tannen
Spencer Tracy
Robert Taylor
Franchot Tone
Charles Trowbridge
Henry Wadsworth
Johnny Weissmuller
Robert Young

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIF.

Universal Studios

Henry Armetta	Henry Hunter
Edward Arnold	Buck Jones
Binnie Barnes	John King
Noah Beery, Jr.	Shaindel Kalish
Billy Burrud	Edmund Lowe
Jeanne Dante	Priscilla Lawson
Andy Devine	Doris Nolan
Irene Dunne	Sunny O'Dea
Marta Eggerth	Jean Rogers
Diana Gibson	Cesar Romero
Edgar A. Guest	Marla Shelton
Jack Holt	Margaret Sullavan
Gloria Holden	John Wayne
Edward Everett Horton	Jane Wyatt

BURBANK, CALIF.

Warners-First National Studios

Eddie Acuff	Joseph King
Ross Alexander	Guy Kibbee
Robert Barrat	Margaret Lindsay
Joan Blondell	Anita Louise
Humphrey Bogart	Alma Lloyd
George Brent	Barton MacLane
Joe E. Brown	Jeanne Madden
James Cagney	Rosalind Marquis
Hobart Cavanaugh	Frank McHugh
Marguerite Churchill	James Melton
Joseph Crehan	Carlyle Moore, Jr.
Marion Davies	Jean Muir
Bette Davis	Paul Muni
Olivia de Havilland	Pat O'Brien
Claire Dodd	Henry O'Neill
Ann Dvorak	Linda Perry
Patricia Ellis	Dick Powell
Gordon Elliott	Richard Purcell
Florence Fair	Claude Rains
Glenda Farrell	Craig Reynolds
Errol Flynn	Addison Richards
Kay Francis	Beverly Roberts
Jane Froman	Edward G. Robinson
Dick Foran	Jean Sennett
Paul Graetz	Winifred Shaw
Hugh Herbert	Eddie Shubert
Leslie Howard	Gale Sondergaard
Olin Howland	George E. Stone
Warren Hull	Paula Stone
Ian Hunter	Lyle Talbot
Josephine Hutchinson	June Travis
Sybil Jason	Mary Treen
Allen Jenkins	Rudy Vallee
Al Jolson	Warren William
Boris Karloff	Marie Wilson
Ruby Keeler	Donald Woods

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood.
Neil Hamilton, P. O. Box 711, Beverly Hills, Calif.
Ned Sparks, 1765 No. Sycamore Ave., Hollywood.
Onslow Stevens, c-o Small Laudau Co., 6331 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

STUDIOS IN ENGLAND

London Film Productions Ltd. 22 Grosvenor St., London, England

Robert Donat	Charles Laughton
Penelope Dudley-Ward	Raymond Massey
Joan Gardner	Merle Oberon
Patricia Hilliard	Ralph Richardson
Sir Cedric Hardwicke	Margaretta Scott

Gaumont British Pictures Lime Grove Studios, Shepherds Bush London, W12, England

George Arliss	Oscar Homolka
Peggy Ashcroft	Jack Hulbert
Constance Bennett	Anne Lee
Frank Cellier	Glennis Lorimer
Mary Clare	Barry Mackay
Cicely Courtneidge	Jessie Mathews
Peter Croft	John Mills
Constance Cummings	Lilli Palmer
John Giegud	Nova Pilbeam
Constance Godridge	Rene Ray
Sonnie Hale	Peggy Simpson
Jimmy Hanley	Basil Sydney
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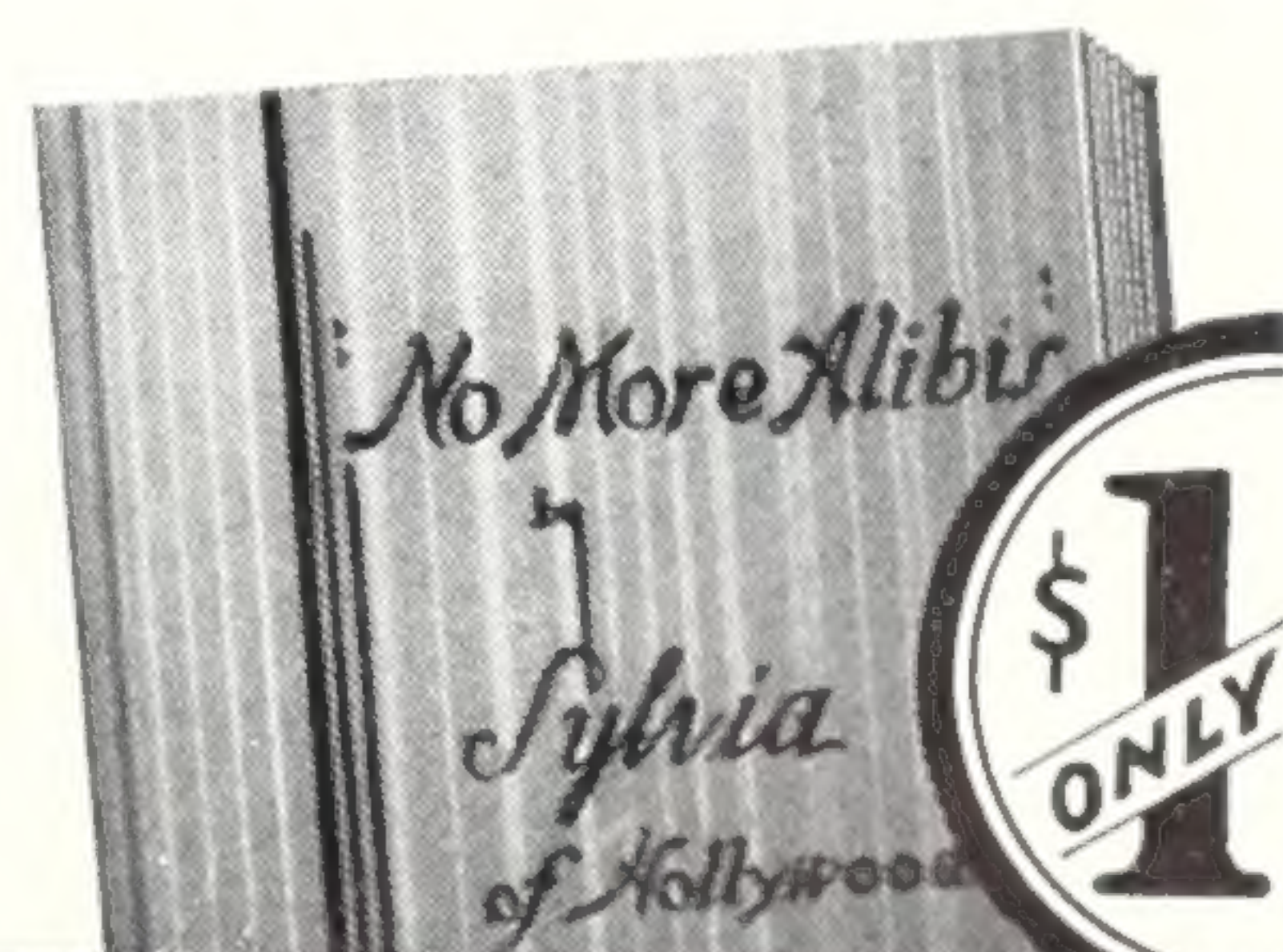
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